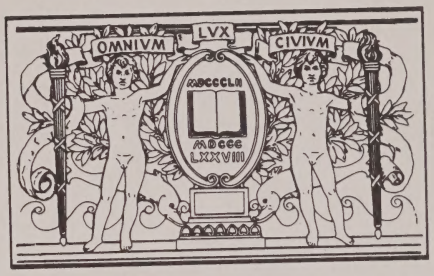

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. XCVI.

JULY, 1837.

ART. I. — *El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha*, compuesto por MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. Nueva Edicion Clásica, illustrada con Notas Históricas, Grammaticales y Críticas, por la Academia Española, sus Individuos de Número Pellicer, Arrieta, y Clemencin. Enmendada y corregida por FRANCISCO SALES, A. M., Instructor de Frances y Español en la Universidad de Harvard, en Cambrigia, Estado de Massachusetts, Norte América. 2 vol. 12mo. Boston. 1836.

THE publication, in this country, of an important Spanish classic in the original, with a valuable commentary, is an event of some moment in our literary annals, and indicates a familiarity, rapidly increasing, with the beautiful literature to which it belongs. It may be received as an omen favorable to the cause of modern literature in general, the study of which, in all its varieties, may be urged on substantially the same grounds. The growing importance attached to this branch of education, is visible in other countries, quite as much as our own. It is the natural, or rather necessary result of the changes, which have taken place in the social relations of man, in this revolutionary age. Formerly a nation, pent up within its own barriers, knew less of its neighbours than we now know of what is going on in Siam or Japan. A river, a chain of mountains, an imaginary line, even, parted them as far asunder as if

oceans had rolled between. To speak correctly, it was their imperfect civilization, their ignorance of the means and the subjects of communication, which thus kept them asunder. Now, on the contrary, a change in the domestic institutions of one country can hardly be effected, without a corresponding agitation in those of its neighbours. A treaty of alliance can scarcely be adjusted, without the intervention of a general congress. The sword cannot be unsheathed in one part of Christendom, without thousands leaping from their scabbards in every other. The whole system is bound together by as nice sympathies, as if animated by a common pulse ; and the remotest countries of Europe are brought into contiguity as intimate, as were in ancient times the provinces of a single monarchy.

This intimate association has been prodigiously increased, of late years, by the unprecedented discoveries which science has made, for facilitating intercommunication. The inhabitant of Great Britain, that "ultima Thule" of the ancients, can now run down to the extremity of Italy, in less time than it took Horace to go from Rome to Brundusium. A steamboat of fashionable tourists will touch at all the places of note in the Iliad and Odyssey, in fewer weeks than it would have cost years to an ancient Argonaut, or a crusader of the Middle Ages. Every one, of course, travels, and almost every capital and noted watering place on the continent swarms with its thousands, and Paris with its tens of thousands of itinerant Cockneys, many of whom, perhaps, have not wandered beyond the sound of Bow bells, in their own little island.

Few of these adventurers are so dull, as not to be quickened into something like curiosity, respecting the language and institutions of the strange people, among whom they are thrown ; while the better sort, and more intelligent, are led to study more carefully the new forms, whether in arts or letters, under which human genius is unveiled to them.

The effect of all this is especially visible, in the reforms introduced into the modern systems of education. In both the universities recently established in London, the apparatus for instruction, instead of being limited to the ancient tongues, is extended to the whole circle of modern literature ; and the editorial labors of many of the professors show that they do not sleep on their posts. Periodicals, under the management of the ablest writers, furnish valuable contributions of foreign

criticism and intelligence; and regular histories of the various continental literatures, a department in which the English are singularly barren, are understood to be now in actual preparation.

But, although barren of literary, the English have made important contributions to the political history of the continental nations. That of Spain has employed some of their best writers, who, it must be admitted, however, have confined themselves so far to the foreign relations of the country, as to have left the domestic in comparative obscurity. Thus, Robertson's great work is quite as much the history of Europe, as of Spain, under Charles the Fifth; and Watson's "Reign of Philip the Second," might with equal propriety be styled "The War of the Netherlands," which is its principal burden.

A few works recently published in the United States, have shed far more light on the interior organization and intellectual culture of the Spanish nation. Such, for example, are the writings of Irving, whose gorgeous coloring reflects so clearly the chivalrous splendors of the fifteenth century; and the travels of Lieut. Slidell, presenting sketches equally animated of the social aspect of that most picturesque of all lands, in the present century. In Mr. Cushing's "Reminiscences of Spain," we find, mingled with much characteristic fiction, some very laborious inquiries into curious and recondite points of history. In the purely literary department, Mr. Ticknor's beautiful lectures before the classes of Harvard University, still in manuscript, embrace a far more extensive range of criticism, than is to be found in any Spanish work; and display, at the same time, a degree of thoroughness and research, which the comparative paucity of materials will compel us to look for in vain in Bouterwek, or his eloquent plagiarist, Sismondi. Mr. Ticknor's successor, Professor Longfellow, favorably known by other compositions, has enriched our language with a noble version of the "Coplas de Manrique," the finest gem, beyond all comparison, in the Castilian verse of the fifteenth century. We have also read with pleasure a clever translation of Quevedo's "Visions," no very easy achievement, by Mr. Elliot, of Philadelphia; though the translator is wrong in supposing his the first English version. The first is as old as Queen Anne's time, and was made by the famous Sir Roger L'Estrange. To close the account, Mr. Sales, the venerable instructer in Harvard College, has now given,

for the first time in the New World, an elaborate edition of the prince of Castilian classics, in a form, which may claim, to a certain extent, the merit of originality.

We shall postpone the few remarks we have to make on this edition, to the close of our article ; and, in the mean time, we propose, not to give the life of Cervantes, for which we refer the reader to the eighty-third number of this journal, but to notice such points as are least familiar in his literary history, and especially in regard to the composition and publication of his great work, the Don Quixote ; a work which, from its wide and long-established popularity, may be said to constitute part of the literature, not merely of Spain, but of every country in Europe.

The age of Cervantes was that of Philip the Second, when the Spanish monarchy, declining somewhat from its palmy state, was still making extraordinary efforts to maintain it, and even to extend its already overgrown empire. Its navies were on every sea, and its armies in every quarter of the Old World, and in the New. Arms was the only profession worthy of a gentleman ; and there was scarcely a writer of any eminence, certainly no bard, of the age, who, if he were not in orders, had not borne arms, at some period or other, in the service of his country. Cervantes, who, though poor, was born of an ancient family, (it must go hard indeed with a Castilian, who cannot make out a pedigree for himself,) had a full measure of this chivalrous spirit, and, during the first half of his life, we find him in the midst of all the stormy and disastrous scenes of the iron trade of war. His love of the military profession, even after the loss of his hand, or of the use of it, for it is uncertain which, is sufficient proof of his adventurous spirit. In the course of his checkered career, he visited the principal countries in the Mediterranean, and passed five years in melancholy captivity at Algiers. The time was not lost, however, which furnished his keen eye with those glowing pictures of Moslem luxury and magnificence, with which he has enriched his pages. After a life of unprecedented hardship, he returned to his own country, covered with laurels and scars, with very little money in his pocket, but with plenty of that experience, which, regarding him as a novelist, might be considered his stock in trade.

The poet may draw from the depths of his own fancy ; the scholar from his library ; but the proper study of the dramatic

writer, whether in verse or in prose, is man; — man, as he exists in society. He who would faithfully depict human character, cannot study it too nearly and variously. He must sit down, like Scott, by the fireside of the peasant, and listen to the "auld wife's" tale; he must preside with Fielding, at a petty justice sessions, or share with some Squire Western in the glorious hazards of a fox hunt; he must study the mysteries of the deep, and mingle with the singular beings whose destinies he is to describe, on the stormy element itself; or, like Cervantes, he must wander among other races and other climes, before his pencil can give those chameleon touches, which reflect the shifting, many-colored hues of actual life. He may, indeed, like Rousseau, if it were possible to imagine another Rousseau, turn his thoughts inward, and draw from the depths of his own soul; but he would see there only his own individual passions and prejudices, and the portraits he might sketch, however various in subordinate details, would be, in their characteristic features, only the reproduction of himself. He might, in short, be a poet, a philosopher, but not a painter of life and manners.

Cervantes had ample scope for pursuing the study of human character, after his return to Spain, in the active life which engaged him, in various parts of the country. In Andalusia he might have found the models of the sprightly wit, and delicate irony, with which he has seasoned his fictions; in Seville, in particular, he was brought in contact with the fry of small sharpers and pickpockets, who make so respectable a figure in his *picaresco* novels; and in La Mancha, he not only found the geography of his Don Quixote, but that whimsical contrast of pride and poverty in the natives, which has furnished the outlines of many a broad caricature to the comic writers of Spain.

During all this while, he had made himself known only by his pastoral fiction, the "Galatea," a beautiful specimen of an insipid class; which, with all its literary merits, afforded no scope for the power of depicting human character, which he possessed, perhaps unknown to himself. He wrote, also, a good number of plays, all of which except two, and these recovered only at the close of the last century, have perished. One of these, "The Siege of Numantia," displays that truth of drawing, and strength of color, which mark the consummate artist. It was not until he had reached his fifty-seventh year,

that he completed the First Part of his great work, the Don Quixote. The most celebrated novels, unlike most works of imagination, seem to have been the production of the later period of life. Fielding was between forty and fifty, when he wrote his "Tom Jones." Richardson was sixty, or very near it, when he wrote "Clarissa." And Scott was some years over forty, when he began the series of the Waverley novels. The world, the school of the novelist, cannot be run through like the terms of a university, and the knowledge of its manifold varieties must be the result of long and diligent training.

The First Part of the Quixote was begun, as the author tells us, in a prison; to which he had been brought, not by crime, or debt, but by some offence, probably, to the worthy people of La Mancha. It is not the only work of genius, which has struggled into being in such unfavorable quarters. "The Pilgrim's Progress," the most popular, probably, of English fictions, was composed under similar circumstances. But we doubt if such brilliant fancies, and such flashes of humor ever lighted up the walls of the prison-house, before the time of Cervantes.

The First Part of the Don Quixote was given to the public in 1605. Cervantes, when the time arrived for launching his satire against the old, deep-rooted prejudices of his countrymen, probably regarded it, as well he might, as little less rash than his own hero's tilt against the windmills. He sought, accordingly, to shield himself under the cover of a powerful name, and asked leave to dedicate the book to a Castilian grandee, the duke de Bejar. The duke, it is said, whether ignorant of the design, or doubting the success of the work, would have declined; but Cervantes urged him first to peruse a single chapter. The audience summoned to sit in judgment, were so delighted with the first pages, that they would not abandon the novel, till they had heard the whole of it. The duke, of course, without further hesitation, condescended to allow his name to be inserted in this passport to immortality.

There is nothing very improbable in the story. It reminds one of a similar experiment by St. Pierre, who submitted his manuscript of "Paul and Virginia" to a circle of French *littérateurs*, Mons. and Mad. Necker, the Abbé Galiani, Thomas, Buffon, and some others, all wits of the first water in the metropolis. Hear the result, in the words of his biographer, or rather his agreeable translator. "At first the author was heard in silence,

by degrees the attention grew languid, they began to whisper, to gape, and listened no longer. M. de Buffon looked at his watch, and called for his horses. Those near the door slipped out; Thomas went to sleep; M. Necker laughed to see the ladies weep; and the ladies, ashamed of their tears, did not dare to confess that they had been interested. The reading being finished, nothing was praised. Mad. Necker alone criticized the conversation of Paul and the old man. This *moral* appeared to her tedious and common-place; it broke the action, chilled the reader, and was a sort of *glass of iced water.* M. de St. Pierre retired in a state of indescribable depression. He regarded what had passed as his sentence of death. The effect of his work on an audience like that to which he had read it, left him no hope for the future." Yet this work was "Paul and Virginia," one of the most popular books in the French language. So much for criticism!

The truth seems to be, that the judgment of no private circle, however well qualified by taste and talent, can afford a sure prognostic of that of the great public. If the manuscript to be criticized is our friend's, of course the verdict is made up before perusal. If some great man modestly sues for our approbation, our self-complacency has been too much flattered for us to withhold it. If it be a little man, (and St. Pierre was but a little man at that time,) our prejudices, the prejudices of poor human nature, will be very apt to take an opposite direction. Be the cause what it may, whoever rests his hopes of public favor on the smiles of a *coterie*, runs the risk of finding himself very unpleasantly undeceived. Many a trim bark, which has flaunted gayly in a summer lake, has gone to pieces amid the billows and breakers of the rude ocean.

The prognostic, in the case of Cervantes, however, proved more correct. His work produced an instantaneous effect on the community. He had struck a note which found an echo in every bosom. Four editions were published in the course of the first year; two in Madrid, one at Valencia, and another at Lisbon.

This success, almost unexampled in any age, was still more extraordinary in one, in which the reading public was comparatively limited. That the book found its way speedily into the very highest circles in the kingdom is evident from the well-known exclamation of Philip the Third, when he saw a student laughing immoderately over some volume; "The man must

be either out of his wits, or reading Don Quixote." Notwithstanding this, its author felt none of that sunshine of royal favor, which would have been so grateful in his necessities.

The period was that of the golden prime of Castilian literature. But the monarch on the throne, one of the ill-starred dynasty of Austria, would have been better suited to the darkest of the Middle Ages. His hours, divided between his devotions and his debaucheries, left nothing to spare for letters; and his minister, the arrogant Duke of Lerma, was too much absorbed by his own selfish, though shallow schemes of policy, to trouble himself with romance writers, or their satirist. Cervantes, however, had entered on a career, which, as he intimates in some of his verses, might lead to fame, but not to fortune. Happily, he did not compromise his fame, by precipitating the execution of his works, from motives of temporary profit. It was not till several years after the publication of the Don Quixote, that he gave to the world his Exemplary Novels, as he called them; fictions, which, differing from any thing before known, not only in the Castilian, but, in some respects, in any other literature, gave ample scope to his dramatic talent, in the contrivance of situations, and the nice delineation of character. These works, whose diction was uncommonly rich and attractive, were popular from the first.

One cannot but be led to inquire, why, with such success as an author, he continued to be so straitened in his circumstances, as he plainly intimates was the case, more than once in his writings. From the Don Quixote, notwithstanding its great run, he probably received little, since he had parted with the entire copyright before publication, when the work was regarded as an experiment, the result of which was quite doubtful. It is not so easy to explain the difficulty, when his success as an author had been so completely established. Cervantes intimates his dissatisfaction, in more than one place in his writings, with the booksellers themselves. "What, Sir!" replies an author introduced into his Don Quixote, "would you have me sell the profit of my labor to a bookseller, for three maravedis a sheet? for that is the most they will bid, nay, and expect, too, I should thank them for the offer." This burden of lamentation, the alleged illiberality of the publisher towards the poor author, is as old as the art of bookmaking itself. But the public get the account from the party aggrieved, only. If the bookseller reported his own case, we should, no doubt, have a different version. If Cervantes was

in the right, the trade in Castile showed a degree of dexterity in their proceedings, which richly entitled them to the pillory. In one of his tales, we find a certain licentiate complaining of "the tricks and deceptions they put upon an author, when they buy a copy-right from him; and still more, the manner in which they cheat him, if he prints the book at his own charges; since nothing is more common than for them to agree for fifteen hundred, and have privily perhaps as many as three thousand thrown off, one half, at the least, of which they sell, not for his profit, but their own."

The writings of Cervantes appear to have gained him, however, two substantial friends in Cabra, Count of Lemos, and the Archbishop of Toledo, of the ancient family of Rojas; and the patronage of these illustrious individuals has been nobly recompensed, by having their names for ever associated with the imperishable productions of genius.

There was, however, one kind of patronage wanting, in this early age; that of a great, enlightened community, — the only patronage which can be received, without some sense of degradation, by a generous mind. There was, indeed, one golden channel of public favor, and that was the theatre. The drama has usually flourished most at the period, when a nation is beginning to taste the sweets of literary culture. Such was the early part of the seventeenth century in Europe; the age of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, in England; of Ariosto, Machiavelli, and the wits who first successfully wooed the comic muse of Italy; of the great Corneille, some years later, indeed, in France; and of that miracle, or rather "monster of nature," as Cervantes styled him, Lope de Vega, in Spain. Theatrical exhibitions are a combination of the material with the intellectual; at which the ordinary spectator derives less pleasure, probably, from the beautiful creations of the poet, than from the scenic decorations, music, and other accessories, which address themselves to the senses. The fondness for spectacle is characteristic of an early period of society; and the theatre is the most brilliant of pageants. With the progress of education and refinement, men become less open to, or, at least, less dependent on the pleasures of sense, and seek their enjoyment in more elevated and purer sources. Thus it is that, instead of

> "Sweating in the crowded theatre, squeezed
> And bored with elbow-points through both our sides,"

as the sad minstrel of nature sings, we sit quietly at home, enjoying the pleasures of fiction around our own firesides, and the poem or the novel takes the place of the acted drama. The decline of dramatic writing may justly be lamented, as that of one of the most beautiful varieties in the garden of literature. But it must be admitted to be both a symptom and a necessary consequence of the advance of civilization.

The popularity of the stage at the period of which we are speaking, in Spain, was greatly augmented by the personal influence and reputation of Lope de Vega, the idol of his countrymen, who threw off the various inventions of his genius with a rapidity and profusion that almost staggers credibility. It is impossible to state the results of his labors in any form that will not powerfully strike the imagination. Thus, he has left 21,300,000 verses in print, besides a mass of manuscript. He furnished the theatre, according to the statement of his intimate friend, Montalvan, with 1800 regular plays, and 400 *autos* or religious dramas, — all acted. He composed, according to his own statement, more than 100 comedies in the almost incredible space of twenty-four hours each; and a comedy averaged between two and three thousand verses, great part of them rhymed, and interspersed with sonnets, and other more difficult forms of versification. He lived seventy-two years, and supposing him to have employed fifty of that period in composition, although he filled a variety of engrossing vocations during that time, he must have averaged a play a week, to say nothing of twenty-one volumes, quarto, of miscellaneous works, including five epics, written in his leisure moments, and all now in print!

The only achievements we can recall in literary history, bearing any resemblance to, though falling far short of this, are those of our illustrious cotemporary, Sir Walter Scott. The complete edition of his works, recently advertised by Murray, with the addition of two volumes, of which Murray has not the copy-right, probably contains ninety volumes, small octavo. Of these, forty-eight volumes of novels, and twenty-one of history and biography, were produced between 1814 and 1831, or in seventeen years. These would give an average of four volumes a year, or one for every three months, during the whole of that period; to which must be added twenty-one volumes of poetry and prose, previously published. The mere mechanical execution of so much work, both in his case

and Lope de Vega's, would seem to be scarce possible, in the limits assigned. Scott, too, was as variously occupied in other ways as his Spanish rival ; and probably, from the social hospitality of his life, spent a much larger portion of his time in no literary occupation at all.

Notwithstanding we have amused ourselves, at the expense of the reader's patience, perhaps, with these calculations, this certainly is not the standard, by which we should recommend to estimate works of genius. Wit is not to be measured, like broadcloth, by the yard. Easy writing, as the adage says, and as we all know, is apt to be very hard reading. This brings to our recollection a conversation, in the presence of Captain Basil Hall, in which some allusion having been made to the astonishing amount of Scott's daily composition, the literary Argonaut remarked, "There was nothing astonishing in all that; and that he did as much himself, nearly every day, before breakfast." Some one of the company unkindly asked, "whether he thought the *quality* was the same." It is the quality, undoubtedly, which makes the difference. And in this view, Lope de Vega's miracles lose much of their effect. Of all his multitudinous dramas, one or two only retain possession of the stage ; and few, very few, are now even read. His facility of composition was like that of an Italian improvisatore, whose fertile fancy easily clothes itself in verse, in a language, the vowel terminations of which afford such a plenitude of rhymes. The Castilian presents even greater facilities for this than the Italian. Lope de Vega was an improvisatore.

With all his negligences and defects, however, Lope's interesting intrigues, easy, sprightly dialogue, infinite variety of inventions, and the breathless rapidity with which they followed one another, so dazzled and bewildered the imagination, that he completely controlled the public, and became, in the words of Cervantes, "sole monarch of the stage." The public repaid him with such substantial gratitude, as has never been shown, probably, to any other of its favorites. His fortune, at one time, although he was careless of his expenses, amounted to one hundred thousand ducats, equal, probably, to between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars of the present day. In the same street, in which dwelt this spoiled child of fortune, who, amidst the caresses of the great, and the lavish smiles of the public, could complain that his merits were neglected, lived Cervantes, struggling under adversity,

or at least earning a painful subsistence by the labors of his immortal pen. What a contrast do these pictures present to the imagination! If the suffrages of a *coterie*, as we have said, afford no warrant for those of the public, the example before us proves that the award of one's cotemporaries is quite as likely to be set aside by posterity. Lope de Vega, who gave his name to his age, has now fallen into neglect, even among his countrymen; while the fame of Cervantes, gathering strength with time, has become the pride of his own nation, as his works still continue to be the delight of the whole civilized world.

However stinted may have been the recompense of his deserts at home, it is gratifying to observe how widely his fame was diffused in his own lifetime, and that in foreign countries, at least, he enjoyed the full consideration, to which he was entitled. An interesting anecdote, illustrating this, is recorded, which, as we have never seen it in English, we will lay before the reader. On occasion of a visit made by the Archbishop of Toledo to the French ambassador, resident at Madrid, the prelate's suite fell into conversation with the attendants of the minister, in the course of which Cervantes was mentioned. The French gentlemen expressed their unqualified admiration of his writings, specifying the Galatea, Don Quixote, and the Novels, which, they said, were read in all the countries round, and in France particularly, where there were some, who might be said to know them actually by heart. They intimated their desire to become personally acquainted with so eminent a man, and asked many questions respecting his present occupations, his circumstances, and way of life. To all this, the Castilians could only reply, that he had borne arms in the service of his country, and was now old and poor. "What!" exclaimed one of the strangers, "is Señor Cervantes not in good circumstances? Why is he not maintained, then, out of the public treasury?" "Heaven forbid," rejoined another, "that his necessities should be ever relieved, if it is these which make him write; since it is his poverty that makes the world rich."

There are other evidences, though not of so pleasing a character, of the eminence which he had reached at home, in the jealousy and ill will of his brother poets. The Castilian poets of that day seem to have possessed a full measure of that irritability, which has been laid at the door of all their tribe,

since the days of Horace ; and the freedom of Cervantes's literary criticisms, in his Don Quixote and other writings, though never personal in their character, brought down on his head a storm of arrows, some of which, if not sent with much force, were, at least, well steeped in venom. Lope de Vega is even said to have appeared among the assailants, and a sonnet, still preserved, is currently imputed to him, in which, after much eulogy on himself, he predicts that the works of his rival will find their way into the kennel. But the author of this bad prophecy, and worse poetry, could never have been the great Lope, who showed, on all occasions, a generous spirit, and whose literary success must have made such an assault unnecessary, and in the highest degree unmanly. On the contrary, we have evidence of a very different feeling, in the homage which he renders to the merits of his illustrious contemporary, in more than one passage of his acknowledged works ; especially in his "Laurel de Apolo," in which he concludes his poetical panegyric with the following touching conceit ;

"Porque se diga que una mano herida
Pudo dar á su dueño eterna vida."

This poem was published by Lope in 1630, fourteen years after the death of his rival ; notwithstanding, Mr. Lockhart informs his readers, in his biographical preface to the Don Quixote, that "as Lope de Vega was dead, (1615,) there was no one to divide with Cervantes the literary empire of his country."

In the dedication of his ill-fated comedies, 1615, (for Cervantes, like most other celebrated novelists, found it difficult to concentrate his expansive vein within the compass of dramatic rules,) the public was informed that "Don Quixote was already booted," and preparing for another sally. It may seem strange, that the author, considering the great popularity of his hero, had not sent him on his adventures before. But he had probably regarded them as already terminated ; and he had good reason to do so, since every incident in the First Part, as it has been styled only since the publication of the Second, is complete in itself, and the Don, although not actually killed on the stage, is noticed as dead, and his epitaph transcribed for the reader. However this may be, the immediate execution of his purpose, so long delayed, was precipi-

tated by an event, equally unwelcome and unexpected. This was the continuation of his work by another hand.

The author's name, his *nom de guerre*, was Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. Adopting the original idea of Cervantes, he goes forward, with the same characters, through similar scenes of comic extravagance, in the course of which he perpetrates sundry plagiarisms from the First Part, and has some incidents so much resembling those in the Second Part, already written by Cervantes, that it has been supposed he must have had access to his manuscript. It is more probable, as the resemblance is but general, that he obtained his knowledge through hints, which may have fallen, in conversation, from Cervantes, in the progress of his own work. The spurious continuation had some little merit, and attracted, probably, some interest, as any work, conducted under so popular a name, could not have failed to do. It was, however, on the whole, a vulgar performance, thickly sprinkled with such gross scurrility and indecency, as was too strong even for the palate of that not very fastidious age. The public feeling may be gathered from the fact, that the author did not dare to depart from his incognito, and claim the honors of a triumph. The most diligent inquiries have established nothing further than that he was an Arragonese, judging from his diction, and from the complexion of certain passages in the work probably an ecclesiastic, and one of the swarm of small dramatists, who felt themselves rudely handled by the criticism of Cervantes. The work was subsequently translated, or rather paraphrased, by Le Sage, who has more than once given a substantial value to gems of little price in Castilian literature, by the brilliancy of his setting. The original work of Avellaneda, always deriving an interest from the circumstances of its production, has been reprinted in the present century, and is not difficult to be met with. To have thus coolly invaded an author's own property, to have filched from him the splendid, though unfinished creations of his genius, before his own face, and while, as was publicly known, he was in the very process of completing them, must be admitted to be an act of unblushing effrontery, not surpassed in the annals of literature.

Cervantes was much annoyed, it appears, by the circumstance. The continuation of Avellaneda reached him, probably, when on the fifty-ninth chapter of his Second Part. At

least, from that time he begins to discharge his gall on the head of the offender, who, it should be added, had consummated his impudence by sneering, in his introduction, at the qualifications of Cervantes. The best retort of the latter, however, was the publication of his own book, which followed at the close of 1615.

The English novelist, Richardson, experienced a treatment not unlike that of the Castilian. His popular story of Pamela was continued by another and very inferior hand, under the title of "Pamela in High Life." The circumstance prompted Richardson to undertake the continuation himself; and it turned out, like most others, a decided failure. Indeed, a skilful continuation seems to be the most difficult work of art. The first effort of the author breaks, as it were, unexpectedly on the public, taking their judgments by surprise, and by its very success creating a standard, by which the author himself is subsequently to be tried. Before, he was compared with others. He is now to be compared with himself. The public expectation has been raised. A degree of excellence, which might have found favor at first, will now scarcely be tolerated. It will not even suffice for him to maintain his own level. He must rise above himself. The reader, in the mean while, has naturally filled up the blank, and insensibly conducted the characters and the story to a termination, in his own way. As the reality seldom keeps pace with the ideal, the author's execution will hardly come up to the imaginations of his readers; at any rate, it will differ from them, and so far be displeasing. We experience something of this, in the dramas borrowed from popular novels, where the developement of the characters by the dramatic author, and the new direction given to the original story in his hands, rarely fail to offend the taste and preconceived ideas of the spectator. To feel the force of this, it is only necessary to see the Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, and other plays, dramatized from the Waverley novels.

Some part of the failure of such continuations is, no doubt, fairly chargeable, in most instances, on the author himself, who goes to his new task with little of his primitive buoyancy and vigor. He no longer feels the same interest in his own labors, which, losing all their freshness, have become as familiar to his imagination as a thrice-told tale. The new composition has, of course, a different complexion from the former,

cold, stiff, and disjointed, like a bronze statue, whose parts have been separately put together, instead of being cast in one mould, when the whole metal was in a state of fusion.

The continuation of Cervantes forms a splendid exception to the general rule. The popularity of his First Part had drawn forth abundance of criticism, and he availed himself of it, to correct some material blemishes in the design of the Second; while an assiduous culture of the Castilian enabled him to enrich his style with greater variety and beauty.

He had now reached the zenith of his fame; and the profits of his continuation may have relieved the pecuniary embarrassments under which he had struggled. But he was not long to enjoy his triumph. Before his death, which took place in the following year, he completed his romance of "Persiles and Sigismunda," the dedication to which, written a few days before his death, is strongly characteristic of its writer. It is addressed to his old patron, the Conde de Lemos, then absent from the country. After saying, in the words of the old Spanish proverb, that he had "*one foot in the stirrup*," in allusion to the distant journey, on which he was soon to set out, he adds, "Yesterday I received the extreme unction, [the last office of the Roman Catholic Church to the dying]; but, now that the shadows of death are closing around me, I still cling to life, from the love of it, as well as from the desire to behold you again. But if it is decreed otherwise, (and the will of Heaven be done,) your Excellency will at least feel assured, there was one person, whose wish to serve you was greater than the love of life itself." After these reminiscences of his benefactor, he expresses his own purpose, should life be spared, to complete several works he had already begun. Such were the last words of this illustrious man; breathing the same generous sensibility, the same ardent love of letters, and beautiful serenity of temper, which distinguished him through life. He died a few days after this, on the 23d of April, 1616. His remains were laid, without funeral pomp, in the monastery of the Holy Trinity, at Madrid. No memorial points out the spot to the eye of the traveller, nor is it known at this day. And, while many a costly construction has been piled on the ashes of the little great, to the shame of Spain be it spoken, no monument has yet been erected in honor of the greatest genius she has produced. He has built, however, a monument for himself, more durable than brass or sculptured marble.

Don Quixote is too familiar to the reader, to require any analysis ; but we will enlarge on a few circumstances attending its composition, but little known to the English scholar, which may enable him to form a better judgment for himself. The age of chivalry, as depicted in romances, could never, of course, have had any real existence. But the sentiments which are described as animating that age, have been found more or less operative in different countries and different periods of society. In Spain, especially, this influence is to be discerned from a very early date. Its inhabitants may be said to have lived in a romantic atmosphere, in which all the extravagances of chivalry were nourished by their peculiar situation. Their hostile relations with the Moslêm kept alive the full glow of religious and patriotic feeling. Their history is one interminable crusade. An enemy always on the borders, invited perpetual displays of personal daring and adventure. The refinement and magnificence of the Spanish Arabs throw a lustre over these contests, such as could not be reflected from the rude skirmishes with their Christian neighbours. Lofty sentiments, embellished by the softer refinements of courtesy, were blended in the martial bosom of the Spaniard, and Spain became emphatically the land of romantic chivalry.

The very laws themselves, conceived in this spirit, contributed greatly to foster it. Thus, the ancient code of Alfonso the Tenth, in the thirteenth century, after many minute regulations for the deportment of the good knight, enjoins on him to "invoke the name of his mistress in the fight, that it may infuse new ardor into his soul, and preserve him from the commission of unknightly actions." Such laws were not a dead letter. The history of Spain shows that the sentiment of romantic gallantry penetrated the nation more deeply, and continued longer, than in any other quarter of Christendom.

Foreign chroniclers, as well as domestic, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, notice the frequent appearance of Spanish knights in different courts of Europe, whither they had travelled, in the language of an old writer, "to seek honor and reverence" by their feats of arms. In the Paston Letters written in the time of Henry the Sixth, of England, we find a notice of a Castilian knight, who presented himself before the court, and, with his mistress's favor around his arm, challenged the English cavaliers "to run a course of sharp spears with him, for his sovereign lady's sake." Pulgar, a Spanish

chronicler of the close of the sixteenth century, speaks of this roving knight errantry, as a thing of familiar occurrence among the young cavaliers of his day. And Oviedo, who lived somewhat later, notices the necessity, under which every true knight found himself, of being in love, or *feigning to be so*, in order to give a suitable lustre and incentive to his achievements. But the most singular proof of the extravagant pitch, to which these romantic feelings were carried in Spain, occurs in the account of the jousts appended to the fine old chronicle of Alvaro de Luna, published by the Academy in 1784. The principal champion was named Sueño de Quenones, who, with nine companions in arms, defended a pass at Orbigo, not far from the shrine of Compestella, against all comers, in the presence of King John the Second, and his court. The object of this passage of arms, as it was called, was to release the knight from the obligation, imposed on him by his mistress, of publicly wearing an iron collar round his neck every Thursday. The jousts continued for thirty days, and the doughty champions fought without shield or target, with weapons bearing points of Milan steel. Six hundred and twenty-seven encounters took place, and one hundred and sixty-six lances were broken, when the emprise was declared to be fairly achieved. The whole affair is narrated, with becoming gravity, by an eyewitness, and the reader may fancy himself perusing the adventures of a Launcelot, or an Amadis. The reader may find the particulars of this tourney detailed at length, in Mills's Chivalry, (Vol. II., chap. 5.) where, however, the author has defrauded the successful champions of their full honors, by incorrectly reporting the number of lances broken, as only sixty-six.

The taste for these romantic extravagances naturally fostered a corresponding taste for the perusal of tales of chivalry. Indeed, they acted reciprocally on each other. These chimerical legends had once also beguiled the long evenings of our Norman ancestors ; but, in the progress of civilization, had gradually given way to other and more natural forms of composition. They still maintained their ground in Italy, whither they had passed later, and where they were consecrated by the hand of genius. But Italy was not the true soil of chivalry, and the inimitable fictions of Bojardo, Pulci, and Ariosto, were composed with that lurking smile of half-suppressed mirth, which, far from a serious tone, could raise only a corresponding smile of incredulity in the reader.

In Spain, however, the marvels of romance were all taken in perfect good faith. Not that they were received as literally true, but the reader surrendered himself up to the illusion, and was moved to admiration by the recital of deeds, which, viewed in any other light than as a wild frolic of imagination, would be supremely ridiculous. For these tales had not the merit of a seductive style and melodious versification, to relieve them. They were, for the most part, an ill-digested mass of incongruities, in which there was as little keeping and probability in the characters, as in the incidents; while the whole was told in that stilted "Hercles' vein," and with that licentiousness of allusion and imagery, which could not fail to debauch both the taste and the morals of the youthful reader. The mind familiarized with these monstrous, over-colored pictures, lost all relish for the chaste and sober productions of art. The love of the gigantic and the marvellous indisposed the reader for the simple delineations of truth in real history. The feelings expressed by a sensible Spaniard of the sixteenth century, the anonymous author of the "Dialogo de las Lenguas," probably represent those of many of his cotemporaries. "Ten of the best years of my life," says he, "were spent no more profitably than in devouring these lies, which I did even while eating my meals; and the consequence of this depraved appetite was, that if I took in hand any true book of history, or one that passed for such, I was unable to wade through it."

The influence of this meretricious taste was nearly as fatal on the historian himself as on his readers; since he felt compelled to minister to the public appetite such a mixture of the marvellous in all his narrations, as materially discredited the veracity of his writings. Every hero became a demigod, who put the labors of Hercules to shame; and every monk, or old hermit, was converted into a saint, who wrought more miracles, before and after death, than would have sufficed to canonize a whole monastery. The fabulous ages of Greece are scarcely more fabulous than the close of the Middle Ages in Spanish history, which compares very discreditably, in this particular, with similar periods in most European countries. The confusion of fact and fiction continues, indeed, to a very late age; and as one gropes his way through the twilight of tradition, he is at a loss whether the dim objects are men or shadows. The most splendid names in Castilian annals, names incorporated

with the glorious achievements of the land, and embalmed alike in the page of the chronicler, and the song of the minstrel, names associated with the most stirring, patriotic recollections, are now found to have been the mere coinage of fancy. There seems to be no more reason for believing in the real existence of Bernardo del Carpio, of whom so much has been said and sung, than in that of Charlemagne's paladins, or of the knights of the Round Table. Even the Cid, the national hero of Spain, is contended, by some of the shrewdest native critics of our own times, to be an imaginary being; and it is certain, that the splendid fabric of his exploits, familiar as household words to every Spaniard, has crumbled to pieces under the rude touch of modern criticism. — These heroes, it is true, flourished before the introduction of romances of chivalry. But the legends of their prowess have been multiplied beyond bounds, in consequence of the taste created by these romances, and an easy faith accorded to them, at the same time, such as would never have been conceded in any other civilized nation. In short, the elements of truth and falsehood became so blended, that history was converted into romance, and romance received the credit due only to history.

These mischievous consequences drew down the animadversions of thinking men, and at length provoked the interference of government itself. In 1543, Charles the Fifth, by an edict, prohibited books of chivalry from being imported into his American colonies, or being printed, or even read there. The legislation for America proceeded from the crown alone, which had always regarded the New World as its own exclusive property. In 1555, however, the Cortes of the kingdom presented a *petition*, (which requires only the royal signature to become at once the law,) setting forth the manifold evils resulting from these romances. There is an air at once both of simplicity and solemnity, in the language of this instrument, which may amuse the reader. "Moreover, we say that it is very notorious, what mischief has been done to young men and maidens, and other persons, by the perusal of books full of lies and vanities, like Amadis, and works of that description; since young people, especially, from their natural idleness, resort to this kind of reading, and becoming enamoured of passages of love or arms, or other nonsense which they find set forth therein, when situations at all analogous offer, are led to act much more extravagantly than they other-

wise would have done. And many times the daughter, when her mother has locked her up safely at home, amuses herself with reading these books, which do her more hurt than she would have received from going abroad. All which redounds, not only to the dishonor of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, by diverting the affections from holy, true, and Christian doctrine, to those wicked vanities, with which the wits, as we have intimated, are completely bewildered. To remedy this, we entreat your Majesty that no book treating of such matters be henceforth permitted to be read, that those now printed be collected and burned, and that none be published hereafter, without special license. By which measures, your Majesty will render great service to God, as well as to these kingdoms," &c. &c.

Notwithstanding this emphatic expression of public disapprobation, these enticing works maintained their popularity. The emperor Charles, unmindful of his own interdict, took great satisfaction in their perusal. The royal *fêtes* frequently commemorated the fabulous exploits of chivalry ; and Philip the Second, then a young man, appeared in these spectacles, in the character of an adventurous knight-errant. Moratin enumerates more than seventy bulky romances, all produced in the sixteenth century, some of which passed through several editions, while many more works of the kind have, doubtless, escaped his researches. The last on his catalogue was printed in 1602, and was composed by one of the nobles at the court. Such was the state of things, when Cervantes gave to the world the First Part of his Don Quixote ; and it was against prejudices, which had so long bade defiance to public opinion and the law itself, that he now aimed the delicate shafts of his irony. It was a perilous emprise.

To effect his end, he did not produce a mere humorous travesty, like several of the Italian poets, who, having selected some well-known character in romance, make him fall into such low dialogue, and such gross buffoonery, as contrast most ridiculously with his assumed name. For this, though a very good jest in its way, was but a jest; and Cervantes wanted the biting edge of satire. He was, besides, too much of a poet, was too deeply penetrated with the true spirit of chivalry, not to respect the noble qualities, which were the basis of it. He shows this in the *auto da fé* of the Don's library, where he spares the Amadis de Gaula and some

others, the best of their kind. He had once himself, as he tells us, actually commenced a serious tale of chivalry.

Cervantes brought forward a personage, therefore, in whom were embodied all those generous virtues, which belong to chivalry, — disinterestedness, contempt of danger, unblemished honor, knightly courtesy, and those aspirations after ideal excellence, which, if empty dreams, are the dreams of a magnanimous spirit. They are, indeed, represented by Cervantes as too ethereal for this world, and are successively dispelled, as they come in contact with the coarse realities of life. It is this view of the subject, which has led Sismondi, among other critics, to consider that the principal end of the author was "the ridicule of enthusiasm — the contrast of the heroic with the vulgar;" and he sees something profoundly sad in the conclusions to which it leads. This sort of criticism appears to be over-refined. It resembles the efforts of some commentators to allegorize the great epics of Homer and Virgil, throwing a disagreeable mistiness over the story, by converting mere shadows into substances, and substances into shadows.

The great purpose of Cervantes was, doubtless, that expressly avowed by himself; namely, to correct the popular taste for romances of chivalry. It is unnecessary to look for any other, in so plain a tale; although it is true, the conduct of the story produces impressions on the reader, to a certain extent, like those suggested by Sismondi. The melancholy tendency, however, is, in a great degree, counteracted by the exquisitely ludicrous character of the incidents. Perhaps, after all, if we are to hunt for a moral, as the key of the fiction, we may, with more reason, pronounce it to be, the necessity of proportioning our undertakings to our capacities.

The mind of the hero, Don Quixote, is an ideal world, into which Cervantes has poured all the rich stores of his own imagination, the poet's golden dreams, high romantic exploit, and the sweet visions of pastoral happiness; — the gorgeous chimeras of the fancied age of chivalry, which had so long entranced the world, — splendid illusions, which, floating before us like the airy bubbles which the child throws off from his pipe, reflect, in a thousand variegated tints, the rude objects around, until, brought into collision with these, they are dashed in pieces, and melt into air. These splendid images derive tenfold beauty from the rich, antique coloring of

the author's language, skilfully imitated from the old romances, but which necessarily escapes in the translation into a foreign tongue. Don Quixote's insanity operates both in mistaking the ideal for the real, and the real for the ideal. Whatever he has found in romances, he believes to exist in the world; and he converts all he meets with in the world into the visions of his romances. It is difficult to say, which of the two produces the most ludicrous result.

For the better exposure of these mad fancies, Cervantes has not only put them into action in real life, but contrasted them with another character, which may be said to form the reverse side of his hero's. Honest Sancho represents the material principle, as perfectly as his master does the intellectual or ideal. He is of the earth, earthy. Sly, selfish, sensual, his dreams are not of glory, but of good feeding. His only concern is for his carcass. His notions of honor appear to be much the same with those of his jovial cotemporary, Falstaff, as conveyed in his memorable soliloquy. In the sublime night piece, which ends with the fulling-mills, — truly sublime till we reach the *denouement*, — Sancho asks his master, "Why need you go about this adventure? It is main dark, and there is never a living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off, and get out of harm's way. Who is there to take notice of our flinching?" Can any thing be imagined, more exquisitely opposed to the true spirit of chivalry? The whole compass of fiction nowhere displays the power of contrast so forcibly, as in these two characters; perfectly opposed to each other, not only in their minds, and general habits, but in the minutest details of personal appearance.

It was a great effort of art for Cervantes to maintain the dignity of his hero's character, in the midst of the whimsical and ridiculous distresses, in which he has perpetually involved him. His infirmity leads us to distinguish between his character and his conduct, and to absolve him from all responsibility for the latter. The author's art is no less shown in regard to the other principal figure in the piece, Sancho Panza, who, with the most contemptible qualities, contrives to keep a strong hold on our interest by the kindness of his nature, and his shrewd understanding. He is far too shrewd a person, indeed, to make it natural for him to have followed so crack-brained a master, unless bribed by the promise of a substantial

recompense. He is a personification, as it were, of the popular wisdom; a "bundle of proverbs," as his master somewhere styles him; and proverbs are the most compact form in which the wisdom of a people is digested. They have been collected into several distinct works in Spain, where they exceed in number those of any other, if not every other country in Europe. As many of them are of great antiquity, they are of inestimable price with the Castilian purists, as affording rich samples of obsolete idioms and the various mutations of the language.

The subordinate portraits in the romance, though not wrought with the same care, are admirable studies of national character. In this view, the Don Quixote may be said to form an epoch in the history of letters, as the original of that kind of composition, the Novel of Character; which is one of the distinguishing peculiarities of modern literature. When well executed, this sort of writing rises to the dignity of history itself, and may be said to perform no insignificant part of the functions of the latter. History describes men less as they are, than as they appear; as they are playing a part on the great political theatre,— men in masquerade. It rests on state documents, which too often cloak real purposes under an artful veil of policy, or on the accounts of cotemporaries, blinded by passion or interest. Even without these deductions, the revolutions of states, their wars, and their intrigues, do not present the only aspect, nor, perhaps, the most interesting, under which human nature can be studied. It is man in his domestic relations; around his own fireside, where alone his real character can be truly disclosed; in his ordinary occupations in society, whether for purposes of profit or of pleasure; in his every-day manner of living; his tastes and opinions, as drawn out in social intercourse; it is, in short, under all those forms which make up the interior of society, that man is to be studied, if we would get the true form and pressure of the age, — if, in short, we would obtain clear and correct ideas of the actual progress of civilization.

But these topics do not fall within the scope of the historian. He cannot find authentic materials for them. They belong to the novelist, who, indeed, contrives his incidents, and creates his characters, but who, if true to his art, animates them with the same tastes, sentiments, and motives of action, which belong to the period of his fiction. His portrait is not the less true,

because no individual has sat for it. He has seized the physiognomy of the times. Who is there, that does not derive a more distinct idea of the state of society and manners in Scotland, from the Waverley novels, than from the best of its historians; of the condition of the Middle Ages, from the single romance of Ivanhoe, than from the volumes of Hume or Hallam? In like manner, the pencil of Cervantes has given a far more distinct and a richer portraiture of life in Spain, in the sixteenth century, than can be gathered from a library of monkish chronicles.

Spain, which furnished the first good model of this kind of writing, seems to have possessed more ample materials for it, than any other country, except England. This is perhaps owing, in a great degree, to the freedom and originality of the popular character. It is the country where the lower classes make the nearest approaches, in their conversation, to what is called humor. Many of the national proverbs are seasoned with it; as well as the *picaresco* tales, the indigenous growth of the soil, where, however, the humor runs rather too much to mere practical jokes. The free expansion of the popular characteristics may be traced, in part, to the freedom of the political institutions of the country, before the iron hand of the Austrian dynasty was laid on it. The long wars with the Moslem invaders called every peasant into the field, and gave him a degree of personal consideration. In some of the provinces, indeed, as Catalonia, the democratic spirit frequently rose to an uncontrollable height. In this free atmosphere, the rich and peculiar traits of national character were unfolded. The territorial divisions which marked the peninsula, broken up anciently into a number of petty and independent states, gave, moreover, great variety to the national portraiture. The rude Asturian, the haughty and indolent Castilian, the industrious Arragonese, the independent Catalan, the jealous and wily Andalusian, the effeminate Valencian, and the magnificent Granadine, furnished an infinite variety of character and costume for the study of the artist. The intermixture of Asiatic races, to an extent unknown in any other European land, was favorable to the same result. The Jews and the Moors were settled in too great numbers, and for too many centuries, in the land, not to have left traces of their Oriental civilization. The best blood of the country has flowed from what the modern Spaniard, the Spaniard of the Inquisition, regards as impure

sources ; and a work, popular in the peninsula, under the name of *Tizon de España*, or "Brand of Spain," maliciously traces back the pedigrees of the noblest houses in the kingdom to a Jewish or Morisco origin. All these circumstances have conspired to give a highly poetic interest to the character of the Spaniards ; to make them, in fact, the most picturesque of European nations, affording richer and far more various subjects for the novelist, than other nations, whose peculiarities have been kept down by the weight of a despotic government, or the artificial and levelling laws of fashion. How narrow a field is afforded to the novelist, in a highly artificial state of society, like that of France, for example, where conventional forms have penetrated to the lowest ranks, regulating and controlling, as it were, the natural play of character. France, in point of fact, has produced only one writer of first-rate excellence, in this walk of fiction, Le Sage ; and he confessed the inferiority of his own country for his purposes, by drawing his pictures exclusively from Spain.

There is one other point of view, in which the Don Quixote presents itself, that of its didactic import. It is not merely moral in its general tendency, though this was a rare virtue in the age in which it was written, but is replete with admonition and criticism, oftentimes requiring great boldness, as well as originality, in the author. Such, for instance, are the derision of witchcraft, and other superstitions, common to the Spaniards ; the ridicule of torture, which, though not used in the ordinary courts, was familiar to the Inquisition ; the frequent strictures on various departments and productions of literature. The literary criticism scattered throughout the work shows a profound acquaintance with the true principles of taste, far before his time, and which has left his judgments of the writings of his countrymen still of paramount authority. In truth, the great scope of his work was didactic, for it was a satire against the false taste of his age. And never was there a satire so completely successful. The last romance of chivalry, before the appearance of the Don Quixote, came out in 1602. It was the last that was ever published in Spain. So completely was this kind of writing, which had bade defiance to every serious effort, now extinguished by the breath of ridicule,

> "That soft and summer breath, whose subtile power
> Passes the strength of storms, in their most desolate hour."

It was impossible for any new author to gain an audience. The

public had seen how the thunder was fabricated. The spectator had been behind the scenes, and witnessed of what cheap materials kings and queens were made. It was impossible for him, by any stretch of imagination, to convert the tinsel and painted bawbles which he had seen there into diadems and sceptres. The illusion had fled for ever.

Satire seldom survives the local or temporary interests, against which it is directed. It loses its life with its sting. The satire of Cervantes is an exception. The objects at which it was aimed, have long since ceased to interest. The modern reader is attracted to the book, simply by its execution as a work of art ; and, from want of previous knowledge, comprehends few of the allusions, which gave such infinite zest to the perusal in its own day. Yet, under all these disadvantages, it not only maintains its popularity, but is far more widely extended, and enjoys far higher consideration, than in the life of its author. Such are the triumphs of genius !

Cervantes correctly appreciated his own work. He more than once predicted its popularity. "I will lay a wager," says Sancho, "that before long there will not be a chop-house, tavern, or barber's stall, but will have a painting of our achievements." The honest squire's prediction was verified in his own day ; and the author might have seen paintings of his work, on wood and on canvass, as well as copperplate engravings of it. Besides several editions of it at home, it was printed, in his own time, in Portugal, Flanders, and Italy. Since that period, it has passed into numberless editions, both in Spain, and other countries. It has been translated into nearly every European tongue, over and over again ; into English ten times, into French eight, and others less frequently. We will close the present notice with a brief view of some of the principal editions, together with that at the head of our article.

The currency of the romance among all classes, frequently invited its publication by incompetent hands ; and the consequence was a plentiful crop of errors, until the original text was nearly despoiled of its beauty, — while some passages were omitted, and foreign ones still more shamefully interpolated. The first attempt to retrieve the original from these harpies, who thus foully violated it, singularly enough, was made in England. Queen Caroline, the wife of George the Second, had formed a collection of books of romance, which

she playfully named the "library of the sage Merlin." The romance of Cervantes, alone, was wanting; and a nobleman, Lord Carteret, undertook to provide her with a suitable copy, at his own expense. This was the origin of the celebrated edition published by Tonson, in London, 1738, 4 tom. 4to. It contained the Life of the Author, written for it by the learned Mayans y Siscar. It was the first biography (which merits the name) of Cervantes; and it shows into what oblivion his personal history had already fallen, that no less than seven towns claimed each the honor of giving him birth. The fate of Cervantes resembled that of Homer.

The example thus set by foreigners excited an honorable emulation at home; and at length, in 1780, a magnificent edition, from the far-famed press of Ibarra, was published at Madrid in 4 tom. 4to, under the auspices of the Royal Spanish Academy; which, unlike many other literary bodies of sounding name, has contributed most essentially to the advancement of letters, not merely by original memoirs, but by learned and very beautiful editions of ancient writers. Its Don Quixote exhibits a most careful revision of the text, collated from the several copies printed in the author's lifetime, and supposed to have received his own emendations. There is too good reason to believe that these corrections were made with a careless hand; at all events there is a plentiful harvest of typographical blunders in these primitive editions.

Prefixed to the publication of the Academy, is the Life of Cervantes by Rios, written with uncommon elegance, and containing nearly all that is of much interest in his personal history. A copious analysis of the romance follows this, in which a parallel is closely elaborated between it and the poems of Homer. But the romantic and the classical differ too widely from each other to admit of such an approximation; and the method of proceeding necessarily involves its author in infinite absurdities, which show an entire ignorance of the true principles of philosophical criticism, and which he would scarcely have fallen into, had he given heed to the maxims of Cervantes himself.

In the following year, 1781, there appeared another edition in England, deserving of particular notice. It was prepared by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, a clergyman at Idemestone, who was so enamoured of the romance of Cervantes, that, after collecting a library of such works as could any way illustrate his author, he spent fourteen years in preparing a suitable commentary on

him. There was ample scope for such a commentary. Many of the satirical allusions of the romance were misunderstood, as we have said, owing to ignorance of the books of chivalry, at which they were aimed. Many incidents and usages, familiar to the age of Cervantes, had long since fallen into oblivion. And much of the idiomatic phraseology had grown to be obsolete, and required explanation. Cervantes himself had fallen into some egregious blunders, which, in his subsequent revision of the work, he had neglected to set right. The reader will readily call to mind the confusion as to Sancho's Dapple, who appears and disappears, most unaccountably, on the scene, according as the author happens to remember or forget that he was stolen. He afterwards corrected this, in two or three instances, but left three or four others unheeded. To the same account must be charged numberless gross anachronisms. Indeed, the whole Second Part is an anachronism, since the author introduces his hero criticizing the First Part, in which his own epitaph is recorded.

Cervantes seems to have had a great distaste for the work of revision. Some of his blunders he laid at the printer's door; and others he dismissed with the remark, more ingenious than true, that they were like moles, which, though blemishes in themselves, add to the beauty of the countenance. He little dreamed, that his lapses were to be watched so narrowly, that a catalogue was actually to be set down of all his repetitions and inconsistencies, and that each of his hero's sallies was to be adjusted by an accurate chronological table, like any real history. He would have been still slower to believe, that in the middle of the eighteenth century, a learned society, the Academy of Literature and Fine Arts at Troyes, in Champagne, should have chosen a deputation of their body to visit Spain, and examine the library of the Escurial, in order to obtain, if possible, the original MS. of that Arabian sage, from whom Cervantes professed to have translated his romance. This was to be more mad than Don Quixote himself. Yet this actually happened.

Bowle's edition was printed in six volumes, quarto; the two last contained notes, illustrations, and index, all, as well as the text, in Castilian. Watt, in his laborious "Bibliotheca Britannica," remarks, that the book did not come up to the public expectation. If so, the public must have been very unreasonable. It was a marvellous achievement for a foreigner. It was the first attempt at a commentary on the Quixote, and, although

doubtless exhibiting inaccuracies, which a native might have escaped, has been a rich mine of illustration, from which native critics have helped themselves most liberally, and sometimes with scanty acknowledgment.

The example of the English critic led to similar labors in Spain; among the most successful of which may be mentioned the edition by Pellicer, which has commended itself to every scholar by its very learned disquisitions on many topics both of history and criticism. It also contains a valuable memoir of Cervantes; whose life has since been written, in a manner which leaves nothing further to be desired, by Navarrete, well known by his laborious publication of documents relative to the early Spanish discoveries. His biography of the novelist comprehends all the information, direct and subsidiary, which can now be brought together, for the elucidation of his personal or literary history. If Cervantes, like his great contemporary, Shakspeare, has left few authentic details of his existence, the deficiency has been diligently supplied, in both cases, by speculation and conjecture.

There was still wanting a classical commentary on the Quixote, devoted to the literary execution of the work. Such a commentary has at length appeared, from the pen of Clemencin, the accomplished secretary of the Spanish Academy of History, who had acquired a high reputation for himself, by the publication of the sixth volume of its Memoirs, the exclusive work of his own hand. In his edition of the romance, besides illuminating with rare learning many of the obscure points in the narrative, he has accompanied the text with a severe, but enlightened criticism, which, while it boldly exposes occasional offences against taste or grammar, directs the eye to those latent beauties, which might escape a rapid or an ordinary reader. We much doubt if any Castilian classic has been so ably illustrated. Unfortunately, the First Part only was completed by the commentator, who died very recently. It will not be easy to find a critic, equally qualified, by his taste and erudition, for the completion of the work.

The English, as we have noticed, have evinced their relish for Cervantes, not only by their critical labors, but by repeated translations. Some of these are executed with much skill, considering the difficulty of correctly rendering the idiomatic phraseology of humorous dialogue. The most popular versions are those of Motteux, Jarvis, and Smollett. Perhaps

the first is the best of all. It was by a Frenchman, who came over to England in the time of James the Second. It betrays nothing of its foreign parentage, however, while its rich and racy diction, and its quaint turns of expression, are admirably suited to convey a lively and very faithful image of the original. The slight tinge of antiquity, which belongs to the time, is not displeasing, and comports well with the tone of knightly dignity, which distinguishes the hero. Lockhart's notes, and poetical versions of old Castilian ballads, appended to the recent edition of Motteux, have rendered it by far the most desirable translation. — It is singular, that the first classical edition of Don Quixote, the first commentary, and probably the best foreign translation, should have been all produced in England ; and further, that the English commentator should have written in Spanish, and the English translation have been by a Frenchman.

We now come to Mr. Sales's recent edition of the original; the first, probably, which has appeared in the New World, of the one half of which the Spanish is the spoken language. There was great need of some uniform edition, to meet the wants of our University, where much inconvenience has been long experienced from the discrepancies of the copies used. The only ones to be procured in this country, are contemptible both in regard to printing and paper, and are defaced by the grossest errors. They are the careless manufacture of ill-informed Spanish booksellers, made to sell, and dear to boot.

Mr. Sales has adopted a right plan, for remedying these several evils. He has carefully formed his text on that of the last and most correct edition of the Academy; and as he has stereotyped the work, any verbal errors may be easily rectified. The Academy has substituted the modern orthography for that of Cervantes, who, independently of the change which has gradually taken place in the language, seems to have had no uniform system himself. Mr. Sales has conformed to the rules prescribed by this high authority, for regulating his orthography, accent, and punctuation. In some instances, only, he has adopted the ancient usage, in beginning words with *f* instead of *h*, and retaining obsolete terminations of verbs, as *hablades* for *hablais*, *hablabades* for *hablabais*, *amades* for *amais*, *amabades* for *amabais*, &c., no doubt as better suited to the lofty tone of the good Knight's discourses,

who himself affected a reverence for the antique, in his conversation, to which his translators have not always sufficiently attended.

In one respect, the present editor has made some alterations not before attempted, we believe, in the text of his original. We have already noticed the inaccuracies of the early copies of the Don Quixote, partly imputable to Cervantes himself, and in a greater degree, doubtless, to his printers. There is no way of rectifying such errors by collation with the author's manuscript, which has long since disappeared. All that can now be done, therefore, is to point out the purer reading, in a note, as Clemencin, Arrieta, and other commentators have done, or, as Mr. Sales has preferred, to introduce it into the body of the text. We will give one or two specimens of these alterations.

"Poco mas *ó* menos." — tom. i., p. 141.

The reading in the old editions is "poco mas *á* menos"; a phrase as unintelligible in Spanish now, as its literal translation would be in English; although in use, it would seem from other authorities, in the age of Cervantes.

"Por tales os juzgué y tuve." — tom. i., p. 104.

The old editions add "siempre," which clearly is incorrect, since Don Quixote is speaking of the present occasion.

"*Don Quijote* quedó admirado." — tom. i., p. 143.

Other editions read "*El cual* quedó," &c. The use of the relative leaves the reader in doubt who is intended; and Mr. Sales, in conformity to Clemencin's suggestion, has made the sentence clear by substituting the name of the Knight.

"Donde les *sucedieron* cosas," &c. — tom. ii., p. 44.

In other editions "*sucedió*," — bad grammar, since it agrees with a plural noun.

"En tan poco espacio de tiempo como ha que *estuvo* allá," &c., tom. ii., p. 132; instead of "*está* allá," clearly the wrong tense, since the verb refers to past time.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples, a sufficient number of which have been cited, to show on what principles the emendations have been made. They have been confined to the correction of such violations of grammar, or such inaccuracies of expression, as obscure or distort the meaning. They

have been made with great circumspection, and in obedience to the suggestion of the highest authorities in the language. For the critical scholar, who would naturally prefer the primitive text, with all its impurities, they were not designed. But they are of infinite value to the general reader and the student, who may now read this beautiful classic, purified from those verbal blemishes, which, however obvious to a native, could not fail to mislead a foreigner.

Besides these emendations, Mr. Sales has illustrated the work by prefixing to it the admirable preliminary discourse of Clemencin, and by a considerable body of notes, selected and abridged from the most approved commentators; and as the object has been to explain the text to the reader, not to involve him in antiquarian or critical disquisitions, when his authorities have failed to do this, the editor has supplied notes of his own, throwing much light on matters least familiar to a foreigner. In this part of his work, we think he might have derived considerable aid from Bowle, whom he does not appear to have consulted. The Castilian commentator, Arrieta, whom he liberally uses, is largely indebted to the English critic, who, as a foreigner, moreover, has been led into many seasonable explanations, that would be superfluous to a Spaniard.

We may notice another peculiarity in the present edition, that of breaking up the text into reasonable paragraphs, in imitation of the English translations; a great relief to the spirits of the reader, which are seriously damped, in the ancient copies, by the interminable waste of page upon page, without these convenient halting-places.

But our readers, we fear, will think we are running into an interminable waste of discussion. We will only remark, therefore, in conclusion, that the mechanical execution of the book is highly creditable to our press. It is, moreover, adorned with etchings, by our American Cruikshank, Johnston, — some of them original, but mostly copies from the late English edition of Smollett's translation. They are designed and executed with much spirit, and, no doubt, would have fully satisfied honest Sancho, who, as we have seen, predicted this kind of immortality for himself and his master.

We congratulate the public on the possession of an edition of the pride of Castilian literature, from our own press, in so neat a form, and executed with so much correctness and judgment; and we trust that the ambition of its respectable

editor will be gratified, by its becoming, as it well deserves to be, the manual of the student, in every seminary, throughout the country, where the noble Castilian language is taught.

Art. II. — 1. *Archæologia Americana: Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society.* Vol. 2d. Cambridge. Printed for the Society at the University Press. 1836. pp. 573.

2. *Inquiries respecting the History, Traditions, Languages, Manners, Customs, Religion, &c., of the Indians living within the United States.* Detroit. Printed by Sheldon & Reed. 1823. pp. 64.

The early history of the aborigines is taking a deeper hold on literary attention in America. Materials for its illustration have, from time to time, appeared, rather, however, as the result of casual, than of professed research. It is only within late years, that systematic inquiries into the curious principles of their languages and intellectual character, have been made, and these efforts are due, almost entirely, to individual zeal. Literary associations have been called to act, rather as auxiliaries, than principals, in these investigations. Perhaps there is something in our state of society, and the limited means of action of our learned and scientific bodies, to lead to this. Few of these incorporations have, however, commenced their career under more encouraging auspices than the American Antiquarian Society. Its first volume was given up, in great part, to the consideration of what may be called the monumental history of the Indians. Whatever posterity may, however, agree to think of the ancient mounds and other marks of labor, which are found over a large surface of the country, particularly west of the Alleganies, there must be far less of doubt attending conclusions drawn from investigations of the principles of the Indian languages.

Mounds and ditches very conclusively show the sites of ancient labor. A clay pot, or an arrow head, clearly enough demonstrates the state of the arts among the people who used these articles. But oral language is the chief object which can, in any degree, supply literary data from a people who are

wholly destitute of books. It enables us, in a measure, to speak with by-gone generations, by supplying facts for analogy and comparison ; and the inquiry is the nearest equivalent, which rude nations present for literature. We may put by Indian tradition, as not entitled to respect, after the lapse of a few generations from any given era, and as wholly inadequate to furnish a clue to their ancient migrations and origin. And still less can be gleaned from their hieroglyphics, which have been written, as they still continue to be, not on stone, as in Egypt, but upon wood and bark. Their paintings, or rather *staining*, on rocks, have been but little examined. Nor have we such descriptions of their implements of stone, baked earth, bone, wood, and copper, as seem desirable for a true understanding of the ancient state of arts among them. And it cannot be denied, that by far the most enduring "monuments" which our native tribes possess, are to be sought in the sounds and syntax of their languages.

Upwards of half a century has elapsed since Mr. Jefferson observed, that the best proof of the affinity of nations is contained in their languages, and that a knowledge of the dialects spoken by the American tribes would afford the most certain evidence of their origin. He regrets that so many of the earlier tribes had been suffered to pass away, without our having collected and recorded the requisite data on this head, for literary purposes. "Were vocabularies formed," he adds, "of all the languages spoken in North and South America, preserving their appellations of the most common objects in nature, of those, which must be present to every nation, barbarous or civilized, with the inflections of their nouns and verbs, their principles of regimen and concord, and these deposited in all the public libraries, it would furnish opportunities to those skilled in the languages of the old world, to compare them with these now, or at any future time, and hence to construct the best evidence of the derivation of this part of the human race." *

We regard this as the great desideratum. Mutable as every thing is, connected with those tribes, there is less mutability in their languages, and particularly their grammatical principles, than any other point in their history and condition. When it is considered how many centuries have elapsed since the nations of the Teutonic stock separated in the north of Europe,

* Notes on Virginia, written in 1781 - 1782, and first published in 1787.

what strong traces of the language still exist, even in the English, and how many centuries must still elapse, before these traces will be obliterated, it is manifest that there is a principle of endurance in language, which recommends it to the most scrupulous attention. Every word is a fact, and every rule a proof. And the evidence, if it has been well concocted, partakes, at last, of some of the characteristics of a mathematical demonstration. And it is, therefore, with no common pleasure, that we hail the publication of the principal volume whose title we have placed at the head of this article.

It has been known, in the literary circles, for some time, that Mr. Gallatin was engaged in preparing for the press, his inquiries into the structure of the Indian languages of this continent; and we can confidently affirm that the results, which are presented in this volume, are such as to satisfy the highest expectations which we had formed of them, from his known capacity for research and accurate deduction. It is proposed to indicate some of the grounds of this opinion, which will be drawn, rather from materials which he has furnished, than from our own.

The Antiquarian Society have devoted the bulk of their present volume to Mr. Gallatin's Essay, and the philological data on which it is based. The latter, as they stand, consist of the following papers.

I. Grammatical notices of the various stock tribes of North America, exhibiting a synopsis of the tribes and languages, from the best sources. This is followed by a map of the portions of the continent occupied by the leading tribes who inhabited the Atlantic borders about A. D. 1600, and for the tribes westward, about A. D. 1800. The latter is engraved from an original drawing by Mr. Gallatin, and is the result of his personal researches.

II. Verbal forms, exhibiting specimens of simple conjugations and transitions, in fifteen languages.

III. Vocabularies and select sentences, preceded by a tabular view of the American tribes, as far as they are known, to the number of sixty-four distinct tribes or bands. Of these, vocabularies, nearly complete, are given, of one hundred and eighty-one words, in each of fifty-three languages, and of from eight to thirty-two words and phrases, in each of eighteen languages. There is subjoined an additional comparative vocabulary of four hundred and fifty-two words each, in the Muscogee,

Chocta, Caddo, Mohawk, and Seneca, and three hundred and ninety-three words in the Cherokee, together with a comparative list of words indicating some affinity between the Chocta and Muscogee, and a table of select sentences, with the Lord's prayer, in the Cherokee, Muskogee, Chocta, and Dahcota.

This body of documentary matter is preceded by upwards of two hundred pages of historical and critical text, in which the author unfolds the results of his reading and reflections on the subject. This Introductory Essay contains a review of Indian history from the earliest times, and evinces an acquaintance with scarce and rare works, foreign and domestic. Mr. Gallatin has thoroughly explored the writings of the early missionaries to this continent, and appears to have had access to some portion of these reports, which could only have been obtained in France. He stoops, however, to glean information wherever it was to be found, and seems to have acted on the maxim, that nothing was too high or too low to contribute to his purpose. He has extended the scope of his observations to the entire body of the tribes inhabiting the continent between the Arctic ocean and the Mexican and Spanish provinces. The whole is brought forward under the title of "A Synopsis of the Indian tribes within the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, and in the British and Russian possessions in North America." The Introductory Essay is terminated with "General Observations," which every one ought to read, who admires accurate observation, sound philosophy, and just criticism. A few such chapters would shed more light on the obscure subject of Indian origin and Indian migration, than all the lucubrations which have been poured forth, from the days of Columbus.

Without indicating, by some preliminary sketch of this kind, the extent of the grounds occupied by Mr. Gallatin, and the manner in which he has proceeded to elucidate his subject, it did not seem practicable to do justice to his labors, or to make them the basis of the remarks that are to follow.

The term "Indian," as applied to the American tribes, remains to attest the geographical error of Columbus and his companions and immediate followers, who supposed that a portion of the East Indies had been reached. And the conclusion appeared to be justified by the color of the skin of the natives, who are, however, rather of the *red* or copper, than

the *olive* cast. But it does not appear how, on this supposition, the absence of cotton clothing and steel weapons, which were in common use in India at the close of the fifteenth century, was accounted for; nor the still more suspicious absence of alphabetical signs, the art of painting in oil, and the peculiar style of statuary of the east, not a trace of either of which seems to have been noticed in Hispaniola, Cuba, and the other groups of the Southern Atlantic islands, first visited; although we are aware that carved images were afterwards discovered among the continental tribes in Peru and Mexico, and discoveries of an interesting character, on this subject, have been recently announced, as having been made in South America.

Taking up the broken chain of the history of man from the dispersion at Babel, and coming down to the time when Columbus anchored off the little island of San Salvador, there is a period of no less than *thirty-seven centuries* to which we must look for the unknown time, at which the American tribes broke off from their eastern stock, and found their way to this continent. They were, in 1492, as was verified in a few years of after-discovery, spread over the whole continent between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and extending from Patagonia to the Arctic sea. No great migrations have been made since. The country appeared then to be possessed and divided. The tribes lived, and fought, and fell into depopulation, in the general districts, where they were first discovered. This was the case with the Charibs, Auricanians, Azteeks, the Lenapees and Algonquins, and the other principal tribes. They removed, as a general fact, from seaboard to inland situations, and from one valley, where they were impinged on, to another where they could use their natural freedom undisturbed. And these migrations are a part of the *modern* history of the country. But they never, like the Grecian, and Roman, and Saxon stocks of men, went off in whole colonies, to new regions; at least, this was not done after the discovery. The Charibs died and became extinct in Hispaniola; the Powhatans in Virginia; the New England Indians, in New England. Such events as whole tribes or bands being cut off by famine, or small-pox, or fleeing under the final disasters of war, rarely occurred; and when they did, were recorded, and the chain of these migrations and mutations may be picked out of the multifarious and dispersed materials of American history. But

there is no connected, clear, concocted history, where these facts can be found.

Mr. Gallatin has devoted his leisure hours, between business avocations, in part, to this object, and he has recorded the districts of the residence of our northern Indians, at two distinct eras, two centuries apart, in his most valuable map, supported as it is, by the conclusions of his text. It appears, from his investigations, that the portion of North America, lying between Cape Florida, and the Icy Ocean, and extending from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, was occupied, and has continued, within these several boundaries, to be occupied, by *ten* mother tribes, part of whom, in 1600, dwelt along the Atlantic, and part are laid down, in 1800, as spreading over the Mississippi valley and the lakes, and the British possessions north of the latter point. Of these tribes, the Seminoles, Muskogees, Cherokees, Choctas, and Chacasaws, have continued during the whole period to occupy the precise positions, where they were first found. The "Algonquin-Lenape," — a compromise term introduced by Mr. Gallatin, — extended east along the Atlantic from the Carolinas to Cape Breton, west to the Mississippi, and north to Hudson's Bay, with the exception of the tracts possessed by the Iroquois, the Tuscaroras, and Catawbas in the south, and the Winnebagoes in the west. West of the Mississippi, the tribes, speaking types of the Sioux language, appear to occupy to the confines of the Rocky Mountains, leaving out the territories of the Pawnees and Blackfeet. North of Hudson's Bay and the sources of the Mississippi, the dialects are classified under the name of Athabasca, including the Chippewyans, Tacullies, Beaver Indians, Dog-ribs, &c. And the frigid shores of the Arctic, and its bays and archipelagoes, stretching from Greenland to Behring's Straits, and even partially to the adjacent continent of Asia, are assigned to the Esquimaux. The migrations of the latter, like all the other tribes, within the era of *written* history, have been from east to west, and Mr. Gallatin supposes them to have crossed Behring's Straits from the American continent, and not *vice versâ*.

This opinion does not, however, apply, so far as he has expressed it, to the other American tribes. Of the tribes inhabiting the northwest coast, his information did not permit him to introduce any generic arrangement. And he has adduced but a single example from the South American

nations, namely the Auricanians, for the purpose of comparison with the northern languages. This classification of our stock tribes, simplifies the former and confused arrangement of European philologists, and lifts, as it were, the veil from their obscure, ancient international connexion. And we are encouraged with the expectation, that a perseverance in this mode of investigation, based on the production of vocabularies and grammars, will dissipate many of the former notions respecting the infinite multiplicity of the American languages, show connexions between some of them, in which the analogies appear now to be but feeble, and finally shed important light upon their history, migrations, and origin.

To what extent these studies have been advanced by Mr. Gallatin's labors, we have already indicated ; but we cannot omit the present occasion to say, that we deem the establishment of *one* principle necessary to the accomplishment of the grand result ; namely, the collection of adequate vocabularies and grammars, on a uniform system of notation, giving words their proper mark of accent, and distinguishing, in the vocabularies, *compound* from *simple* words and phrases. Not to notice, in writing languages so concrete and amalgamated as those of our Indians, whether the verb, or the noun, or adjective, has the pronouns and particles for tense incorporated with it, — not to distinguish strictly the number, and the actor from the object, — not to separate between positive and negative, comparative and superlative, and above all, not to point out those transitions from the subject of action, to the object acted on, *a principle so perpetually present in the forms*, — is to write, as most casual tourists and observers have heretofore written, leaving the philologist to supply by analogy and inference, what was not furnished to him, and to puzzle and rack his brains over anomalies which are often imaginary, and not unfrequently to fall into errors, that ordinary attention on the part of collectors with a fixed plan would have wholly prevented.

Language is the key of history. The boy who dropped white pebbles to enable him to trace back his steps from the mazes of the forest, did not adopt a simpler method of attaining to the object of his desires, than the philologist, who traces radical words through the entanglements of grammatical form, and the intricacies of oral syllabication. And the comparison would be complete, were it not for the changes and corruptions

in spoken languages which are exclusively vocal. But even here, there is a clue. The corruptions of barbarous languages are, to a considerable degree, systematic. Such nations cherish their words, as they do their musical sounds, with great pertinacity, and the changes are quite simple at their commencement. Change of accent is the first innovation, in the words of kindred tribes and families, separated from each other. The interchangeable consonants next feel the effects of the separation. The letters *b* and *p*, *d* and *t*, *l* and *n*, *v* and *f*, &c. change places. Vowels next feel the power of change; the long become short, the broad diphthongal, &c. Oral syllabication is miserably performed, where there are no alphabetical signs to fix the sounds. And the result is, what we behold in our Indian dialects, — an apparently chaotic mixture of verbs, nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, all in one phrase, coalescing, it is true, by rules, but by rules so obscurely drawn, that the *musical scale* fixed in the speaker's mind seems to decide the quantity of a word, which is to be retained in compounds. Pronouns seem to resist total change the longest, and long after all else is dropped, the alphabetical sign, which is generally a consonant, remains. Numerals are also of a comparatively fixed character; but we apprehend, that the Indian numerals partake of the transitive character of these adjectives and other parts of speech, and that originally, instead of saying simply, "one," "two," "three," &c., the idea conveyed was "one shell," "one bone," &c. Particles constitute a very important part of speech in the Indian languages, and seem to be so many grammatical increments, which, like algebraical quantities, are susceptible in the speaker's mind of meeting almost every emergency. And they appear to be quite permanent in their sound, perhaps as much so, as their simple notes.

These suggestions have occurred to us, in hearing the Indians speak, and in the process of analyzing their compound expressions. So far as relates to the classes of words, which it has been thought are least subject to change, we are aware that different opinions have been entertained. We have now before us a manuscript letter from a gentleman of science in Great Britain, interested in the subject, who remarks; — "The words most apt to pervade different nations, and to pass from one people to another, are articles, pronouns, auxiliary verbs, prepositions; next to these, numerals; next to these,

whatever terms are expressive of striking, useful, hurtful, or very clear and definite objects or ideas; for, if the conceptions we have of things be not very definite, clear, and distinct, the idea and the word are not likely to float down the stream of time together; — they will be jostled and parted." "Be very careful," he adds, "in spelling the Indian words. Spell them in different ways, where our letters don't square exactly with their sounds. Take notice of their musical tones, and whether these tones get in, as essential parts, into their speech; and, above all, remember that a *word* is a *thing*, and that it may be examined as a *record*, or considered like a coin or medal, as well as if it had the stamp of a king or mint upon it." *

To keep up this figure, we may observe, in relation to the Indian languages, that the coin is, however, without date or superscription, the whole surface being obscured by rust, or defaced by time. To decipher its characters, to disclose its image, and to restore its superscription, minute and laborious attention is necessary; and, in the absence of every other means, we still have the rude external shape of the coin, and the quality of its metal, to furnish data for comparison.

About seventy years ago, Colden asserted that the Indian languages had no *pronouns*. Edwards,† some years afterwards, declared, in his treatise on the Muhhee Kenieu or Mohegan, that this language was destitute of *adjectives*, unless their names for the digits could be so considered. This was followed up, at a later period, by Boudinot's assertion that these languages possessed no *prepositions*. Dr. Beecher asserts that they have "no words to express the most important truths of the Bible." One of the most copious and regular of the languages is said to have neither *tone* nor *accent*.‡ Another, to be without *number*.§ Writers have denied them the verb declarative of existence. An attentive perusal of the periodical literature and occasional publications of the day, reaching back for fifteen or twenty years, will show that these languages have been considered by various writers as wanting in the article and conjunction; that they have been considered as grossly defective in systematic regimen and concord, and as being, finally, without tensal, modal, or pronominal inflections.

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* Dr. Macdonnel, of Belfast.
† Not President Jonathan Edwards.
‡ La Hontan's *Voyages*.
§ Tanner's Narrative, by Dr. James.

We do not advert to these opinions to show the particular grounds of their fallacy. We do not think that labor necessary. Some of the errors are almost self-evident. Most of the writers whom we have quoted knew but little, by actual observation, of the subject, and wrote probably from the best data at hand. Theory evidently impaired the observations of others. Our aim is to indicate how little was actually known on the subject, at a comparatively recent period. Philology is, indeed, a recent science. It has risen within two or three decades, upon the laborious critical labors of central Europe, supplied, as the intellectual mint in that quarter has been, with the result of the enterprising labors of modern travellers in the east, compared with ancient literature. The labors of Adelung and Schlegel constitute an era in the science ; but it has perhaps received a new impulse from the publication of Mr. Balbi's ethnographical map. That vague and erroneous notions of the character and structure of our Indian languages should have been entertained on both sides of the Atlantic, is not surprising ; and we attribute the opinions of American writers, whom we have named, rather to preconceived opinions founded on the state of observation which Europe had made upon India, northern Europe, and Polynesia, than to any strict, systematic inquiry into the subject among our principal tribes. It is hardly to be expected that a people, whom we were so often called upon to measure swords with, should at the same time inspire the literary zeal, necessary to enable men of letters to analyze their words, and unravel their syntax.

Take a few examples of this kind of foreign observation. The languages of New Zealand, Tonga, and Malay, have, as is said, no declension of nouns, and no conjugation of verbs. The purposes of verbs are answered by particles and prepositions. The distinctions of person, tense, and mode, are expressed by adverbs and pronouns. This rigidity of grammar is absolute, under every order of arrangement of the noun and verb ; and their meaning is not helped out, as among the American tribes, by affixes and suffixes.

Again : the Magyar or native Hungarian language, is represented as having scarcely any fixed laws of syntax. The noun or the verb may precede or follow each other with equal propriety. So completely transpositive is the language, that Marton gives sixteen different modes of arranging the words of the simple sentence, "*my father has sold his house*," and

each of these is sanctioned by usage. We apprehend that this may be so, and the observation was probably made to show the extreme flexibility, rather than the absence, of a syntax. For there must be a proper and an improper, a clumsy and an eligible, a grammatical and an ungrammatical mode of expression, as we have observed there is, among the American tribes. Thus, it is a general rule, in the grammar of the latter, that the noun should always precede the verb, as in the inquiry, "Have you any fresh meat?" *Weeos, ki diau nuh?* In this phrase the word *weeos* signifies "fresh meat," or "meat" simply. Yet in expressions so simple in their structure, the verb *may* be placed before the noun, without marring the meaning; but the arrangement is, at the same time, at variance with the true idiom, and therefore improper.

Let the defects above referred to, be contrasted with the actual state of our principal languages. Take the Algic * or Algonquin, for instance. In this language, as spoken, in its most populous and best characterized branch, at this day, the Odjibwa, there are present not only substantives, verbs, adjectives, and pronouns, but also adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, interjections, and the definite article. The substantives are regularly inflected for number, and admit of particles, placed between the word and its plural, to designate whether the object is animate or inanimate; and as these may be used at will, the speaker, who may wish to deal in personification, has the power of clothing every object in the creation with life and being. And this is found to be a great resource in a language comparatively limited in its vocabulary. Substantives have also modifications which denote diminution or locality, and others that express agreeable or disagreeable ideas, as contempt, ridicule, inferiority, approbation, or excellence. As substantives are thus endowed, in a measure, with adjective qualities or terminations, the adjectives are likewise provided with substantive inflections, so that whichever comes first in the speaker's mind, may be shaped to indicate the properties peculiar to it. When an Indian wishes to say "white man," it is not necessary for him to place the noun "man" in juxtaposition with the adjective. He merely takes the adjective "white," divested of its animate and inanimate particles, (Wabishk,) and subjoins the generic particle for

* This adjective is a derivative from *Algonquin*, and is introduced for brevity's sake.

person (*izzi*), and this compound term (*Wábishkiz'zi*) is the ordinary word for Europeans, used in contradistinction to Indians, and to Africans. The accent, as in most Indian polysyllabic words, falls on *alternate syllables.* Should the substantive be the object first presented to his mind, an adjective termination is employed to indicate its qualities, so that in fact, these two classes of words are properly adjective-substantives and substantive-adjectives.

A principle is here developed, which runs through the whole language, and forms by far its most striking peculiarity. All nouns and verbs are transitives, being convertible, by fixed rules of the grammar, into each other; and as they require a correspondence in number, person, time, quality, and the class of transition indicating whether it be animate or inanimate, it follows, that not only adjectives and pronouns, but also prepositions, and even the larger part of their conjunctions, all their particles, and even some of their interjections, are transitives.

In using verbs, therefore, the speaker at once transfers the action to the object. It results, that, as the language is not written, there is no standing *infinitive*, for they never have occasion to predicate action or passion, or mere existence, without direct reference to the object of such action. "To love," is a term that can be formed by an elision of the particle standing to denote the class of transition, but it would be stripped of meaning by the process. As this is a very important point in the Indian languages, and one which is not sufficiently familiar to general readers, we may add a few examples. To prepare the Indian speaker for the transitive process, the language supplies him with two generic words, IAH and ATTÓN,* signifying respectively, animate and inanimate existence, created thing, or being. By adding either the *first*, or the *accented syllable* of the *second* of those words to the radix of the verb, the two classes of transitives are formed. To illustrate the rule, we will annex Indian personal pronouns and particles to English verbs, substantives, and relative pronouns, which would be, respectively, *animate* and *inanimate*, in the Indian.

Bring-ahn.	*Bring him.*
Bring-oan.	*Bring it.*

* The *o* in this word is broad, as *o* in *own*, and *oa* in *groan.*

Ne, *See*-ah.	*A man.*
Ne, *See*-ön'.	*A rock.*
Ne, *Love*-ah.	*This boy and girl.*
Ne, *Love*-oan.	*This meat and bread.*

In these examples the relative pronoun, "this," is also changed, in the Indian, from *Wohow* in the animate, to *Ohou* in the inanimate. The class of the noun determines the class of the verb, so that a speaker, grammatically skilled in the language, must know the appropriate class of each noun, as precisely as the masculine and feminine is required in the French. But there is an additional reason for accuracy in the American languages, for in the French the verb remains unchanged by its operation on the object. From this cause it is exceedingly rare to find the Indian spoken grammatically by any but *natives*, or persons who have been *accustomed to the idiom from childhood*. We have never known a white man, who had attained any thing more, in the acquisition of the language, than an approximation to accuracy. The class of persons who visit the interior bands for the purposes of trade, are commonly mere smatterers, and totally inadequate to communicate with the Indians, on topics of governmental business, or the abstruse questions connected with their religion or history.

The rules of the transition, to which we have adverted, will perhaps impress themselves more distinctly, by the following additional forms, in which, as above, the transitive particles of the Odjibwa are added to English words.

DECLENSION OF PRONOUNS FOR TENSE.

I,	Nee, or Nin; in compound words often N.
I-gee.	*I was — had — did.*
I-guh.	*I shall,* or *will.*
I-guh-gee.	*I shall,* or *will have been.*
I-gud.	*Let me.*
I-dau.	*I may,* or *can.*
I-dau-gee.	*I may — can —* or *might have been.*

Exchange the letter N for K in the second person, and O in the third, and the whole declension is formed.

ADJECTIVES.

Inanimate form.	Animate form.
Beautiful-ud.	*Beautiful*-izzi.
Bad-ud.	*Bad*-izzi.

Soft-un.	*Soft*-izzi.
Hard-un.	*Hard*-izzi.
Strong-un.	*Strong*-izzi.
White-un.	*White*-izzi.
Black-au.	*Black*-izzi.
Red-au.	*Red*-izzi.

These forms are respectively equivalent to *It is*, and *He is*, and are thus employed by the Indians, who separate perpetually, in their language, the two great departments of nature, characterized by the presence or absence of vitality.

PREPOSITIONS.

Combinations with the noun proper.		Combinations with a generic particle.	
Ogidj-*hill.*	*On the hill.*	*In*-iei.	*In.*
Nesaw-*river.*	*Down the river.*	*Beneath*-iei.	*Beneath.*
Cheeg-*rock.*	*By the rock.*	*Before*-iei.	*Before.*
Weendj-*man.*	*With a man.*	*Behind*-iei.	*Behind.*

There are no auxiliary verbs in this language, but their place is supplied, as above shown, by a declension of the pronouns for time. Thus *Nee* or *Nin*, "I," becomes *Nin gee*, "I was, did, or had;" *Ninguh*, "I shall or will;" and *Ninguhgee*, "I shall or will have been," with the particle *bun*, suffixed to the verb. The imperative mood is *Nin gau*, in the first and second persons, and has the particle *Tah* prefixed to the third, and the potential has *dau*, instead of *gau*. The subjunctive takes the preposition *Kishpin* ("If") before it, and the infinitive must be formed by clipping off the transitive appendages, and is then in fact identical, in the present tense, with the third person singular of the indicative. There is also, in addition to these notative particles for time, an interrogative mood, which is indicated throughout by suffixing the particle *nuh* to the end of the verb.* This particle asks the question, and transforms the conjugations of the indicative, &c., into interrogative phrases.

	Indicative.	Interrogative.
Nim† Boz.	*I embark.*	Nim Boz i nuh? *Do I embark?*
Kee Boz.	*You embark.*	Kee Boz i nuh? *Do you embark?*
Bozi.	*He or she embarks.*	Boz i nuh? *Does he or she embark?*

* In all Indian compound words, a vowel must be interposed, at the point of coalescence, between two words, where the one terminates, and the other commences, with a consonant.

† The change from *n* to *m* in this pronoun, is a mere euphonism.

And so, throughout the various tenses and voices. In the imperfect and pluperfect tenses of some few of their verbs, adverbs are employed as auxiliaries to the tensal forms. Some of the conjugations require particles of affirmation, others prepositions. Indeed, if we give to our technical terms for the principal divisions of person and time, as indicated by Mr. Gallatin, a free scope of meaning, the Indian languages would, in these various dialects, require several additional moods.

It would afford us pleasure to pursue the consideration of the verb, in its various modifications and involutions, were it compatible with the limits assigned to us; but we feel that such a course could not be adopted, consistently with the notice we wish to bestow on some other points of the language. One further trait in the verb, we deem it, however, important not to pass over, in this place. We refer to the use of the substantive verb, To Be. The idea of its absence from a stock of languages, whose whole syntax is based on a classification of the creation into beings and substances, vital or inert, appears to have originated in total misapprehension. And whatever doubts there may be, as to the capacity of the Indian languages *to affirm or declare*, independently of the operation of the *affirmation* or *declaration* on mind or matter, a simple consideration of the facts adduced by philologists shows that there can be none, respecting the power of most of the languages to denote simple *existence* or *being*. The data brought forward in relation to this topic, so far as relates to the Chippewa dialect of the Algic, in a previous number of this Review,* have never been invalidated, and are, in our opinion, completely irrefragable. The generic words *Iah* and *Atta*, indicating respectively, To Be, in animate and inanimate nature, run, like two principal arteries, through the whole language, and although they are not used as declarative auxiliaries like our term "I am," yet they enter respectively, as component particles, into the entire classes of the active, passive, and neuter verbs, and admit *themselves* of independent conjugation. The Indian does not habitually, and by the rules of his language say, "I am sick," "I am well," "I am hungry," "I am cold," contenting himself with a simple indication of his condition. Yet when the occasion requires

* Vol. XXVI., p. 357 seq.

it, — when impelled by passion, or inspired by superstition, — he can exclaim, *N'indow iah w'iahn!* "My existence is," "The body that it is!" An opinion has been expressed by persons versed from infancy in the languages, with whom we have conferred, on this point, that the word *Iah* is a part of the name of the Everliving, or Supreme Being; that there is connected with its utterance, in the separate form, a high degree of awe; that this particle is used in the sacred and mystic songs of the Indians, in which it excites a strong feeling of fear and dread. It is also asserted, that Monedo, the modern name for the Supreme Being or Great Spirit, is a personal form of the verb, To Take, derived from the supposed abstraction of the food, placed as an offering to the Supreme Spirit, upon the rude altar-stone. We do not feel capable of judging on this point, and content ourselves with stating the opinion as received. But on the supposition of its accuracy, it would afford a striking coincidence with the Hebrew term "YAH" recorded in the 68th Psalm, and other Old Testament texts, as one of the titles of Jehovah.

The following verbs are used to indicate action or existence, in cases where the introduction of error on this head might be apprehended. They are put in the simplest form, being the third person singular of the indicative present, in which there is (generally) no pronoun.

1. *To Live; To exist in the body;* Pemah dizzi
2. *To Breathe;* Naysai
3. *To Have; to possess.* (an) *O-di-ah-wan.
4. *To Dwell;* I-in-dau.
5. *To Abide;* Abi.

The first word is a derivative from *iah*, to be, or exist generally, and *izzi*, a personal term, with the particle *Pe* prefixed. The second seems a derivative from the fifth. The third derivative presents the verb *iah* as a nucleus, to which is *prefixed* the sign of the pronoun for the third person, and to which is *suffixed* the possessive animate inflective *aun*. The letter *d* is interposed between the pronoun and verb, for sound's sake, according to an invariable rule, in cases of the succession of two vowels. The verb "to dwell," is taken from *aindaud*, "a dwelling."

The practical operation of the verb *Iah* is shown in the subjoined colloquial terms.

* The O, here, is the pronominal sign for "him," &c.

"It is!—It is!" *Iah!-Iah!* exclamations used by the Indians when endeavouring to recollect the name of a person, or a forgotten circumstance.

"He is there;" *Iah-e-mau.*
"He is a spirit;" *Monedow'iah.*
"And Enoch walked with God, and was not."
Enoch Ogiwéjiwan. Geezha Monedo, Kaween ah'weah.
"I live," "I exist," "I am here." *Nin Diah-Neen.*

As the full conjugation of this verb has been communicated in the observations of one of our former numbers before alluded to, its parallel, in the *inanimate kingdom*, may here be given.

Atta; "To be," or "exist," as inert matter.

(As no personal pronouns can be employed, the conjugation is of course restricted to the neuter "it" and its plurals.)

Indicative.

Sing.	Present Tense.	Atta.	*It is*, (as matter.)
"	Imp. Tense.	Atta bun.	*It was.*
"	Perf. Tense.	Kee atta bun.	*It has been.*
"	1st F. Tense.	Tah atta.	*It shall or will be.*
"	2d F. Tense.	Tahgee atta wun.	*It shall or will have been.*
Plu.	Present Tense.	Atta wun.	*They are.*
"	Imp. Tense.	Atta bun een.	*They were.*
"	Perf. Tense.	Kee atta bun een.	*They have been.*
"	1st F. Tense.	Tah atta wun.	*They shall or will be.*
"	2d F. Tense.	Tahgee atta bun een.	*They shall or will have been.*

Interrogative.

(We insert this mood because we find a peculiar termination for it.)

Sing.	Present Tense.	Atta-nuh.	*It. (is it?)*
"	Imp. Tense.	Kee atta nuh.	*Was it?*
"	Perf. Tense.	Kee atta bun nuh.	*Has it been?*
"	1st F. Tense.	Tah atta nuh.	*Shall or will it be?*
"	2d F. Tense.	Tahgee atta bun nuh.	*Shall or will it have been?*
Plu.	Present Tense.	Atta wun nuh.	*Are they.*
"	Imp. Tense.	Ke atta bun nuh.	*Were they.*
"	Perf. Tense.	Kee atta bun een nuh.	*Have they been.*
"	1st F. Tense.	Tah atta wun nuh.	*Shall or will they be.*
"	2d F. Tense.	Tahgee atta bun een nuh.	*Shall or will they have been.*

Imperative.

Sing.	Poan e toan.	*Let it be.*
Plu.	Poan e toan inien.	*Let them be.*

(In this mood the substantive *attoan*, an animate mass or thing, is introduced with the inanimate pronoun *Inien* ("them") for plural.

Potential.

(In this mood the adverb *Koosima* is subjoined.)

Sing.	Present Tense.	Tah atta, koossima.	*It may be.*
"	Perf. Tense.	Tahgee atta, koossima.	*It may have been.*
Plu.	Present Tense.	Tah atta wun, koossima.	*They may be.*
"	Perf. Tense.	Tahgee atta wun, koossima.	*They may have been.*

Subjunctive.

(The preposition *Kishpin* is an independent prefix throughout this conjugation.)

Sing.	Present Tense.	Kishpin attaig.	*If it be.*
"	Imp. Tense.	Kishpin attaige bun.	*If it were.*
"	Perf. Tense.	Kishpin Ke attaig ebun.	*If it had been.*
"	1st F. Tense.	Kishpin we attaig.	*If it shall be.*
"	2d F. Tense.	Kishpin kee attaig ebun.	*If it shall have been.*

(This conjugation is rendered plural, by the relative pronoun *inien* after each singular conjugation.)

Infinitive.

Present Tense.	Atta.	*To be* or *exist.* (ina)
Perf. Tense.	Atta bun.	*To have been* or *existed.*

(This particle *bun* is the perfect tense in all nouns. This particle, added to a person's name, indicates, as heretofore pointed out, that the individual has passed out of existence, and is a delicate mode of denoting death, employed by these Indians. The operation of the rule is now, however, shown to be general.)

Participles.

Attaig.	*Being.* [as matter.]
Attaig-ebun.	*Having been.*

(The latter expression denotes the destruction or loss of material matter, and notwithstanding the resemblance to the imperfect of the subjunctive, is clearly distinguished in the latter by the prefixed preposition. The termination in *aig*, or *aing*, is the regular participial form; and it is evident, from these examples, that this form is also employed, in conjugating verbs in the subjunctive mood.)

Mr. Gallatin has pointed out the strong affinity between the Massachusetts and modern Chippewa languages, and shown the class of suffixed pronouns to be almost identical. We have no doubt that not the Massachusetts Indians only, but all the early branches of the Algic, or (as they are denominated by him) the *Algonquin-Lenapi* family, formerly spread over New England, proceeding in their migrations northeasterly, so as to subtend the fierce central stock of the Mohawks or Iroquoise, and afterwards bent their way up the St. Lawrence, into the

region of the lakes, and to the upper Mississippi and the British possessions. Tradition among the Chippewas points to the eastern part of the continent as the place of their origin, and it is known that they have pushed their conquests west and northwest, on lands formerly occupied by other tribes. Monuments are said to exist of the preoccupancy of the country upon the southwest shores of Lake Superior, by a nation of the *Dacotah* type. The collections and philological labors of Elliot, Roger Williams, and Father Rasle very conclusively show the affiliation of languages, although it is past doubt that the idioms of the western tribes have materially changed in pronunciation, since the respective eras in which these men lived. Running the affinity from the *Micmacs* at Cape Breton, back on the probable line of migration to Connecticut and New York, we find the Mohegans to have dwelt, or, as Indian western traditions say, "watched," along that part of the Atlantic. The ancient subjection of this tribe to the yoke of the *Mauquaz*, or Mohawks and their confederates, and the tribute paid to the conquerors in the productions of the sea, are attested by the researches of Colden. Some small remains of this tribe still exist in one of the counties of Connecticut. Most of them migrated to Stockbridge, in Massachusetts, where they were assiduously instructed under the auspices of the Scottish Society for Promoting the Gospel in America. From this point, after the revolutionary war, they removed to the country of the Oneaids in western New York, and thence, since the year 1820, went west, to lands *purchased by them* from the Menomonees and Winnebagoes, near Green Bay. From a vocabulary of the Mohegan, or Stockbridge, as it is called, obtained at the latter place in 1827, which is now before us, the resemblance between this ancient language and the Chippewa, appears very striking. A few examples may be given.

English.	*Mohegan.*	*Odjibwa.*
Water.	Nibeeg′.	Nebeé.
Earth.	Akeé.	Akeé.
Sun.	Keesh ′oh.	Geézis or Keézis.
Fog.	Owun′	Ahwun′.
Sand.	Naukow.	Nay′gow.
Potatoe.	Opun′. [auw, *plu.*]	Opin′. [eeg. *plu.*]
Stone.	Us′sun.	Ossin′.
River.	Seépoo.	Seépi.
Hill.	Wat′tshoo.	Wúdjoo.
Tree.	Mittuk′.	Mittig′.
Animal.	Ahwóyiss.	Ahway′see.
Beaver.	Amusk′.	Amik′.

English.	*Mohegan.*	*Odjibwa.*
Bear.	Mŭkwuh′.	Mukwah′
Fox.	Waugoos′. [us, *dim.*]	Waugoosh′.[ains, *dim.*]
Deer.	Attooh′.	Addik′. [*cerv. sylvestris.*]
Eagle.	Migussoó.	Mĭgisseé.
Hog.	Kosh′kosh. [*dim. in* us.]	Kókosh. [*dim. in* ains.]
Flesh.	Weeaus′.	Weéos.
Lodge.	Waig′wum.	Weeg′wam.
Shoe.	Mauk′issun.	Mukazin′.
Awl.	Mikkos′.	Migoas′.
Ghost.	Tshéepy.	Jeébi or Ishéeby.
My Father.	Noh.	Nos.
My Mother.	Nĕguk′.	Ninguh′.
Good.	Woonut. [*Inan.*]	Min′no. [*neuter.*]
Bad.	Mĕtuh thow, [*an.*]	Munádud. [*inan.*]
White.	Waupaú. [yooh, *tran. p.*]	Waubishk. [au. *tran. p.*]
Yellow.	Waa-sah-woi.	Waysawa. [*pers. form.*]
To walk. (3 p. sing.)	Pŭm′missoo.	Pim′mossay. [3 *p. sing.*]
To drink. "	Minnoauw.	Minnekwa. "
To die. "	Mŭboo′.	Neébo. "
To cry. "	Mauw.	Moweé. "
To make. "	Oannetaun.	Oázhetoan. "
To abide. "	Oiaat′.	Abí. "

(It is probable the last verb from the Mohegan indicates existence as well as abode, and if so, its nearest equivalent in the Chippewa would be *Iah*, instead of *abi*.)

The above, it will be understood, is a list of resemblances only, selected from the vocabulary. As a general rule, the Mohegan language is more guttural, and possesses the sound of *th*, (like the Shawnee) which is wanting in the Chippewa.

It was observed, in preparing the vocabulary from which these extracts are made, that in the course of their residence with or near the whites, this tribe had adopted several European words into their language. Whether they stood in the place of originals, or what these were, if they still existed, was not ascertained. It is not probable, from the nature of the objects, that they possessed original names for them, with perhaps, one or two exceptions. Thus *Sokut* is the name for "sugar," *Pepun* for "pepper," *Waiskuk* for "whiskey," and *Hummun* for "hammer," which are evidently derivatives from the English. *Aik* is the word for "vinegar," *Saugh* for "saw," and *Tubok* for "tobacco," which appear to have been derived from the corresponding words, *eik*, *zagh*, and *tabac* in the Dutch. The particles for tense, number, and other objects in the conjugation of verbs and declension of nouns, are often different in their *sounds*, but perform the

same offices, and appear to be governed by the same *rules* as in the Odjibwa and its cognate dialects. The word for the Supreme Being in the modern Mohegan, corresponds with that applied to the Holy Ghost among the lake tribes of kindred language. *Injoh* signifies "my friend"; but the word is restricted in its use to males. "Uncle" and "aunt" have duplicate terms, to denote paternal or maternal relationship. The language has no auxiliary verbs, but the verbs are conjugated by inflections for tense and person, as in the other dialects, corresponding to modifications of the personal pronoun prefixed. Both verbs and adjectives have transitive inflections, separating them into animate and inanimate classes. Correspondences so striking can leave no question of the common origin of the tribes, and it is quite remarkable, when the probable length of their estrangement is considered, that time should not have produced a greater difference and more obscurity. On no reasonable presumption can it be conjectured, that these tribes could have lived contiguous to each other, within the last five centuries. It is certain, that neither *our* history, nor *their* traditions, so far as known, preserve any accounts of their ancient proximity, or international intercourse. The two tribes regard each other, however, as friends and allies, and it is noted in the manuscript from which we derive these data, that in the year 1827, when they first met each other in the West, the Mohegan chief opened his address to the northern Chippewa chiefs by saying, "We come to renew our ancient covenant with you." What covenant, we may ask? Where, and when made, and on what occasion? Our annals are silent on the subject. And this should teach us, that our continent has, perhaps, been the theatre of ancient wars and movements, perhaps of extensive confederacies, of which we remain profoundly ignorant. Had our northern Indians taken any thing but piles of earth for their mausoleums, we should have gathered the story of their conquests from their tombs. But even as it is, American research is greatly at fault, for not having, ere this, executed complete and full examinations and descriptions of their mounds, stone-piles, wood and stone implements, circumvallations, and graves. Some part of this work is geological, as there can be no doubt that heavy deposites of soil, pebbles, and boulders, now rest upon, and cover extensive ancient towns and cities in the United States.

The practice of omitting the short vowels in unaccented

syllables, in writing words in the Mohegan, and other Indian languages, is probably founded upon the inaccurate appreciation of sounds, of some early writer, who was probably more intent on the discovery of anomalies than correspondences in the orthography. Certain it is, that the short vowels are in use by the modern Mohegans, as well as by the other tribes, and the words *nebecq* and *muboo*, in the above examples, have been usually written *n'becg* and *m'boo*, the inverted comma occupying the place of the short vowel. This practice is similar to the attempt to introduce into English notation such an arrangement as "p'rtake," "b'rd," &c., for "partake," "bird," &c., and is supported by no stronger reasons in the one case, than in the other.

While, as we have seen, the Mohegans have adopted words from the European nations with whom they, for upwards of three centuries, lived in close contact, the Algic tribes have evinced either similar wants, or a similar facility in acquiring new sounds, by adopting and incorporating into their language, several words from the French, as the following.

Bosho,	from *Bon jour.*
Mushwa,	" *Mouchoir.*
Napain,	*La pelle.*
Ishpio,	*Espagnol.*
Annemon,	*Allemand.*

The English language appears to have reciprocated this process by adopting several of the aboriginal words. We are not sure that there are not other terms in use, besides the following.

Canoe,	(Charib.)
Tomahawk,	(Mohegan.)
Wigwam,	(Algic.)
Moccasin,	(Mohegan.)

Other words have a certain currency, but have not gained admittance into our dictionaries, although our public papers and writings, official, ecclesiastical, legal, and literary, contain them, such as *cacique*, *wampum*, *powwow*, &c., and the translated phrases, "Medicine-dance," "peace-pipe," "council-fire," "war-club," &c. Dr. Johnson's substantive "mohoc," in the sense of a ruffian, does not seem to have got into use. We think an acceptable service would be done to the public,

by carefully recording and defining the large amount of these floating words in colloquial use.

The impression which has generally prevailed, that the Indian languages are destitute of prepositions, rests, in a measure, on Dr. Boudinot, who drew the inference, naturally enough, from the published materials in his day. It is, however, at variance with the facts, as they are exhibited by the northern languages, in which prepositions are as fully used as the other parts of speech. The cause of obscurity appears to have arisen from the concrete character of the terms in common use, and the power which the grammar supplies, of imparting a substantive character to the prepositions as well as the adjectives. They are not only thus employed, but, as it is found, in by far the greater number of instances, they come in as prefixes to nouns. The following list is drawn from a comparative vocabulary of the Ottawa, Pottowattomie, Miami, Monomonee, Saganaw, Maskigo, Kenisteno, and Odjibwa, the peculiar pronunciation of the latter, being adopted as the standard.

Ogidj,	*On; up; above.*	Cheeg,	*By; at; near.*
Peemidj,	*Cross; across.*	Weeg,*	*In — with.*
Pushidj,	*Beyond.*	Peendj,	*In; within.*
Neesaw,	*Down.*	Unaum,	*Beneath.*
Agaw,	*Behind.*	Inisaum,	*Before.*
Augwudj,	*Out; without.*	Weedj,	*With.*
Sussidj,*	*Through.*	Pukwudj,*	
Ezhaw,	*To.*	Ing,	*At*, or *in, on.*

By adding to each of these words, the particles IEI, they acquire, as before shown by the English prefixes, a substantive meaning. By subjoining the proper nouns, as "man," "tree," "rock," &c., the phrases become descriptive, implying "near [the] man," "in [the] tree," "by [the] rock," &c., by which all the ordinary purposes of precision are answered.

It is among the peculiarities of the Indian substantives, that they possess a *prepositional* inflection, indicating the position of the object, and thus rendering the prepositions, in an independent form, in those expressions, unnecessary. This has been called the *local* form of the noun, and differs so much

* Doubts exist whether these words do not partake essentially of the character of adjectives.

from the use of substantives in the modern languages, that an example or two may be submitted.

Adópowin,	*A table.*	Adópowin-in′g,	*On a table.*
Chemahn′,	*A canoe.*	Chemahn′-ing,	*In a canoe.*
Muzziníegun,	*A book.*	Muzziníegun-ing,	*In a book.*

The resemblance of this form to the ablative of the Latin, and the ה local of the Hebrew, will at once be recognised.

This principle is fully shown, in the partial use made by some of the Indians of English words, to which they affix this termination, as in the following instances.

From *Chamber.*	*Chamber*-ing.	*In* [*the*] *chamber.*
Bowl.	*Bowl*-ing.	*In* [*the*] *bowl.*
Table.	*Table*-ing.	*On* [*the*] *table.*

Perhaps there is no part of the inquiry, which offers a richer field for investigation, and promises to reflect so much light on the language, as the consideration of the *Indian particles.* There are particles of time, person, and mood ; for pronouns, personal and relative ; for verbs, transitive and intransitive ; for nouns, animate and inanimate ; for conjugations, positive and negative ; for the different classes of adjectives ; for changes of person in the declensions ; for number in all its requirements ; and, in fine, for every auxiliary or accessory purpose connected with the use of words. Every adjunct idea is expressed by them, and every circumstance indicated. And they not only thus perform a multiplicity of offices, but there is reason to believe, that there is a *primary class* of particles, which constitute the roots of the principal verbs and nouns. To indicate these with precision, to classify them according to their powers, and to define their various uses, would be to construct the system of the grammar, and to throw new light upon the genius and principles of the transpositive languages.

But we are admonished to terminate these examples. It will have been perceived, from the view which has been taken of the subject, how inadequate an office is performed by the mere collection of vocabularies which do not respect these peculiar forms of combination, which are not recorded on uniform principles, and have no respect to accentuation. There is a liability, at every step, to mistake the concrete for the elementary, to blend noun and pronoun, actor and object,

quality and number, and consequently to throw obstacles in the way of comparison. And, whatever degree of merit (and we ascribe a very high degree,) attaches to the labors of a Jefferson or a Du Ponceau, a Cass or a Gallatin, we think it must be apparent, that the further developement of the subject offers a wide field for literary research. From the illustrations already furnished by these and minor writers, light begins to dawn on the obscure path of Indian history. And we are encouraged with the expectation, that the gifted mind, which has been employed in furnishing and commenting on the valuable materials enriching the present volume of the Antiquarian Society Collections, will continue to apply its energies to the subject. The time for these inquiries is rapidly passing away. Every year is taking from the number of red, and of white men, who possess facts which it would be important to record. We regard every writer who gives to the public, or deposits in societies, his contributions on Indian history and language, as a public benefactor. Posterity will look back with deep interest to this era, in which there are yet living fifty tribes, and two hundred thousand souls. And it cannot but regard with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude, every effort to rescue from oblivion the annals of a noble-minded, but unfortunate and persecuted race. If this people shall be found to have left no other monument to perpetuate their history, they offer, at least, at this time, a language, philosophical in its structure, rich in its powers of combination and syllabic transposition, and sonorous in the majestic flow of its polysyllables.

We cannot dismiss the subject, without expressing the hope that both the distinguished individuals, whose publications are noticed at the head of this article, will resume the subject of the native languages, although one of them is engrossed in the monetary affairs of our emporium city, and the other is now the representative of his country at the court of Louis Philippe. This brings to our consideration the volume of "Inquiries" embraced in our caption. This comprehensive programme is attributed to the pen of Mr. Cass. Although the interrogatories were chiefly designed to direct others in furnishing data for subsequent generalization, the nature and divisions of the subject evince the grasp of a master. To ask aright, it has been said, is often the surest mode of commanding success. And it is a truth happily illustrated in these outlines. The various topics are presented in a manner

evincing both the labor of previous investigation, and the power of general deduction. Facts are brought out, which could only be known to one who had deeply pondered the subject. It is understood that several valuable manuscripts were received in reply to these queries, which are still preserved. It is to be regretted, that the more pressing duties of public life should have diverted the original energies of Mr. Cass's mind into other, but we trust, not more captivating channels. And we may, therefore, be permitted to anticipate, that like the military toils of the time-worn veteran,

> "When wild war's deadly blast is blown,
> And gentle peace returning,"

the civic care of "courts and audiences" will be laid aside, and he, who could so well point the inquiry, retrace his steps to scenes and subjects, which his talents and taste are so happily suited to cultivate and adorn.

ART. III. — *Twice-Told Tales.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston; American Stationers' Company. 1837. 12mo. pp. 334.

WHEN a new star rises in the heavens, people gaze after it for a season with the naked eye, and with such telescopes as they may find. In the stream of thought, which flows so peacefully deep and clear, through the pages of this book, we see the bright reflection of a spiritual star, after which men will be fain to gaze "with the naked eye, and with the spy-glasses of criticism." This star is but newly risen; and ere long the observations of numerous star-gazers, perched up on arm-chairs and editors' tables, will inform the world of its magnitude and its place in the heaven of poetry, whether it be in the paw of the Great Bear, or on the forehead of Pegasus, or on the strings of the Lyre, or in the wing of the Eagle. Our own observations are as follows.

To this little work we would say, "Live ever, sweet, sweet book." It comes from the hand of a man of genius. Every thing about it has the freshness of morning and of May. These flowers and green leaves of poetry have not the dust of

the highway upon them. They have been gathered fresh from the secret places of a peaceful and gentle heart. There flow deep waters, silent, calm, and cool; and the green trees look into them, and "God's blue heaven." The book, though in prose, is written nevertheless by a poet. He looks upon all things in the spirit of love, and with lively sympathies; for to him external form is but the representation of internal being, all things having a life, an end and aim. The true poet is a friendly man. He takes to his arms even cold and inanimate things, and rejoices in his heart, as did St. Bernard of old, when he kissed his Bride of Snow. To his eye all things are beautiful and holy; all are objects of feeling and of song, from the great hierarchy of the silent, saint-like stars, that rule the night, down to the little flowers which are "stars in the firmament of the earth." For he feels that

> "The infinite forms of life are bound in one
> By Love's eternal band;
> The glow-worm and the fire-sea of the sun,
> Came from one father's hand."

There are some honest people into whose hearts "Nature cannot find the way." They have no imagination by which to invest the ruder forms of earthly things with poetry. They are like Wordsworth's Peter Bell;

> "A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

But it is one of the high attributes of the poetic mind, to feel a universal sympathy with Nature, both in the material world and in the soul of man. It identifies itself likewise with every object of its sympathy, giving it new sensation and poetic life, whatever that object may be, whether man, bird, beast, flower, or star. As to the pure mind all things are pure, so to the poetic mind all things are poetical. To such souls no age and no country can be utterly dull and prosaic. They make unto themselves their age and country; dwelling in the universal mind of man, and in the universal forms of things. Of such is the author of this book.

There are many who think that the ages of Poetry and Romance are gone by. They look upon the Present as a dull, unrhymed, and prosaic translation of a brilliant and poetic Past. Their dreams are of the days of Eld; of the Dark Ages, of the days of Chivalry, and Bards, and Trouba-

dours and Minnesingers; and the times of which Milton says; "The villages also must have their visiters to inquire what lectures the bagpipe, and the rebbec reads even to the ballatry, and the gammuth of every municipal fidler, for these are the countryman's Arcadia and his Monte Mayors." We also love ancient ballads. Pleasantly to our ears sounds the voice of the people in song, swelling fitfully through the desolate chambers of the past, like the wind of evening among ruins. And yet this voice does not persuade us that the days of balladry were more poetic than our own. The spirit of the past pleads for itself, and the spirit of the present likewise. If poetry be an element of the human mind, and consequently in accordance with nature and truth, it would be strange indeed, if, as the human mind advances, poetry should recede. The truth is, that when we look back upon the Past, we see only its bright and poetic features. All that is dull, prosaic, and common-place is lost in the shadowy distance. We see the moated castle on the hill, and,

> "Golden and red above it,
> The clouds float gorgeously;"

but we see not the valley below, where the patient bondsman toils like a beast of burden. We see the tree-tops waving in the wind, and hear the merry birds singing under their green roofs; but we forget that at their roots there are swine feeding upon acorns. With the Present it is not so. We stand too near to see objects in a picturesque light. What to others at a distance is a bright and folded summer cloud, is to us, who are in it, a dismal, drizzling rain. Thus to many this world, all beautiful as it is, seems a poor, working-day world. They are ready to exclaim with Göthe;

> "Why so bustleth the people and crieth? would find itself victual,
> Children too would beget, feed on the best may be had,
> Mark in thy note-books, traveller, this, and at home go do likewise;
> Farther reacheth no man, make he what stretching he may."

Thus has it been since the world began. Ours is not the only Present, which has seemed dull, common-place, and prosaic.

The truth is, the heaven of poetry and romance still lies around us and within us. If people would but lay aside their

"abominable spectacles," the light of The Great Carbuncle * would flash upon their sight with astonishing brightness. So long as truth is stranger than fiction, the elements of poetry and romance will not be wanting in common life. If, invisible ourselves, we could follow a single human being through a single day of its life, and know all its secret thoughts, and hopes, and anxieties, its prayers, and tears, and good resolves, its passionate delights and struggles against temptation, — all that excites, and all that soothes the heart of man, — we should have poetry enough to fill a volume. Nay, set the imagination free, like another Bottle-imp, and bid it lift for you the roofs of the city, street by street, and after a single night's observation you shall sit you down and write poetry and romance for the rest of your life.

We deem these few introductory remarks important to a true understanding of Mr. Hawthorne's character as a writer. It is from this point that he goes forth; and if we would go with him, and look upon life and nature as he does, we also must start from the same spot. In order to judge of the truth and beauty of his sketches, we must at least know the point of view, from which he drew them. Let us now examine the sketches themselves.

The Twice-told Tales are so called, we presume, from having been first published in various annuals and magazines, and now collected together, and told a second time in a volume by themselves. And a very delightful volume do they make; one of those, which excite in you a feeling of personal interest for the author. A calm, thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page; with now a pleasant smile, and now a shade of sadness stealing over its features. Sometimes, though not often, it glares wildly at you, with a strange and painful expression, as, in the German romance, the bronze knocker of the Archivarius Lindhorst makes up faces at the Student Anselmus.

One of the most prominent characteristics of these tales is,

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* See Mr. Hawthorne's story with this title. If some persons, like the cynic here mentioned, cannot see the gems of poetry which shine before them, because of their colored spectacles, others resemble the alchymist in the same tale, who "returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible, and burnt with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day."

that they are national in their character. The author has wisely chosen his themes among the traditions of New England; the dusty legends of "the good Old Colony times, when we lived under a king." This is the right material for story. It seems as natural to make tales out of old tumble-down traditions, as canes and snuff-boxes out of old steeples, or trees planted by great men. The puritanical times begin to look romantic in the distance. Who would not like to have strolled through the city of Agamenticus, where a market was held every week, on Wednesday, and there were two annual fairs at St. James's and St. Paul's? Who would not like to have been present at the court of the Worshipful Thomas Gorges, in those palmy days of the law, when Tom Heard was fined five shillings for being drunk, and John Payne the same, "for swearing one oath"? Who would not like to have seen the time, when Thomas Taylor was presented to the grand jury "for abusing Captain Raynes, being in authority, by *thee-ing* and *thou-ing* him"; and John Wardell likewise, for denying Cambridge College to be an ordinance of God; and when some were fined for winking at comely damsels in church; and others for being common-sleepers there on the Lord's day? Truly, many quaint and quiet customs, many comic scenes and strange adventures, many wild and wondrous things, fit for humorous tale, and soft, pathetic story, lie all about us here in New England. There is no tradition of the Rhine nor of the Black Forest, which can compare in beauty with that of the Phantom Ship. The Flying Dutchman of the Cape, and the Klabotermann of the Baltic, are nowise superior. The story of Peter Rugg, the man who could not find Boston, is as good as that told by Gervase of Tilbury, of a man who gave himself to the devils by an unfortunate imprecation, and was used by them as a wheelbarrow; and the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains shines with no less splendor, than that which illuminated the subterranean palace in Rome, as related by William of Malmesbury. Truly, from such a Fortunatus's pocket and wishing-cap, a tale-bearer may furnish forth a sufficiency of "peryllous adventures right espouventables, bryfefly compyled and pyteous for to here."

Another characteristic of this writer is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters are. Indeed he uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free

and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought. Some writers of the present day have introduced a kind of Gothic architecture into their style. All is fantastic, vast, and wondrous in the outward form, and within is mysterious twilight, and the swelling sound of an organ, and a voice chanting hymns in Latin, which need a translation for many of the crowd. To this we do not object. Let the priest chant in what language he will, so long as he understands his own mass-book. But if he wishes the world to listen and be edified, he will do well to choose a language that is generally understood.

And now let us give some specimens of the bright, poetic style we praise so highly. Here is the commencement of a sketch entitled "The Vision of the Fountain." What a soft and musical flow of language! And yet all as simple as a draught of water from the fountain itself.

"At fifteen, I became a resident in a country village, more than a hundred miles from home. The morning after my arrival, — a September morning, but warm and bright as any in July, — I rambled into a wood of oaks, with a few walnut trees intermixed, forming the closest shade above my head. The ground was rocky, uneven, overgrown with bushes and clumps of young saplings, and traversed only by cattle-paths. The track, which I chanced to follow, led me to a crystal spring, with a border of grass, as freshly green as on May morning, and overshadowed by the limb of a great oak. *One solitary sunbeam found its way down, and played like a goldfish in the water.*

"From my childhood, I have loved to gaze into a spring. The water filled a circular basin, small, but deep, and set round with stones, some of which were covered with slimy moss, the others naked, and of variegated hue, reddish, white, and brown. The bottom was covered with coarse sand, which sparkled in the lonely sunbeam, and seemed to illuminate the spring with an unborrowed light. In one spot, the gush of the water violently agitated the sand, but without obscuring the fountain, or breaking the glassiness of its surface. It appeared as if some living creature were about to emerge, the Naiad of the spring, perhaps, in the shape of a beautiful young woman, with a gown of filmy water-moss, a belt of rainbow drops, and a cold, pure, passionless countenance. How would the beholder shiver, pleasantly, yet fearfully, to see her sitting on one of the stones, *paddling her white feet in the ripples, and throwing up water, to sparkle in the sun!* Wherever she laid her hands on grass and

flowers, they would immediately be moist, as with morning dew. *Then would she set about her labors, like a careful housewife, to clear the fountain of withered leaves, and bits of slimy wood, and old acorns from the oaks above, and grains of corn left by cattle in drinking, till the bright sands, in the bright water, were like a treasury of diamonds. But, should the intruder approach too near, he would find only the drops of a summer shower, glistening about the spot where he had seen her.*

"Reclining on the border of grass, where the dewy goddess should have been, I bent forward, and a pair of eyes met mine within the watery mirror. They were the reflection of my own. I looked again, and lo! another face, deeper in the fountain than my own image, more distinct in all the features, yet faint as thought. The vision had the aspect of a fair young girl, with locks of paly gold. *A mirthful expression laughed in the eyes and dimpled over the whole shadowy countenance, till it seemed just what a fountain would be, if, while dancing merrily into the sunshine, it should assume the shape of woman. Through the dim rosiness of the cheeks, I could see the brown leaves, the slimy twigs, the acorns, and the sparkling sand.* The solitary sunbeam was diffused among the golden hair, which melted into its faint brightness, and became a glory round that head so beautiful!

"My description can give no idea how suddenly the fountain was thus tenanted, and how soon it was left desolated. I breathed; and there was the face! I held my breath, and it was gone! Had it passed away, or faded into nothing? I doubted whether it had ever been." — pp. 295–297.

Here are a few passages from a sketch called "Sunday at Home."

"Every Sabbath morning, in the summer time, I thrust back the curtain, to watch the sunrise stealing down a steeple, which stands opposite my chamber window. First, the weathercock begins to flash; then, a fainter lustre gives the spire an airy aspect; next it encroaches on the tower, and causes the index of the dial to glisten like gold, as it points to the gilded figure of the hour. Now, the loftiest window gleams, and now the lower. The carved frame-work of the portal is marked strongly out. At length, the morning glory, in its descent from heaven, *comes down the stone steps, one by one;* and there stands the steeple, glowing with fresh radiance, while the shades of twilight still hide themselves among the nooks of the adjacent buildings. Methinks, though the same sun brightens it, every fair morning, yet the steeple has a peculiar robe of brightness for the Sabbath."

"But on the Sabbath, I watch the earliest sunshine, and fancy that a holier brightness marks the day, when there shall be no buzz of voices on the Exchange, nor traffic in the shops, nor crowd, nor business, anywhere but at church. Many have fancied so. For my own part, whether I see it scattered down among tangled woods, or beaming broad across the fields, or hemmed in between brick buildings, or tracing out the figure of the casement on my chamber floor, still I recognise the Sabbath sunshine. And ever let me recognise it. Some illusions, and this among them, are the shadows of great truths. Doubts may flit around me, or seem to close their evil wings, and settle down; but so long as I imagine that the earth is hallowed, and the light of heaven retains its sanctity on the Sabbath, — while that blessed sunshine lives within me, — never can my soul have lost the instinct of its faith. If it have gone astray, it will return again.

"I love to spend such pleasant Sabbaths, from morning till night, behind the curtain of my open window. Are they spent amiss? Every spot, so near the church as to be visited by the circling shadow of the steeple, should be deemed consecrated ground to-day. . . . . It must suffice, that though my form be absent, my inner man goes constantly to church, while many, whose bodily presence fills the accustomed seats, have left their souls at home. But I am there, even before my friend, the sexton. At length he comes, — a man of kindly, but sombre aspect, in dark gray clothes, and hair of the same mixture, — he comes, and applies his key to the wide portal. Now, my thoughts may go in among the dusty pews, or ascend the pulpit without sacrilege, but soon come forth again, to enjoy the music of the bell. How glad, yet solemn too! *All the steeples in town are talking together, aloft in the sunny air, and rejoicing among themselves, while their spires point heavenward.*"

"About a quarter of an hour before the second ringing of the bell, individuals of the congregation begin to appear. The earliest is invariably an old woman in black, whose bent frame and rounded shoulders are evidently laden with some heavy affliction, which she is eager to rest upon the altar. *Would that the Sabbath came twice as often, for the sake of that sorrowful old soul!*"

"Here comes the clergyman, slow and solemn, in severe simplicity, needing no black silk gown to denote his office. His aspect claims my reverence, but cannot win my love. Were I to picture Saint Peter, keeping fast the gate of Heaven, and frowning, more stern than pitiful, on the wretched applicants, that face should be my study. By middle age, or sooner, the

creed has generally wrought upon the heart, or been attempered by it. *As the minister passes into the church, the bell holds its iron tongue, and all the low murmur of the congregation dies away.* The gray sexton looks up and down the street, and then at my window curtain, where, through the small peep-hole, I half fancy that he has caught my eye. Now, every loiterer has gone in, and the street lies asleep in the quiet sun, while a feeling of loneliness comes over me, and brings also an uneasy sense of neglected privileges and duties. Oh, I ought to have gone to church! The bustle of the rising congregation reaches my ears. They are standing up to pray. Could I bring my heart into unison with those who are praying in yonder church, and lift it heavenward, with a fervor of supplication, but no distinct request, would not that be the safest kind of prayer? 'Lord, look down upon me in mercy!' With that sentiment gushing from my soul, might I not leave all the rest to Him?

"Hark! the hymn. This, at least, is a portion of the service which I can enjoy better than if I sat within the walls, where the full choir, and the massive melody of the organ, would fall with a weight upon me. At this distance, it thrills through my frame, and plays upon my heart-strings, with a pleasure both of the sense and spirit. Heaven be praised, I know nothing of music, as a science; and the most elaborate harmonies, if they please me, please as simply as a nurse's lullaby. The strain has ceased, but prolongs itself in my mind, with fanciful echoes, till I start from my reverie, and find that the sermon has commenced. It is my misfortune seldom to fructify, in a regular way, by any but printed sermons. The first strong idea, which the preacher utters, gives birth to a train of thought, and leads me onward, step by step, quite out of hearing of the good man's voice, unless he be indeed a son of thunder. At my open window, catching now and then a sentence of the 'parson's saw,' I am as well situated as at the foot of the pulpit stairs. The broken and scattered fragments of this one discourse will be the texts of many sermons, preached by those colleague pastors, — colleagues, but often disputants, — my Mind and Heart. The former pretends to be a scholar, and perplexes me with doctrinal points; the latter takes me on the score of feeling; and both, like several other preachers, spend their strength to very little purpose. I, their sole auditor, cannot always understand them." — pp. 25 – 32.

We are obliged to forego the pleasure of quoting from the Tales. A tale must be given entire, or it is ruined. We wish we had room for "The Great Carbuncle," which is our especial favorite among them all. It is, however, too long

for this use. Instead thereof, we will give one of those beautiful sketches, which are interspersed among the stories, like green leaves among flowers. But which shall we give? Shall it be "David Swan"; or "Little Annie's Ramble"; or "The Vision of the Fountain"; or "Fancy's Show-Box"; or "A Rill from the Town Pump"? We decide in favor of the last.

"(SCENE,—*the corner of two principal streets.** *The* TOWN-PUMP *talking through its nose.*)

"NOON, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town-Pump? The title of 'town-treasurer' is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

"At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the Mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam,—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and

"* Essex and Washington Streets, Salem."

not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

"It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles, to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature Tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir, — no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

"Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott, and his followers, came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years, it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity, — whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards, — at least, the pretty maidens did, — in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle, at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town-Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, — and then another, and still another, — till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognised by all.

"Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of

eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

"But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town-Pump, and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore, which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me, — if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class, — of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town-Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood,

transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war, — the drunkenness of nations, — perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, — a calm bliss of temperate affections, — shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

"Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks, into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town-Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

"There are two or three honest friends of mine, — and true friends, I know, they are, — who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage, — and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives, — you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

"One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak,

I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink — 'SUCCESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP!' " — pp. 201–210.

These extracts are sufficient to show the beautiful and simple style of the book before us, its vein of pleasant philosophy, and the quiet humor, which is to the face of a book what a smile is to the face of man. In speaking in terms of such high praise as we have done, we have given utterance not alone to our own feelings, but we trust to those of all gentle readers of the Twice-told Tales. Like children we say, "Tell us more."

ART. IV. — 1. *Études de Géographie Critique sur une Partie de l'Afrique Septentrionale;* par M. D'AVEZAC. Paris. 1836. pp. 188.

2. *The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.* London. 1830–6. Six Volumes, 8vo.

AFRICA, considered in relation to its history and present state, presents little to encourage the hopes of philanthropists with respect to any very rapid improvement in the character or condition of the human species. Though it may not prove the "perfectibility of man" to be impossible, yet it surely affords little evidence that the consummation is soon to be looked for. The progress of civilization has at all times and in all countries been slow, and not always without interruption. In Africa it has, in times long since past, been in a remarkable degree retrograde. Though Africa has been known from the remotest period; though it borders on the Mediterranean, which may be regarded as having been, through all ages, near the centre of civilization; and though it includes Egypt, the great seat of ancient wisdom, yet, notwithstanding all these circumstances, it is far the least known and least civilized of the four great divisions of the globe. The period of its greatest improvement seems to have been anterior to the commencement of profane history; and the evidence of

its early progress in the arts is found, not chiefly in history, but in the imperishable monuments of ancient magnificence which abound in Egypt, Nubia, and the States of Barbary. But our acquaintance with Nubia and Barbary is sufficient to furnish only a very imperfect knowledge of the remains of ancient refinement, which are now enveloped in modern barbarism. Though Egypt is styled "the cradle of science," it may, as far as Africa is concerned, be also styled its grave; for, since the light of knowledge was extinguished in that country, there has been, to the present time, an uninterrupted succession of dark ages overshadowing nearly the whole continent.

For about three centuries, embracing nearly the whole period that has elapsed since the modern revival of learning, the chief intercourse of the most enlightened nations of Christendom with the people of Africa, has been of such a nature as has tended to debase their character and destroy their happiness; the leading object of the commercial connexion having been the prosecution of that odious traffic, the slave-trade; a trade, unhappily, not yet extinct, though now justly regarded, by the consent of civilized nations, as no better than piracy. But within the last half century, public opinion has undergone a salutary change; a more generous spirit has prevailed in relation to this benighted region; and much has been done to extend our knowledge of its geography, to impart to its natives the arts of civilized life, and to protect them from violence and outrage. These objects have been prosecuted chiefly under the direction and patronage of two English societies, one entitled the "African Association," the other, the "African Institution."

The African Association was formed in 1788, by ninety-five English gentlemen, mostly men of rank, wealth, and learning, "for promoting the discovery of the interior of Africa." The first missionary employed by the Association, was our countryman, John Ledyard, who died soon after having entered upon his mission, at Cairo, in August, 1788; and their last missionary, John Lewis Burckhardt, died in 1817. Though the agents employed by the Association, among whom Mungo Park was particularly distinguished, did much to increase our knowledge of the interior of Africa, yet no one of them was so fortunate as to solve what had long been a celebrated problem relating to African geography, the course and termination of the Niger. This honor was reserved for Richard

and John Lander, the former of whom accompanied Captain Clapperton as his servant, in his second expedition into the interior of Africa. The two Landers sailed from England on the 9th of January, 1830, in an expedition under the direction of the English government; they arrived at Cape Coast Castle on the 22d of February; on the 17th of June, they reached Boossà on the Niger, near which place Park and his associates met their unhappy fate; and, descending the river, they found themselves, on the 18th of November, at the principal mouth (the river Nun) of the mysterious Niger. The African Association, discouraged by repeated failures, and the loss of many lives, discontinued sending out missionaries; and in 1831, it became united with the "Royal Geographical Society of London."

But notwithstanding all that has been done to increase our knowledge of Africa, a large part of the continent is absolutely *terra incognita;* the geography of only a very small proportion of it is well defined; and its statistics are still less ascertained. The population of this quarter of the globe is very differently estimated by different geographers and statistical writers, from 30,000,000 to 150,000,000. Hassel states it at 104,430,100, and Balbi at 60,000,000. The statement of Hassel is made in so definite a form, as would seem to imply that the number had been ascertained with great exactness; whereas no data exist, which can enable one to form any thing more than a vague conjecture. Countries in which the arts of civilized life are unknown never have a dense population; and we are inclined to believe that the smaller of these two estimates is nearest the truth.

The population of Egypt is better ascertained than that of any other considerable country in Africa. According to M. Mengin, it is ascertained by a tax laid on every house that there are in Egypt 603,700 houses, of which 25,000 are in the city of Cairo. With respect to the houses in Cairo, he computes, on an average, eight persons to one house; and with respect to the other houses in Egypt, four persons to one house; making the whole population 2,514,800. Mr. Lane, in his work recently published, entitled "The Modern Egyptians," says; "A few years ago, a calculation was made, founded on the number of houses in Egypt, and the supposition that the inhabitants of each house in the metropolis amount to eight persons, and in the provinces to four. This computation approximates, I believe, very nearly to the truth. The

whole population of Egypt was found by this mode of reckoning to amount to rather more than two millions and a half; but it is now much reduced. — The present population may be calculated at less than two millions." Next to Egypt, the countries of Africa best known are the States of Barbary. The following statement exhibits the population of these States, as given a few years since by the two statistical writers before mentioned.

	Population according to Hassel.	Population according to Balbi.
Morocco . . .	14,800,000	4,500,000
Algiers . . .	2,500,000	1,500,000
Tunis . . .	4,500,000	1,800,000
Tripoli . . .	2,500,000	660,000
Total,	24,300,000	8,460,000

So great is the difference between the statements of two of the most eminent statistical writers of the age; and if there is so great uncertainty with respect to the population of these countries, which are comparatively much known, how ignorant must we be respecting the real amount of the total population of Africa! In this instance, as well as in the former, we are inclined to the opinion that the lower estimate is the more correct. Our intelligent countryman, Mr. Shaler, who was American consul at Algiers from 1815 to 1828, in his "Sketches of Algiers," says; "There are various opinions respecting the population of this kingdom. As any actual enumeration is entirely out of the question, it can only be mediately estimated by comparison with other countries whose statistics are actually known. Thus upon a surface of about 30,000 square miles, considering the small number of commercial or manufacturing towns, the barbarous despotism of the government, and that by far the greater number of its inhabitants have scarcely emerged from the shepherd state, notwithstanding their fine climate, fertile soil, and temperate habits of living, I am of opinion that the population of this kingdom must be rather under than over *a million of souls.*"

In July, 1830, the city of Algiers was taken by the French army under General Bourmont, and it has since been held by the French government; so that France has now a colony at the northern extremity of Africa, and England at the southern. The establishment of these colonies by two of the most prominent nations in the civilized world, has already had the effect to increase our knowledge of the geography of Africa; and it

may be reasonably hoped that it will be attended with beneficial effects upon the inhabitants.

M. D'Avezac, author of the "Études de Géographie Critique sur une Partie de l'Afrique Septentrionale," is the Secretary of the Geographical Society of Paris, and a corresponding member of that of London. His work (a valuable contribution to the geography of this little-known continent,) comprises a critical examination and comparison of various publications relating to North Africa, with a view to determine more accurately, than had before been done, the positions of the principal places found in the States of Barbary, for the construction of a new map. The first nineteen pages in the volume consist of the "Notes of a Journey into the Interior of North Africa by Hadji Ebn-ed-din El Eghwaati," written at the request of William B. Hodgson, Esq., who succeeded Mr. Shaler as American consul at Algiers in 1828. It was translated by him from the Arabic into English, and was reviewed, with copious extracts, in the thirty-fifth volume of this Review. M. D'Avezac has made a version of Mr. Hodgson's translation into French.

M. D'Avezac says of his work;

"I have endeavoured entirely to remodel the representations which we now possess of this portion of North Africa, over which France has extended her sceptre; henceforth an inalienable domain, since the heir to the throne has gone to consecrate by his sword a possession too long considered as precarious. And I have, in addition, extended this new study of the delineations of the territory to the extreme limits of the countries which border on our state of Algiers; thus comprehending in my map the Mauritania, Numidia, Africa Proper, and Getulia, of the ancients; since called by the Arabs, El Maghreb el Aousath, El Maghreb el-Aqssày, Afryqyah, and Belêd el-Géryd; and now by the moderns, the States of Barbary.

"In such a study the details are of little importance. They are easily interwoven in the net which I have attempted to frame. The construction of the map has been my principal object; for the accomplishment of which I have called to my assistance the documents which the ancients have left us, those which we have received from the Arabs, and the information which the moderns have collected. I have undertaken to illustrate one by the other; and to derive from an examination and comparison of them results more certain, than a too easy criticism has hitherto adopted.

"I do not wish to attach to this map a value higher than that

to which it is entitled. What I said on finishing my first draft, I will here repeat after the revision which I have made. It is a work incomplete, often conjectural, one which cannot pretend to strict accuracy; but I will add, with equal confidence of its comparative value, that this work, incomplete and conjectural, is better than those which we have hitherto possessed; and that instead of an exactness, which it is impossible to attain in the present state of knowledge, probability, at least, has been sought, not by a compilation, more or less skilful, from previous maps, but by a careful and thorough examination of the original elements of all ages."

It is a disheartening labor to search for truth by the use of means, which we know beforehand are insufficient to enable us to obtain it with any degree of certainty. M. D'Avezac is fain to say, at the close of his laborious investigation; "Je ne pousserai pas plus loin mes investigations sur ces contrées, où le géographe ne peut encore marcher qu'à tâtons." Such a region has the greater part of Africa always been, and such it seems likely long to continue,—a region "in which a geographer can only grope in the dark."

The public attention has been recently attracted to the North of Africa, in consequence of the signal failure of a French expedition against the town of Constantine in November last, under the command of Marshal Clausel. Constantine or Constantina, the capital of a province of the same name, is the second town in population in the regency of Algiers. Some geographers stated the population, some years since, at 80,000 or 100,000; but Mr. Shaler says, "It is described by the natives as containing about 25,000 inhabitants." It is the residence of a Bey, who, before the capture of Algiers by the French, was a lieutenant of the Dey of Algiers, from whom he received his appointment, possessing within his own jurisdiction an authority almost despotic. The town has a remarkable situation on an elevated, rocky eminence, which forms a peninsular promontory in the river Rummel; and is defended by a wall and garrison. It occupies the site of the ancient Cirta, the celebrated bulwark of Numidia, the residence of its kings, and famous for a siege described by Sallust in his history of the Jugurthine war; and the vicinity now abounds in ruins of its ancient greatness. The modern town is built wholly on the promontory; though the ancient city was much more extensive. Dr. Shaw, in his description of the town, says;

"Constantina, or Cirta, or Cirta Sittianorum, as it was anciently called, is well situated, by Pliny, XLVIII M. [48 Roman miles] from the sea. We learn from history that it was one of the chiefest, as well as one of the strongest cities of Numidia; the first of which circumstances is confirmed by the extent of the ruins, the latter by its particular situation. For the greater part of it has been built upon a peninsular promontory, as I may call it, inaccessible on all sides except towards the southwest, where it is joined to the continent. This promontory is computed to be a good mile in circuit, lying a little inclined to the southward; but to the northward it ends in a precipice of at least one hundred fathoms perpendicular, from whence we have a beautiful landscape over a great variety of vales, mountains, and rivers, which lie to a great distance before it."

Marshal Clausel, in his Official Report, says;

"Constantine is admirably situated, and at all points except one, is wonderfully defended by nature. A ravine of sixty yards wide, and of an immense depth, at the bottom of which runs the Oued Rummel, presents as a scarp and counterscarp a perpendicular rock, equally unassailable by bombardment or undermining. The plateau of Mansoura has communication with the town by a very narrow bridge, terminating a double gateway of great strength, and well defended by musketry from the surrounding houses and gardens."

The town was defended by a garrison of between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred Turks and Kabyles, commanded by Ben Haissa, the lieutenant of the Bey Achmet. Owing to the inclemency of the weather and the wretched state of the roads, the French troops endured great hardship and suffering, and became weary, diseased, and unfit for service; and a few miles before reaching Constantine, while passing through an almost impracticable defile, exposed to the incessant attack of the enemy, they were deprived of nearly the whole of their baggage and provisions. They commenced their attack on the town on the 22d of November; and, though it was resolutely defended, they did not give up the effort till compelled by the danger of starvation and the loss of their remaining ammunition, which was captured by the Arabs, who beheaded all their prisoners. "The weather," says the Marshal, "was still horrible. The snow fell in thick flakes, and the cold was excessive. The troops near and around Constantine were overwhelmed by rain, snow, hail, and mud. The loss was inconsiderable from the fire of the place." On the 25th, the army commenced a difficult and disastrous retreat. Of the

seven thousand men who accompanied the commander, only fifteen hundred returned to Bona, and these were either ill or suffering under extreme hunger and fatigue.

It was doubtless little expected by the commander, that the elements would prove his most formidable enemy; that in November he would find a Russian winter to the south of the Mediterranean; and that his troops would be exposed to sufferings, similar to those endured by the French army in the disastrous expedition against Moscow in the winter of 1812. The climate of this country is described as uncommonly mild and pleasant. Dr. Shaw, speaking of Algiers and Tunis, says; "The Tell, or cultivated parts of these kingdoms, lying between 34° and 37° north latitude, enjoy a very wholesome and temperate climate, neither too hot and sultry in summer, nor too sharp and cold in winter. During the space of twelve years that I attended the Factory of Algiers, I found the thermometer twice only contracted to the freezing point; and then the whole country, which was very unusual, was covered with snow." Mr. Shaler also states; "The inhabited part [of Algiers] enjoys a healthy and agreeable temperature of climate, which is neither oppressively hot in summer, nor severely cold in winter." The following extract forms the commencement of Marshal Clausel's "Official Report of the Expedition to Constantine," addressed to the "Governor-General of the [French] Possession in North Africa," dated at Bona, December 1, 1836.

"I had the honor of informing you, before the departure of the expedition, how much difficulty I had in collecting at Bona the troops and stores, which contrary winds and storms had dispersed in all directions. While the troops embarked suffered from being kept so long on board, abundant rains were falling at Bona; and the different corps, as they arrived, not being able to recover themselves from the effects of their voyage, I was obliged to leave in the hospitals two thousand out of the seven thousand infantry I had succeeded in assembling. The weather having become fine on November 12th, I left Bona on the 13th, and set out on my march against Constantine, with seven thousand men of all arms. On the 19th we encamped at Raz Oned Zenati, and here commenced the most cruel, unexpected, and unparalleled hardships. We were in the most elevated region; and during the night, rain, snow, and hail fell so constantly, and in such abundance, that we were exposed to all the rigors of a winter at St. Petersburg, while the ground resembled, in the eyes of old officers, the mire of Warsaw.

"We were within sight of Constantine, and yet began to despair of reaching its walls. We, however, continued our march on the 20th; and the army, with the exception of the baggage and the rear guard, reached the monument of Constantine, where it was forced to halt. The cold became excessive; many of the men had their feet frozen, and many perished in the night; for since we left Raz el Akba there was no more fuel to be obtained."

The result of this unfortunate enterprise has wounded the national pride of France, and its newspapers have abounded with lamentations and complaints. After a long military career, in which he had gained a distinguished reputation, Marshal Clausel, the veteran commander, who was more than thirty years since raised to the rank of General of Division, has, in consequence of this reverse of fortune, had the mortification to have his skill and courage seriously impugned, and has been superseded in his command and recalled. A new and far more formidable expedition against Constantine was projected by the French government, to consist of upwards of twenty-five thousand men; and such of the troops as were to be sent from France, were directed to be embarked before the last of February; but it has been since stated that the government had determined to put it off till September, which indicates an intention to relinquish it entirely.

To return to English researches into African Geography. Measures were adopted for the formation of the Royal Geographical Society of London at a numerous meeting of the members of the Raleigh Traveller's Club, and several other gentlemen, held on the 24th of May, 1830. On the 16th of the succeeding July, the Society was fully organized; and on the 23d of July, 1831, the African Association was united with it. Its Journal comprises six volumes, which consist of geographical documents relating to countries situated in all the quarters of the globe, but chiefly to those countries of which the geography is but little known; and there are some interesting articles which treat of North Africa.

The first volume contains a "Geographical Notice of the Empire of Morocco," by Lieutenant, now Captain, Washington, the present Secretary of the Society. It is accompanied by a map, respecting which the author remarks, after mentioning the assistance of which he had availed himself; "with such

help there is no hesitation in asserting, that the present is by far the most correct map hitherto completed of the Empire of Morocco." This communication of Lieutenant Washington was made use of by M. D'Avezac in the preparation of his "Études de Géographie Critique." The following remarks are quoted from Lieutenant Washington.

"*Berēbers* and *Shellūhs* inhabit the mountain range of Atlas; the former the northeastern part, as far as the province of Tedla, the latter thence to the southwest. They live chiefly in villages of houses built of stones and mud, with slate roofs, occasionally in tents, and even in caves; their chief occupation is that of huntsmen, yet they cultivate the ground and rear many bees. Their mode of life renders them more robust and active than their neighbours of the plains. They are probably the aborigines of this country, direct descendants of Ham, and have been driven to the mountains by the incursions of the Arabs and Moors. Their language has no resemblance to the Arabic, though many words of that language are in common use among the natives. It has long been a disputed point whether the *Shellūh* and *Berēber* are the same language. Jackson, who lived many years at Mogadore and Santa Cruz, declares they are not, and gives a specimen of eighteen words in the two languages, to show there is not the smallest resemblance. Of these eighteen words I have found five, in two different Berēber vocabularies, to be the same as in the Shellūh dialect. During our visit to the Atlas, we wrote down from the mouth of a native Shellūh, who had passed all his life there, some hundred words of that idiom. On our return home, finding that the British and Foreign Bible Society had lately acquired a translation of part of the Scriptures into one of the dialects of Northern Africa, I applied to them, who most liberally showed me their vocabulary, which proved to be compiled from a manuscript in the Berēber language. Upon comparing this with my own made among the Shellūhs, I found twenty words, in common use, exactly alike, a catalogue of which I subjoin; —

English.	*Arabic.*	*Berēber.**	*Shellūh.*
Bread	El Khobs	Aghroum	Aghroom
Camel	Jimmel	Araam	Arume

* "My authorities for the Berēber, are 'Hodgson on the Berebber Language,' published in the American Philosophical Transactions, volume IV., and another compiled by a Frenchman, long resident at Algiers, I believe M. Venture. See Appendix to Langlès' French Translation of Hornemann's Travels.

"When these papers were read before the Society, it was asserted that these languages were not alike; in the conversation that arose after the reading was finished, a contrary opinion was expressed, and it was intimated that Mr. Barrow (who is of the highest authority in any point connected with Africa) thought differently, upon which further inquiry was made. — The result is given above."

English.	*Arabic.*	*Berēber.*	*Shel'ūh.*
Call (to)	Tsāta	Kerar (imp.)	Ir-kerah
Dates	Tamar	Tene Icayn	Teene Icayn
Dinner	El-iftor	Imquilli	Imkelli
Eat (to)	Akal	En-nitch	Ai-nish
Eyes	Ayūn	Allen	Alen
Feet	Rijlain	Etarran	Idarn
Give me	Ara	Efikie	Fikihie
Honey	Asel	Tament	Tamint
Man	Rajel	Erghaz	Argaz
Mountain	Jebel	Addrar	Adderar
Morning	S'bagh	Zik	Zik
Nose	Anf	Thinzarth	Tinzah
Slave	El abd	Isimgham	Issemg'h
Sultan	Sultan	Aghoullid	Aglid
To-morrow	Elgad	Ezikkah	Azgah
Water	Elma	Aman	Aman
Village	Dshar	Theddert	Thedderth
Woman	Murrah	Temthout	Tamtoot
Year	Sanat	Esougas	Acsougaz

"These two languages cannot be very dissimilar; in fact I have little doubt that they are dialects of the same. Further examination is necessary, and a knowledge of the circumstances under which the translation was formed; but if, as I strongly suspect to be the case, a vocabulary derived from a native of one of the *Kabyles* or clans, which inhabit Atlas southeast of Algiers, and that from a native of the mountains south of Morocco, prove to be the same, we shall have obtained a key to a language spoken throughout the mighty range of Atlas, and extending from *Baheereh* on the banks of the Nile, to Cape Noon on the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of more than two thousand miles. Nay more, there is every reason to believe that the Berēber is the native idiom of all northern Africa. It is the language of the Mozabies; the Wadrēgans; the Wurgelans; the Tuaryks; and Berēber words may be traced on the confines of Egypt and Abyssinia." — pp. 142, 143.

The fourth volume of the Journal of the Society contains an extract from the "Journal of Travels of Sir Grenville Temple in the Beylik of Tunis." "The numberless and stately remains of Roman architecture," it is remarked, "which still crown every hill, and moulder in every valley of the regency of Tunis, speak more for the energy and civilizing influence of the Cæsars, than the greatness of Rome itself."

The magnificent amphitheatre of the ancient Tysdrus, or Tisdra, now called El Jemme, is briefly noticed by Dr. Shaw;

but we have not before met with any detailed description of it.

"Though yielding," says Sir Grenville Temple, "in magnitude and splendor to the Coliseum, it is still one of the most perfect, vast, and beautiful remains of former times which exist, to our knowledge; or, as I should perhaps more correctly state, to my own individual knowledge; combining in itself more of those united properties, than any other building which I can at this moment bring to my recollection."

"The length of the amphitheatre of *Tysdrus*, which extends nearly east and west, is 429 by 368 feet; and that of the arena, 238 by 182 feet. These two latter measurements are taken from the inner *existing* wall, the real boundary of the arena being uncertain. The height of the level of the first gallery is 33 feet, and to the summit of the edifice 96 feet. It possesses four ranges of pillars and arches, 60 in number in each, or rather in the three lower ones, for the fourth is a pilastrade, elevated on a stylobata, with a square window in every third inter-pilaster. The capitals are of that species of the composite order which we see on Diocletian's Pillar at Alexandria, with a slight variation between the second range and those composing the first and third. At each extremity was a grand entrance; but the west one, together with an arch on each side of it, was destroyed, together with the same portion of the whole superstructure, about one hundred years ago, by Muhamed Bey, who thereby wished to prevent the possibility of the amphitheatre being converted into a strong and vast fortress by some tribes of Arabs, then in open revolt against his authority. A very small portion also of the exterior wall of the fourth or upper story remains to this day. The interior of this magnificent building is in a far more dilapidated state than the exterior, which, with the abovementioned exceptions, may be stated to be in complete preservation; but great part of the vaulted and inclined plane, which supported the seats, the galleries, and the vomitoria, are still left. The galleries and stairs leading to the different stages were supported by arches and vaults, composed, not like the rest of the building, of large *pierres de taille*, but of a mass of small stones and mortar; and they have, consequently, in many places fallen in. Under the surface of the arena, as in those of the Coliseum and Amphitheatre of Capua, are seen passages, and little chambers for containing the wild beasts, as well as square apertures opening upon the arena, up which were raised the lions and tigers, enclosed in boxes made on the principle of the pigeon-traps used at shooting-matches, whose sides, on reaching the summit, being unsupported by the walls of the tunnel, fell to the ground, and, working on the hinges which joined them to the bottom of the box, left the

ferocious monsters at once exposed to the view of the spectators."

"The following list may perhaps prove interesting, as showing the rank in magnitude which this amphitheatre holds among edifices of the same nature." — pp. 256, 257.

	Extreme length.	Extreme breadth.	Length of arena.	Breadth of arena.	Height.
Coliseum . . .	615½	510	281	176	164
Verona . . .	506	405	247	145	
El Jemme . .	429	368	238	182	96
Nismes . . .	430	338			76
Pola	416	337			
Side (Karamania)	409		125		79
Utica	363	240			
Pæstum . . .	211	151			
Capua					
Pompeii . . .					
Syracuse . . .	300	230	180	100	
Carthage . . .	240	200	150	110	
Thapsus . . .	160	113			

Next to the course and termination of the Niger, the object of greatest interest, in modern times, in relation to the geography of the interior of Africa, has been the city of Tombuctoo, of which our knowledge is yet very imperfect. Part I. of the sixth volume of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society contains a very interesting communication from the Rev. G. C. Renouard, Foreign Secretary of the Society, read on the 25th of April, 1836, entitled "Routes in North Africa by Abú Bekr es siddik," who is stated to be a native of Tombuctoo, who has been twenty-seven years a slave in Jamaica, and who is now on his return to his native city as companion in travel to Mr. Davidson. — The name of this city is variously written, Tombuctoo, or Timbuctoo ; by Mr. Renouard, Tumbuktú ; and by Abú Bekr, Tumbut or Tumbuttu. Mr. Renouard writes as follows.

"Whoever has perused the lively and amusing letters on the West Indies, which were the fruit of Dr. Madden's residence in Jamaica, will be no stranger to the name of Edward Donellan, a negro, who attracted the notice of that active and benevolent magistrate, by the excellence of his moral character, and the superiority of his literary attainments. Dr. Madden, whose travels in the East had made him acquainted with the Arabic character, was not a little surprised to see it written with some neatness and great rapidity by a negro slave; and his surprise was increased when he found that this slave had scarcely attained his fifteenth year when he was torn from his friends and country, and con-

veyed, with the prospect of perpetual slavery, to a very distant land. When, in addition to this, he found that this slave was no idolater, but a very sincere worshipper of 'the one true God,' and that, consistently with a faith comparatively so pure, his moral conduct had obtained for him the respect of his equals and masters, his anxiety to release him from such degrading thraldom was wound up to the highest pitch. He applied without delay to Mr. Anderson, the slave's master, requesting him to fix a price, that steps might be taken forthwith for his redemption. But he applied in vain. Mr. Anderson declared that no price could recompense him for the loss of this slave's services. His integrity was such, that any sums might be confided to him; and such was his intelligence, that he kept a constant account of all the daily receipts and payments, of the rations allowed to the slaves, of articles brought into the premises, and of goods delivered from the stores. This report, as may be easily conceived, was only an additional stimulus to Dr. Madden's benevolence. He failed not to press on Mr. Anderson's attention the peculiar hardships of this poor man's case, — born in his own country in a distinguished rank, blessed with a learned education, and retaining, through his own talents, industry, and integrity, a large portion of those acquirements and that respect, which he would have obtained in a very eminent degree, had he escaped the degradation of slavery. Mr. Anderson was not insensible to these powerful arguments, and with a liberality truly characteristic of the British character, replied; 'That though the services of his slave were too valuable for him to fix any price upon him, he would give that liberty for which no sum of money could be named as an adequate equivalent.' In consequence of this generous resolution, Dr. Madden had the satisfaction of receiving Edward Donellan's manumission by Mr. Anderson, according to all the legal forms, in a crowded court. Finding that Donellan, whose Mohammedan name is Abú Bekr, was desirous of returning to his own country, Dr. Madden determined to assist him in effecting so desirable an object; and not long after the publication of his letters, in which Donellan's narrative was first printed, he recommended him to Mr. Davidson, an enterprising traveller, who had resolved to make another attempt to reach Tumbuktú. Abú Bekr, in the mean time, had come over to this country under the care of Captain Oldrey, R. N., another of the auxiliary magistrates in Jamaica, who had cordially united in promoting the welfare of Donellan, both before and after Dr. Madden's departure from the West Indies. In Morocco, Mr. Davidson was prevented by various circumstances from passing, as he intended, through Fez and Táfilelt, in his way to the Sahrá or Great Desert; but having been required to attend on the King at the

capital, his medical skill and attention to his numerous patients secured for him that favor and permission to proceed, which at first seemed utterly unattainable; and after passing about two months there, he was suffered to proceed to Mogadore in his way to Wád Nún, whence caravans set out on their journey to Negroland. While at Morocco, they met some persons who were acquainted with members of Abú Bekr's family, and informed them that one of his relations is at present governor of Tumbuktú.

"The narrative of his life, from which the following abstract is taken, was written after his arrival in this country, in the presence of a friend with whom he was spending a few days in the neighbourhood of London. It is no doubt the same in substance as that compiled from his oral communication by Dr. Madden while in Jamaica, and printed in his work. It agrees, almost word for word, with another account of his life, drawn up while he was on his voyage from New York, at the request of Captain Oldrey. All these papers were written in the Arabic language, — the only one which Abú Bekr had ever learned; for his accounts and memorandums, which were so useful to his employers, would have been of no service without his interpretation, as, though expressed in the English tongue, they were written in the Arabic character, and the difficulty of deciphering negro-English, so expressed, may be easily imagined.

"But it is time to allow Abú Bekr to speak for himself. His narrative is thus headed: — 'This is an account of the beginning of my life.

"'My name is Abú Bekr es siddík: my birthplace is Tumbut. I was educated in the town of Jenneh (Genneh), and fully instructed in reading and construing the Korán, — but in the interpretation of it by the help of commentaries. This was [done] in the city of Ghónah, where there are many learned men ['ulemà], who are not natives of one place, but each of them, having quitted his own country, has come and settled there.'" — pp. 100 – 102.

He proceeds with his narrative, and from this it is collected that he was born at Tombuctoo about the year 1794. His father is stated to have been of the royal family; to have removed from Tombuctoo to Jenneh when Abú Bekr was two years old, and to have died two years after at Ghónah. His mother was a native of the city of Bornú. His grandfather, Omar, was an alcaid or magistrate in Tombuctoo and in Jenneh. About five years after his father's death, he went with his instructer to Ghónah, where he appears to have remained about three years, when a war broke out between Ghónah and Buntukkú; and in a hard-fought battle, the King or Sultan of

Ghónah was defeated, and Abú Bekr fell into the hands of the conquerors. His narrative proceeds ; —

" ' On that day was I made a slave. They tore off my clothes, bound me with ropes, laid on me a heavy burden, and carried me to the town of Buntukkú, and from thence to the town of Kumásí, the King of Ashantí's town. From thence through Askumá, and Ajimmakúh, in the land of Fantí, to Daghóh, near the salt sea.

" There they sold me to the Christians, and I was bought by a certain captain of a ship at that town. He sent me to a boat, and delivered me to the people of the ship. We continued on board ship, at sea, for three months, and then came on shore in the land of Jamaica. This was the beginning of my slavery until this day. I tasted the bitterness of slavery from them, * and its oppressiveness : but praise be to God, under whose power are all things, He doth whatsoever he willeth ! No one can turn aside that which He hath ordained, nor can any one withhold that which He hath given ! As God Almighty himself hath said, — Nothing can befall us unless it be written for us (in his book) ! He is our master : in God, therefore, let all the faithful put their trust !

" ' The faith of our families is the faith of Islám. They circumcise the foreskin ; say the five prayers ; † fast every year in the month of Ramadán ; give alms as ordained in the law ; marry [only] four free women, — a fourth is forbidden to them except she be their slave ; they fight for the faith of God ; perform the pilgrimage [to Mecca] — *i. e.* such as are able so to do ; eat the flesh of no beast but what they have slain for themselves ; drink no wine, — for whatever intoxicates is forbidden unto them ; they do not keep company with those whose faith is contrary to theirs, — such as worshippers of idols, men who swear falsely by the name of the Lord, who dishonor their parents, commit murder or robbery, bear false witness, are covetous, proud, insolent, hypocrites, unclean in their discourse, or do any other thing that is forbidden. They teach their children to read, and [instruct them in] the different parts of knowledge ; their minds are perfect and blameless according to the measure of their faith.

" ' Verily I have erred and done wickedly, but I entreat God to guide my heart in the right path, for He knoweth what is in my heart, and whatever [can be pleaded] in my behalf.

" ' Finished in the month of August, on the 29th day, in the year of the Messiah 1834 [1835].' "

" * That is, the people of Buntukkú, Ashantí, and Fantí. This is more distinctly expressed in another paper written by him."

" † That is, pray five times a-day."

Mr. Renouard infers that Abú Bekr was in his fourteenth year when he fell into the hands of the Ashantís [Ashantees], and was sent as a slave to the West Indies in 1807 or 1808; and that he passed about twenty-seven years as a slave in Jamaica; first, as a slave of a stone-mason named Donellan, subsequently of Mr. Haynes, and finally of Mr. Anderson. He was baptized by the name of Edward Donellan, but it does not appear that he was much instructed in the Christian religion.

"He never," says Mr. Renouard, "had opportunity to learn to read or write English, but in the accounts which he kept for his master, Mr. Anderson, he put every thing in negro-English, and in the Arabic character, and read it off to the overseer in the evening. Though far from being able to write Arabic with strict grammatical accuracy, or possessing the command of an abundant stock of words and phrases, his power of expressing himself in that copious and difficult tongue, and the clearness and facility with which he writes its characters, are truly surprising, when his peculiar circumstances are taken into account. His acquaintance with the Korán is remarkable. He must have known it almost by heart, as he declared that he had never seen a copy of it from the time he left Ghónah, till one was put into his hands by the writer of this paper. He was not old enough, he said, when captured, to enter on a course of logic and rhetoric, or to study the commentaries on the Korán; but he knew the names of the most celebrated commentators. This is a plain proof of the superior civilization of the negroes in the interior over those near the coast; and, however incredible at first sight, it is confirmed by Burckhardt's account of the Shaïkíyah Arabs in Meroë, and the well-written Arabic despatches from Bello's court, now in the records of the Foreign Office."

"Of the kindness of his present master, he speaks in terms of the warmest gratitude; and Mr. Davidson, on his part, fully appreciates his merits. Should that enterprising traveller be so fortunate as to reach Tumbuktú in safety, he will find, independently of the rank, which, it seems, Abú Bekr's relations hold, that so faithful, affectionate, and intelligent an interpreter is a treasure, the value of which cannot be too highly estimated."

In Part II. of the sixth volume of the Journal of the Geographical Society is found a letter from Mr. Davidson, dated Wad Noon, 22d May, 1836, "written on the ground in an Arab tent swarming with vermin." From the extract which we give from this letter, it will be manifest that an expedition

to Tombuctoo differs somewhat from a journey undertaken among us for purposes of pleasure ; and the mode of subsistence will perhaps appear little more desirable than that of "living without means." Mr. Davidson complains of "vexatious and expensive delays, which have tended to damp his spirits and throw doubts upon his success ; that every thing that could be urged had been most forcibly used to dissuade him from undertaking the journey at that season of the year, and great doubt as to whether even the children of the desert would make the attempt ; — the heat would be too oppressive for him to bear ; the wells would in all probability be dry," &c. &c. "But he had, notwithstanding, resolved on going." He proceeds ;

"The Sheik Khurfee, whose friendship I have purchased, takes charge of me by command of his superior, Sheik Beyrook. This man, now advanced in years, has made the journey twenty times, and four of these by a direct line from Wad Noon, having once performed the journey in twenty-five days. He tells me, if I can bear it, he will take me in thirty-five, as he wishes to show me two places where we are to stop a day or two, or he will make it in forty days. He states there are but two wells on the whole route ; these will very likely be dry. We carry water for forty days, but he tells me he shall not give me any water on the road only at two halts ; that the *herie* I am to ride will give me milk, and that he hopes to make me one of the *Eshrub el Rukh*, which performs the whole journey without eating, its allowance being camel's milk. I find I can work hard the whole day upon a draught of this, its satisfying quality being such that no other food is required. I have been some time in training ; a small portion of meat but every other day, no bread, a little tea ; and milk, the day I do not take meat. With the exception of my stay at Mogadore, I have had no bed for five months ; I can nearly warrant myself sun-proof, my face, hands, and arms, feet and legs, having been three times excoriated. I have now acquired the power of resisting the action of the sun ; I have adopted, in toto, the Arab dress, and am nearly as brown as some of the Paria caste.

"From this we are to set out on the 6th of June, that being one of their lucky days ; so that by the time this reaches you, I hope, please God, to have arrived, or nearly, at Timbuctoo."

But by another letter from Mr. Davidson, dated Glamiz Wad Noon, September 25th, read in the Royal Geographical Society, November 21st, and published in the London news-

papers, it appears he did not proceed at the time and in the manner he expected. In this letter he states that he was then expecting, after this long additional delay, to proceed in company with a large caravan, in two or three days.

"Our arrangement, at present, is," he says, "that I travel in company with the whole of the *Tajacanths*, who are here to the number of two hundred men and six hundred camels; one division, laden with corn and water, will start directly from the Sahara; a second of two hundred camels and sixty men, with the Sheiks, show themselves at the Sok, and then proceed to join the former at three days' journey from hence; thirty camels will carry my baggage, which you will say is no trifle; but the presents I am obliged to take, and the money, all in cowries, ten camel loads of which only equal £100 sterling, make it very bulky. We shall push on without delay to Towdeni, about six hundred miles across the Desert, where all the camels will load with salt for Soudan; this will detain us ten days; at this place, and at El Arawan, two hundred miles farther, are the only spots at which we shall get meat; our usual food will be barley and dates ground up together, and moistened with milk or water. I have lately had a trial of this fare, as I have been on an excursion of ten days; part of it through a beautiful country, as to scenery, but wholly without drinkable water. We started many herds of gazelles, &c.; the heat we found excessive, as much as 112° in our tents at midnight, yet I did not suffer, though my companion, Abú Bekr, felt it much."

Further intelligence from Mr. Davidson is awaited with the strongest interest.

ART. V.—*The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B., from a Variety of Original Sources.* By JAMES PRIOR, Author of "The Life of Burke," &c. Two Volumes, 8vo. London. 1837.

UNLESS we have lived with a celebrated man, or studied human life well, we may be often surprised at the fluctuations of his temper and conduct; at the inconsistencies and contradictions (for so in our ignorance they appear to us) in his character. If we know him at first from general reputation only,

the habit of associating his name with something uncommon, unfits us in a degree to estimate him as a human being placed in circumstances such as we are familiar with, and to look at him in every point of view, and see the natural results of the varied influences to which he is subjected. So it is, very often, when we have been acquainted with him through his writings only. We first set up an image, and worship it for a certain perfection our fancies have given it; and should it afterwards appear tarnished or defaced, and ready to be cast down, we are disposed to think that the change is the work of an enemy, or the effect of some enchantment, without dreaming a moment that the fault or surprise is wholly in our making an idol of one in most respects like ourselves. If, from the first, our knowledge of him has been obtained from a full and accurate history of his life, we are saved perhaps from such idolatry, but we may still be perplexed and offended at the union of opposite qualities, and believe that we are contemplating as eminent a moral as intellectual exception to our common experience of humanity. How, we are ready to exclaim, can sweetness, delicacy, and affection at home, be reconciled with ferocity, circumvention, and utter contempt of others' rights and happiness in public action? How could a sentiment so pure, generous, and lofty, fall from one in whose conduct we read of pollution, meanness, or low frivolity? How is it that he can love pictures, music, statues, and gardens, and delight in quiet evenings with the chosen spirits of the time, and have the respect and even the love of some venerable philosopher or saint, whose name we have bound up with all that is wise and excellent? He surely was no hypocrite; he did not bribe men's love. He was open as the day, and we know him thoroughly. No, we do not know him thoroughly, nor human nature thoroughly, or we should interpret the enigma.

Contrasts as striking perhaps as these, are to be found in Goldsmith. In the first place, we observe them between the general character of his writings, and his temper, condition, and conduct, as they are exhibited in his memoirs and in several contemporary publications. We suppose it will be admitted that his productions are marked with one spirit; and no one can doubt that this spirit is natural to him as well as predominant. Now what are the obvious characteristics of his writings? Refinement and generosity of sentiment, sympathy with his species, a collected and thoughtful study of man, an

agreeable mixture of humor with wisdom and sobriety, and a prevailing tone of happiness and good nature. He writes as if he were at full leisure to make every thing perfect, and as serenely as if he were indifferent to fame, or already secure in the possession of it. He is so remarkably free from the coarseness and ribaldry which were more than tolerated in some of the ablest writers of his time, that it seems as if he could not have lived in the midst of licentiousness, and known how much public taste would endure. He gives us pictures of home and rural life which denote an exquisite sense of their charms, and exact knowledge of their petty troubles, and a disposition that could be happy nowhere else.

But what do we hear of him from others? Why, that he was reckless, envious, jealous, fond of pressing himself into notice in company, and unable to sustain himself in the conversation he was eager to engross, and unhappy that any one should be thought to excel him and draw attention, though in things beneath the ambition of a man, in the least intellectual. As for home, he had none better for years than the lodgings of a needy literary adventurer in London. He was miserably poor; and the little he received from the bounty of others, or from his writings, or for correcting proofs, or teaching a school, was readily expended upon his pleasures, or dress, or in gaming, or in the most absurd purchases as presents for his friends, or thrown away on any poor creature who could invent a tale of distress. He was so completely a dupe, that he was imposed upon both by himself and everybody else. He scarcely knew the meaning of literary leisure and ease. He must write or starve. His best book was sold for a trifle to keep him out of prison; and at the age of forty-five, his health broken by his excessive labor to fulfil his engagements to the booksellers, and his spirits at last failing him under a load of debts, to which no habit of insolvency could make him insensible, he sinks into the grave. Is this our philosopher, our poet, our man of refinement, humor, and guileless wisdom, our favorite painter of village scenes, and historian of the village pastor?

Again, in his relations with others, we may find what some would call strange incongruities. While there is reason enough to deny him so vague a title as that of a respectable man, and to charge him with a want of common sense, so that men, immeasurably his inferiors in other respects, are seen ridiculing

his rudeness and blunders, and either making him their mirth, or pitying his weaknesses, or torturing their philosophy to explain the unusual combinations in his mind; yet we find him, at the same time, the familiar friend of the greatest wits, philosophers, and artists of the age, his foibles either borne with from their union with good-nature and ardent temperament, or overlooked in admiration of his powers.

Then as to the growth of his mind; whence this admirable style, this rapid pen, this profusion of thought, this knowledge, various at least, if not vast and profound? For he was little better than a vagabond from his youth up, a trifler at school, an idler and offender at the university, and a runaway. With the advantage of a medical education at Edinburgh and Leyden, he scarcely enters upon the practice of his profession. With no distinct object and few apparent results, he travels over kingdom after kingdom on foot, depending for support upon what accident might supply. His whole early life seems to be aimless. Where then was this extraordinary mind educated and furnished?

These violent antitheses are not brought together to make an occasion for a theory of Goldsmith's character or of human inconsistencies generally; but rather to state the difficulty plainly. This difficulty is, in part, that uncommon power should exist with as signal weaknesses, and sometimes in respect to precisely the same things. And even if we could show clearly that the errors and follies of Goldsmith were not owing to any thing in his original constitution, but to circumstances of different sorts, yet the greatest wonder of all remains, that his genius should pass unscathed through these follies and errors; not merely that it lived with them, but that it suffered no harm from them; for this seems to be the case. We think it much that a man should sustain his integrity, and a clear, firm mind, in the midst of a general corruption of manners and scenes of violence. We think of him as of a spirit securely watching the course of the earthquake or pestilence. But *here* the plague and convulsion are within himself, and yet his grandest capacities are to all appearance untouched. It is in vain that we would account for these things by the common-places, that the mind has compartments; that genius lives in a world of its own; that the tendency to excessive developement in one part of our nature, implies a corresponding weakness elsewhere; and that the more perfect our sense

and love of the ideal are, the less fitted we must be for common life and action. We only throw the difficulty upon something else, or state in a different form the same confounding fact. And so it will be if we attempt to account for great mental achievements, where apparently there has been no foreign aid, or rather, where every thing seems hostile.

With our imperfect natures, then, and these imperfectly comprehended, we should rather look for contrarieties, and results which we cannot explain, than wonder at them. We are naturally most struck with them when we see them in persons whom we call eminent; but are they not in a degree to be observed in all? Whenever a man is inclined to talk of those whom he deems greater than himself as anomalies, and is surprised at their singularities, let him look into himself. He is too modest, perhaps, too humble to suppose there can be any mystery or difficulty *there*. But is he never conscious of expectations, desires, impressions of duty and a capacity of happiness, which he cannot perceive in a single case to have distinctly affected his actions, and which have been to him no more, as he thinks, than a haunting dream or sound? Does he never put forth a power which others feel, though he knows absolutely nothing of the secret within him, and wonders at the effect? Then, as to the supposed efficacy of outward circumstances; perhaps he has received a thorough literary and professional education, and yet should he find himself, at the sudden call of duty or ambition, ready to transact affairs, prompt to speak, graceful in his expressions and swarming with apt thoughts, can he always say that this new-discovered power is owing to a known source, to a known, voluntary application of his mind? Can his friends say that they foresaw this result, as they watched his course from year to year, and step by step? In fact, is he conscious himself of any change? Just so it often is, where the helps have been apparently few and small; there seems to us to be a potent virtue in a hard, straitened lot, merely because we know very little of the nurture, developement, and habits (so to speak) of moral and intellectual strength. We may have occasion to recur to the subject hereafter, for a moment; but we are now called to other topics.

Our readers are probably acquainted with the biographical sketch of Goldsmith, which, with some variations, is usually prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works. It bears no writer's

name, and, according to Mr. Prior, it was the production of several hands. In general, the materials are excellent. It contains several of Goldsmith's letters to his friends, and among them are the two which have his amusing description of the Scotch and Dutch. They are in all not more than six or seven; and they are the best of the very small number, which even with Mr. Prior's care has yet been discovered. If we had a continued series of a similar character, the task of his biographer would be easy indeed, and Goldsmith would be distinguished in still another department of literature. Besides these letters, the early memoir contains Mrs. Hodson's precious recollections of her brother in early life, and many anecdotes from others, which are allowed to be authentic, and which illustrate a part of his private and literary history.

It has probably been an injury to his memory, that most readers have formed their idea of him chiefly from the anecdotes, true or false, which have been handed down, and preserved for a certain piquancy which his greatness in some things lent to his weaknesses in others. There can be no worse form, however fascinating, of preparing a biography, or no worse material to constitute its staple. Contemporary gossip is generally fashioned for effect; and even where the stories are fairly related, yet they are unconnected. We read one after another, and are entertained, and catch some strong, obvious points of a character, and perhaps imagine that we have the whole; but there is no level, no tenor of life, in such a history; and, of course, our idea of the man is broken and incomplete. We look in vain for an account of Goldsmith's sixteen years of severe literary application, and astonishing productiveness. We are told from time to time of some work that created a sensation, but months and years of humble labor for his bread are almost a blank. Till the present work appeared, his life seemed to be marked throughout with things occasional, not unlike the surprises of a novel or play. Mr. Prior comes in seasonably to diffuse whatever good matter he found in the former memoirs; and where before there were large vacant places, he has been able to fill up no small part by a discovery of Goldsmith's contributions to various periodicals, or by some new incidents which he has collected; and now and then his researches are rewarded by a new letter; so that without an excessive use of conjectural history, he succeeds in keeping Goldsmith pretty constantly

before us in the order of time. And we have no doubt that this will impair a little the effect of the anecdotes, not so much by showing that they have led the world into a false notion of his frailties, as by giving us something else to think of, and making him appear more like other people from day to day.

Mr. Prior is already known by his "Life of Burke," and will be hereafter known as one of the most diligent collectors of minute and obscure facts. He makes his painful researches, we suppose, in the belief that the wants and tastes of readers of Lives are to be satisfied in no other way; for, speaking of short histories, he says that men are "disposed rather to have their patience taxed with details, than run the risk of being left unacquainted with circumstances, sometimes apparently trifling, which serve to throw light upon the springs of human conduct." We probably should not object to the size of his work, enormous as it is, if it were filled with circumstances respecting Goldsmith, and of this character only or even chiefly. But it will be most proper to begin with acknowledging our obligations.

His inquiries in general are far from being ill directed. He detects the false application to Goldsmith himself, of several stories which he had related of others, or fabricated for the purpose of illustration. The minute accounts of his unacknowledged contributions to the journals, and of the prices; of his engagements with the booksellers, and of his sad and humiliating difference with Griffiths, are pertinent to literary history, and especially of importance in this case, since, as we have said, his life, through years of want and obscurity, furnishes little else to the biographer. Goldsmith, it seems, was of opinion that "the world has a right to know and notice only such of a man's productions as he wrote for reputation and not for bread;" and that what he desired to conceal, or did not avow, should be left in secret. Mr. Prior rejects the doctrine, and with reason. But the expediency of collecting and publishing with his name his unacknowledged writings, must be left to the prudence and discrimination of his editor. The curiosity of antiquaries, and the eagerness of book-makers, are laying heavy burdens upon the memories of some great authors, and making them responsible for many an idle thing that they and the readers of their day were willing to forget.

To proceed with the enumeration of Mr. Prior's labors and services. He seems to have inquired after and found out every living memory, that contained a particle of personal knowledge of Goldsmith; and from the pens of some, and the lips of others, he has collected a variety of interesting details, though no doubt of unequal authority. When he had reason to think that the records of any college, or other institution, at home or abroad, could throw light upon obscure points, he caused them to be examined. We have new information of Goldsmith's engagements and habits as an usher, and of his attempts to practise medicine, and of what we must consider as a fortunate disappointment, his rejection at Surgeons' Hall on presenting himself for examination as an hospital mate. The account of his residences in and out of town, his walks, his breakfast and supper parties, given in a spirit of genuine hospitality or benevolence, and the description of Lissoy, the supposed scene of "The Deserted Village," fill by no means too large a place; and even the authority of his tailor's accounts is often very properly and successfully adduced. Goldsmith's singular case, and the meagreness of former memoirs, justify rather unusual investigations. To these particulars we must add the references to his various writings, whenever a passage will in the least degree illustrate his character or the less known portions of his life. We can object to nothing that really bears on Goldsmith himself.

The great fault of the work is, that there is too much about every thing else. The mere mention of a contemporary, however obscure, is most generally made an occasion for a little history, and the occurrence of a topic is a temptation to offer remarks. Mr. Prior gives importance to what are trifles in every sense and bearing, and writes about the idlest rumors as gravely and studiously as if he were occupied with serious difficulties. In this way, and by his frequent stops to make or settle a quarrel, and by the awkward interruptions to the narrative which his formal array of investigations produces, he has filled two large volumes at the sacrifice of nearly all strictly biographical interest. We know not that we can recommend a better office to one who has something of Goldsmith's narrative manner, than to take this book in hand, not for the purpose of mutilation, for that will be far too little; but, after striking out all that is foreign, to recast what is pertinent, and give us a connected view of a whole life.

We object further, that Mr. Prior should have undertaken his work with an idea not only that his great countryman had been much misunderstood and misrepresented, but also that it was necessary to apologize for his faults and follies, or to represent them as little to his discredit as possible. He would make it out, that though almost everybody laughed at or pitied his absurdities, they were all in the wrong; and he is constantly taking some one to task for it, and deals pretty freely with characters and motives. With Boswell, to whom we owe nearly all our knowledge of the intimacy between Johnson and Goldsmith, he is at open war; and as for Cumberland, he will not take his word for any thing. And all the time he sees not how inevitably he exposes his own fairness and purpose to suspicion, by treating every man as a foe who says aught unfavorable of the poet. We borrow one passage, to show the inclination of his mind in such cases. We think that Northcote's statement is strictly in accordance with what may be seen, in many passages, of Goldsmith's strange mixture of motives.

"Goldsmith's inconsiderate conduct earlier in life had no doubt excited a degree of displeasure not unusual in an anxious parent; neither perhaps was she pleased that his subsequent life in London offered so little of worldly advantage; but there is no reason to believe that this occasioned any thing like alienation of feeling on the part of either; especially in a man of warm affections like her son. No particulars of presumed disagreement were necessarily known to his London friends; but an incident, which, were it true, could be considered but as a whim of the moment, and not as indicative of disregard on his part, excited notice in his familiar circle. It is told by Northcote in the Life of Reynolds.

"'About the year 1770 Dr. Goldsmith lost his mother, who died in Ireland. On this occasion he immediately dressed himself in a suit of clothes of gray cloth trimmed with black, such as is commonly worn for second mourning. When he appeared the first time after this at Sir Joshua Reynolds's house, Miss Reynolds asked him whom he had lost, as she saw he wore mourning; when he answered, a distant relation only; being shy, as I conjecture, to own that he wore such slight mourning for so near a relation. This appears in him an unaccountable blunder in wearing such a dress; as all those who did not know his mother, or her death, would not expect or require him to wear *mourning* at all, and to those who knew of his mother's

death, it would not appear the proper dress of mourning for so near a relation; so that he satisfied nobody and displeased some; for Miss Reynolds, who afterwards heard of his mother's death, thought it unfeeling of him to call her a distant relation.'

"Circumstantially as this story is told, we may suspect something of the mistake or exaggeration common in so many other stories concerning its subject. Northcote was not then in London, and consequently knew not the circumstances himself; what he afterwards heard may have been incorrectly told, as there seems to have been some indisposition on the part of Miss Reynolds towards Goldsmith, or after the lapse of forty years it may have been imperfectly remembered by the relater. A surer guide to his dress at this moment is the authority already quoted, his tailor's account, where it is entered September 8th, in the same terms as the dress worn after the loss of his brother in 1768, and again for the Princess Dowager of Wales in 1772, simply as a 'suit of mourning.' Had it been half-mourning on one or other occasion, the difference would no doubt have been expressed. The whim, had it been really indulged, was harmless, not necessarily implying want of reverence or affection." — Vol. II. pp. 298, 299.

If Goldsmith has been wronged, he ought to be vindicated; but he was the last man in the world to need apologies, or a mitigated narrative. We give little heed to the charge of envy which Mr. Prior makes against more than one, for the purpose of weakening the impression of Goldsmith's infirmities of temper. We are as well satisfied as he can be, that many of the great men in his circle could not see into his whole character and merits as Johnson and Reynolds did. We know that they practised upon his frailties, and probably they exaggerated them in the relation. Still he was not a man to be generally and substantially misapprehended, in regard to obvious defects of character or follies of conduct; and the testimony here is strong indeed. Though the anecdotes, as we remarked before, have had an undue influence on our judgments in the estimate of Goldsmith's whole character, yet they cannot be rejected upon the points they touch. And though Mr. Prior has enlarged our knowledge of his history, and done much and worthily for his good name, and though all proper deductions should be made on account of the malice, wit, or gossiping humor of those who have told stories or said smart things about him, yet we do not expect to see the old impression materially altered.

With this opinion, and probably feeling less concerned than many, that Goldsmith should be found after all as worthy of admiration in society as he is in his books, we shall not dwell long upon those traits of character or qualities of temper, for which he has been most generally and least advantageously known. It is so common to expect what we wish, that we are disappointed if his great mental powers and a lively moral perception and taste are not attended with self-respect and self-control; if knowledge of the world and insight into character, which enable him to teach and delight others, are almost powerless as guides of his own conduct. We are unwilling to think that poverty, humble condition, and ordinary breeding should be felt as annoyances and hindrances by a man of genius, when he suddenly finds himself a stranger in a great capital, with new necessities, associations, and objects, to contend with the shrewd and the emulous, and longing to emerge from obscurity and take and maintain his place in the best society.

We think we can see the source of many of Goldsmith's errors and mortifications in his infirm temper. It is his own confession that he wants a strong, steady disposition. He is in perpetual fluctuation, tossed with perplexities, chagrined at trifles, sensitive to every touch, as ready to be delighted as disturbed, little qualified to see things in their true proportions, and we had almost said at the mercy of everybody. One infirmity deserves notice, as it may indicate what construction we should put upon defects in his character that have been thought most decided. Though at times, according to the highest testimony, he was the most reserved of men, even to solemnity, yet in certain moods he was the most communicative. At these moments, whatever was uppermost in his thoughts he was sure to make known; not from any conscientious regard to the duty of frankness, nor chiefly from that unconscious simplicity of heart which discloses a man to everybody but himself, nor yet from reasoning proudly that what was good enough for him to think, was good enough for the world to hear. It seems to be almost wholly owing to the pleasure he took in relieving himself of what was upon his mind, be it what it might. Benevolent purposes, ardent sympathy, his devices for making a better appearance among men, his ill opinion of himself, his vexation at the successes of others, all sprang alike to his lips. And it is no doubt in his

favor, in some points of view, that his motives and feelings are thus brought to the surface. We see that there is no concealment, and we acknowledge many claims to kind construction. His faults of suspicion and envy, we have his own word for. This most inartificial of men, whose merely thinking that he was suspicious would betray him into far more dangerous trust in others than his natural guilelessness could do, yet charges himself with suspicion, and probably prides himself upon it as a mark of his sagacity and knowledge of men. He sees a man do something that he cannot do, and get money which he cannot get, and envies him his success and profits. He could not talk to the King like Johnson, nor sell the copy of a play to advantage like Kelly, and he is alike envious of the grandeur of Johnson and the evanescent importance of Kelly. We know not which most to admire, that he should have had the feeling, or placed himself at the confessional to reveal it.

Other great men have had their weaknesses, and more deplorable far than Goldsmith's; but the terrors of Johnson, for instance, or the aberrations of Swift, are not things to be laughed at; while the peevishness of a child, and the perverseness of a spoiled one, are ill to be seen in a grown man and a distinguished one, and they are accordingly ridiculed. And, discreditable as it may be to the world, one can get along better in men's report with some positive immorality, than with the laugh for ever against him. We have in view now his follies of ostentation. A restless self-importance was generated by a sense both of his strength and his weakness. He could not be blind to his resources and wonderful facility when writing, nor be ignorant that these were little at his command in conversation of the highest character. He says, very pleasantly, in allusion to his small success in controversy, "I always get the better when I argue alone." Still he is impatient that others should gain attention, and keep the talk to themselves. He rudely thrusts himself in their way, and is rebuffed; and though received cordially by the highest literary set in the metropolis, he is strongly tempted to herd with inferiors, who will grant him more license and be flattered by his presence. He is not satisfied to be praised for what he has, and is ready to "quarrel with our favorable opinion," because we do not bestow it according to his wishes and pretensions.

Surely there is too much consciousness of self in this, and mortification is inevitable.

His amiable qualities, too, are associated with his weaknesses, and, happily, they are not the less winning for it. The absence of prudence, and of all selfish considerations, (unless there be selfishness in yielding to kind impulse for the pleasure it gives us,) the frailty of unthinking benevolence and good nature, imparts a tenderness to virtue which draws love. It claims protection, and has secured our favor before we can make up our minds to find fault with it. "What a pity it is," says Sir William in "The Good Natured Man," "what a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good will to others should produce so much neglect of himself as to require correction. Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand." We cannot but be amused with the self-confidence which exposes him to frequent impositions; but should we have loved Dr. Primrose so well, or valued his character as a whole so well, if he had been more wise and less single-hearted? Should we have been better satisfied, if the arts and knavery of others had made his temper less confiding, and abated his good opinion of himself? We do not say that Goldsmith's character throughout is such a charming composition as his Vicar's; but we see much that is alike in both, in the point we have just considered.

We find another agreeable view of his character in the thought that with all his trials and crosses, aided by a degree of natural petulance, his native kind-heartedness is never impaired. If he established no habit of Christian or philosophical serenity, he still escaped an habitual moroseness or acerbity. However dissatisfied or disappointed, he has not the slightest hue of misanthropy, and we know not that he ever drew a character, framed a story, or uttered a remark to gratify resentment or spleen. If pride, irritation, subtlety, or contempt could have gained the mastery; if he had been cold as well as timid, or impudent as well as frank, he would have been safe; he would have had enemies of some consideration, and been dreaded and respected; he would have been another man, and we might have wanted the Vicar. If he had been trained from infancy or by suffering to self-government, and deep religious principle had succeeded to impulse, he would have been in some things another man, and we should have lost nothing.

We see reason to dwell longer upon the brighter points of his history. We are pleased with the friendly terms on which he lived with Johnson and Reynolds. It may seem a matter of regret to some, that he should have been so closely connected with a large literary society, in which there were many who could not comprehend him, and before whom he would most probably be made to appear to disadvantage. But why should we be annoyed by Beauclerk's, or Garrick's, or even Burke's ridicule, when we know that Reynolds, who knew him best of all, loved and honored him? Our author says, that "of all whom Goldsmith knew, Reynolds held the highest place in his affection and esteem, and deserved it by as warm a return of regard." Sir Joshua bears testimony to his friend's powers of pleasing in society, and finds an explanation of his levity and playfulness of manners, and of his readiness to talk carelessly and beneath his own standard of thought, in his social spirit and his wish to be brought nearer to people and loved by them. We have no doubt that in circles where conversation was not, as with Johnson, a great intellectual battle, and where there was nothing of high life to oppress him, he was much the same pleasant talker that he makes others to be in his writings. Johnson too, in spite of occasional roughness, had a sincere friendship for him and unqualified admiration of his genius. He believed, indeed, that Goldsmith had little hope of weight and reputation in talking or in action, and that it was only when he was by himself and writing, that his powers would have full exercise and effect. And he was glad to see him at work and glad of his success, and bestowed his praise not at all as a patron or a literary authority, but as a discerning and delighted reader, and with the natural pride and gratification one feels when a friend has fought his way well out of obscurity and done justice to his eminent powers.

We have another agreeable remembrance of him in his occasional retirement to the farm-house at Hyde, when he had some new work in hand. After associating with his life in general an idea of inquietude, it is delightful to think of him in a chosen and happy solitude. Here he was to be seen "sometimes strolling about the fields, or loitering and musing under the hedges, or perusing a book." He refers to this residence in a letter to Bennet Langton, which makes us quite at home with himself and with many great names; and though

it has been published, we believe, nearly forty years, it may be new to some of our readers.

"My dear Sir, — Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished; but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am, therefore, so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have, therefore, agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honor of waiting upon Lady Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerk very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle; deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Dr. Taylor, and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is a-visiting about and merry but myself; and that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance.

"The Natural History is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an Abridgment of the History of England, for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers, for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that, as 'Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you 'll say I am a sour Whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship, I remain, dear sir, your most affectionate, humble servant."

We have now finished what we had to say of Goldsmith's life and personal peculiarities. We have not attempted to trace any connexion between the facts of his history and the

general character of his writings, and indeed we cannot perceive any. It may be that his genius suffered from his painful and discreditable intercourse with the world. But here we can only speculate, for there is no visible injury, and we can never know what his mind would have been under other circumstances, or what we have lost as things were. Of this we are certain, that his temper, which was under constant trial, was never altered for the worse, nor even disciplined in this severe school. And hence we are strongly inclined to think that his social life was the superficial part of his existence, at least that nothing ill had struck deep, and that his highest mental being is only to be seen when he has retired within himself. After wasting his follies in society, and enjoying its exhilaration, the secret exercises of his mind may have been the more unembarrassed, and the impressions of human life which he was to give us might then proceed more surely from clear and fair reflection. In those of his writings which are thought to be the most characteristic and original, we think we can discern every mark of an entire, healthy, independent, and peculiar genius. It has not been lopped or dwarfed, or tainted by any foreign touch. Nothing is missed, and nothing alien has been bound to it. We do not say that he never has narrow and superficial views, wrong opinions expressed with the utmost deliberation, unsound critical judgments, forced wit, exaggerated drollery, and repetitions of himself. We do not say that the remembrance of a world in which he was personally so unimportant, never gave a false impulse or direction to his thoughts, or a turn to his expressions which the fair suggestions of his mind would not have warranted. But, speaking generally of his best-known and prevailing qualities, where else shall we find clearer characters of individual genius in absorbed and self-directed action; where more of the serenity of reflection; more of inartificial interest in a subject, and unconscious devotion to truth?

It is not our object, in what follows, to give a history or analysis of his writings, but to speak of a few of his most obvious and pleasing peculiarities; and though much of what is said may apply to his political histories, and his History of the Earth and Animated Nature, yet we have particularly in view his Miscellaneous Works. In the course of time, one after another of even his lighter pieces has passed gently out of sight, or they are of interest to none but literary men;

while two or three of his works are more popularly known than any writings of the last century, and probably are not surpassed by any books in the language for their power of interesting a great variety of readers. To be sure, new editions of his collected miscellanies are not rare, and Mr. Prior announces still another with recently discovered pieces; but what is or will be the consumption of these, compared with that of the few favorites that are published separately? A great author may be pardoned for promising himself immortality; but he should not venture to say which of his numerous works he shall be remembered for. That which cost him least pains, and to whose fate he was indifferent, may be the one that strikes the never-dying note in human hearts, and gives a kind of perpetuity to all the rest. There is an artificial or conventional fame which is created, and for its day sustained, by the efforts of a small set of admirers or applauders. Sometimes the mere force of custom will keep a book in the rank of a classic, while to all important purposes it is dead in literature. And there is a natural fame, which is nothing more than the response of the general mind. It is liable to suffer obscuration, with the revolutions in every thing human; but we never doubt that it will from time to time recover its brightness, with the return of a natural state of feeling in men.

It may be thought that a work of genius cannot be strictly popular; that is, it cannot be generally understood and felt; and that if the people praise it, they do so with exceedingly vague impressions, and more from deference to high names than any distinct perception and hearty delight. This is to say, that if a book is really popular, it cannot be of the highest order. But without entering into the question, or stating reasons for thinking that it is a much narrower one than it may at first appear, we would inquire who are the most fervent admirers of books that everybody allows to be truly popular; such as "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and parts, at least, of "Gulliver's Travels." Are they children, and the less cultivated? Does a moderate developement of the faculties, or the freshness and liberty of youth prepare one for the truest estimate of the simple tale, which seems to have been composed purposely to suit the comprehension and taste of the humblest reader? There are secret beauties in this general favorite,

principles of art, results of high inventive genius, on which its very popularity depends, and which he alone will perceive and value who is capable of estimating what are called the grandest compositions. Whether the amount of his pleasure be greater on the whole than that of a less accomplished reader, is another question. And whether all products of genius are of equal compass and dignity, is no question at all. It is enough if we have raised a doubt in the minds of any, who would exclude a book from the ranks of genius, because it is simple and familiar, and recommends itself to the general apprehension and favor.

The most popular of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, are his two larger poems and the ballad, his Novel, "The Citizen of the World," the little collection of Essays, published in 1765, and his still acted play of "She Stoops to Conquer." Of these, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" are known to everybody, and of as familiar reference as any thing in the language. What a variety of literature is here offered in three or four small volumes! Dramas, essays, poetry, and prose fiction; some of them the elaborate productions of his happier days, and others struck off in haste to supply his urgent wants; but all marked alike with his genius and memorable style.

Nothing seems more easy at first, than to point out what it chiefly is that constitutes the attraction of these writings. But the critic, after carefully distinguishing this and that property, and applying all the discriminating terms of his art, will sometimes own that he knows little more of the secret than the simple-hearted admirer. There is a charm, an effect, and *that* we all feel; and we might almost as well try to produce as to express it. Still there is nothing in the thoughts, the plots, the characters, or the verse, that is difficult to understand. Nobody makes discoveries in Goldsmith. If another points out a beauty to us which we had never stated as such to ourselves, he only revives or defines an old idea or feeling. The impression received in his own time was just the same that he makes now, and just the same in boy and man. Different minds may speculate about him in a different manner, and prefer different things, but there will be found among them all a remarkable general agreement, and but one kind of feeling. At the same time that every thing is so obvious, that the mind scarcely seems to be exercised beyond what is necessary for

receiving ; yet, when we come to think over the matter, and find scenes, reflections, feelings, whole passages, and simple sayings, not merely remembered, but so wrought into the mind that they are a part of itself, rather than its furniture, and that our tempers have been softened by them, our characters and sentiments moulded, and our happiness increased, we own that some power, deep as any philosophy, has been operating without our knowledge to produce effects like these, and that, while reading, we little thought of the mild, tender, yet clear light, which made the images at once distinct and lovely.

Goldsmith's popularity is as natural as our instinctive attachments. It springs not from our studying his beauties and admiring his skill, and stopping to observe the perpetual evidence of his resources; and it depends in no degree upon our finding that others have read him, and talking with them about his excellences. We are pleased off hand and by himself, and for a reason of our own. We should like him in precisely the same degree, if we had happened upon him accidentally, and without ever having heard of him.

Every reader calls him entertaining ; and he is eminently, it might almost be said, constantly so. And more is meant by this, than his power of agreeable narrative, description, and dialogue ; more than that we have been amused by his humor, or thoughtlessly carried along by a light, graceful, desultory manner, which never wearies, because it never detains. We mean, that he gives a charm to every thing, that he recommends it. We receive agreeably the gravest thoughts, such as we should not for a moment call diverting, and we can never think of them as separated from the pleasure. Our happy emotion belongs to the sentiment itself, and seems in no respect to be produced by any accidental beauty with which he had clothed it, as if to make a disagreeable or indifferent thing welcome. Our minds are exercised, but without the least effort; we get at the full meaning without seeking for it. If his reflections rarely lead us directly to further thoughts, still they put the mind in a good state, and dispose it to work for itself. Instead of fearing that we have been indulging ourselves with a debilitating luxury, or at best a mere relaxation, as is the effect of too many things that we find entertaining, we know that a great mind has been in familiar communication with ours, and we are exhilarated and strengthened much in the same way as when we contemplate material beauty or breathe a wholesome atmosphere.

Next to his humor, we believe his style of narrative has been most admired. What we particularly observe in this is, that while things are related in a simple, straight-forward manner, so that the merely literary beauty may escape notice and no contrivance of art may be seen, yet it is impossible that any writer with any manner should give us a livelier and more agreeable succession of scenes and actions, and this too with very few occurrences to fill out a story. He seems to bring both the dramatic art and that of painting to his aid, to make his little collection of facts consistent and animated. Thus in his Letters on English History, whatever omissions there may be, he certainly carries us into the very heart of the times, and makes us acquainted with people. So in his Novel; up to the time of Olivia's flight, we feel as if we had been living some years with a great number and variety of persons, and gradually becoming accustomed to their tempers, eccentricities, and ways of life, and acquiring no small amount of common experience; and yet every distinct fact could be soon enumerated, and all this part of the story is comprised in a few short chapters. Richardson produced his great effects in a very different manner.

The Vicar of Wakefield is a plain tale of English rural life. We are set down in a country which we have never thought very picturesque, though the Vicar's thatched house of one story is beautifully situated. There are scattered cottages, near enough however to make a neighbourhood; and next to him is Mr. Flamborough, whom we see smoking his pipe at his door, as the Vicar approaches after his great bargain at the fair. The farms are generally small, but sufficiently productive to supply the comforts of life. The population is evidently of old standing. There are no new comers, save the Vicar himself and his family, and none rich or ambitious enough to run to the city for sights and to bring back the fashions. We are all acquainted with the localities; the short foot-way to the church, and the five-mile route on which the ladies were "thrown from their horses,"—the bank overshadowed with hawthorn and honeysuckle, where in fine weather the family "usually sat together to enjoy an extensive landscape in the calm of the evening," and the grass plot before the door where Mr. Thornhill gave the ball by moonlight to the young ladies.

Upon the sudden loss of an ample fortune the Vicar retires

to this scene of antique simplicity, where he had been offered a small cure of fifteen pounds a year, and probably regretting most of all that he can no longer appropriate the profits of his living to the poor. This reverse in his circumstances is important, for his character is to be seen and felt the best among strong contrasts both of fortune and people. Nothing can be more steady than his Christian philosophy under the experience of what is commonly thought to be the good and ill of human life. If he can bring up a virtuous family, discharge his sacred office faithfully, and enjoy his principles of strict monogamy without molestation, the temptations of riches and want are as nothing.

He has his weak side,—great tenacity upon some harmless point, great self-complacency in his sole perception of its importance, great confidence in his own judgment, and upon those matters especially where experience, which he had not, was alone wanted; and all the disappointments and mortifications in the world will not cure him. But vanity and self-sufficiency together are generally too much to permit perfect self-satisfaction; and we are not surprised to see his courage fail him, when, after some of his misadventures, he has to meet his own family. For though they held him in the highest reverence, yet they had so many points of their own to carry against his better judgment, that their eyes would not be shut; and the advantage was too tempting not to be taken, the next time he should overwhelm them with common-place warnings and oracular doubts. He had failed where he had been confident, and was downright ashamed for the moment; but each case of the kind soon comes to be looked at as an exception, and his frailty, though wounded, is soon as active as ever.

And to all appearance it does him no harm; for look at him in any point where high, true feeling is involved; where honor, generosity, integrity, or parental love is touched; and what is all the wisdom of this world by the side of his clear sense of wrong, and the utter surrender of self at the thought of the only real sufferer, — the offender? His heart is wise; and in a real conflict, his courage is that of a hero or martyr. After a long life of speculation, conceit, credulity, and domestic happiness, his time of action and adventure begins with his journey in pursuit of his daughter. Observe, through the whole of his wanderings, the absence of all sentimentality and exhibition of grief. It is just what we should expect. He

knows the full extent of his calamity, and is prepared for the worst. His object is nothing less than to reclaim a lost child, and without losing sight of it, he retains his interest in common affairs; he is ready to enter into conversation with travellers on the road or at the inns, and is as positive and communicative as ever. This immutable simplicity is the truth of nature. The beauty and pathos with which he describes his return to his own door make the scene imperishable.

"The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frighted from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

"It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door; —all was still and silent;—my heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration. I gave a loud, convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible."—Chap. 22.

The elements of the Vicar's character are certainly very common. We recognise an old acquaintance, and no study or ingenuity can make him any thing else than what he appears to plain men at the first reading. It is needless to add, that in spite of this, or in consequence of it, it is known all over the world as a master-work of genius. At the close, the Vicar, like the Patriarch, has his blessings doubled upon him;

and we feel as if all his good fortune were wrought out by his virtues, though, to look at the case truly, every event of his life appears to be brought about by others, and his own will and wisdom to be powerless.

Many of the qualities of this novel will be found in some of the other prose works which we have named ; the same unobserved, indefinable fitness of composition, which is satisfied with accomplishing its purpose, and asks no notice ; the same unobtrusive, ever-varying humor, seen equally in deeds, words, characters, and situations, calling for no sagacity in us to catch it, and producing no surprise. We have felt inclined to qualify this last remark, with respect to many passages in the plays. Still these might succeed perfectly in acting ; and it would require more than a hint to show the difference between a drama and a story, between the position and circumstances of a reader and spectator, and that possibly the whole theatrical apparatus helps to give effect to humor in a play, as the narrative certainly does to conversation in a novel. As the "Vicar" is formed upon English habits and manners of the time in a certain sphere, so in the "Essays" and "Citizen of the World" we have life and character, as they appeared in parts at least of London. Though there are fancy sketches, and a variety of subjects, yet we remember nothing so distinctly, as that we are in the company of a wise, pleasant, acute observer of common life, who has delightful narratives in store, to set out the simple truths that he lets fall ; — as when he puts to shame the complaints of the great by the story of the poor soldier with a wooden leg, whom he met begging at one of the outlets of the town ; and shows the irksomeness of the company of fools in his sketches of that matchless compound of superficiality, pretension, tawdriness, and self-content, the little second-rate beau, Mr. Tibbs. And so, if allowable, we might go on with instances of situations, occurrences, and characters, which are either fraught with instruction, or give the mind health by surrounding it with truth, — no matter how familiar, if it be so offered that it is *felt* to be truth. But we are talking of old and well-known things ; and though we might expect the reader's sympathy whenever we were fortunate enough to revive early recollections and feelings, yet we should consider that there are few who have not as good memories and as distinct impressions as ourselves.

And for the same reason, we need say little of his Poetry.

We observe in his two larger poems (and to these our remarks will be limited), that, except in the descriptions of the village school and inn, there is a want of his customary humor, even of the most delicate kind; and this is not wholly explained by their serious subject and aim, for humor is always natural to him, and can seldom harm any thing. One explanation might be suggested by his complaint in the "Inquiry," that the "critics have almost got the victory over humor," and that "the most trifling performance now assumes all the didactic stiffness of wisdom." But he, at the same time, derides this false solemnity, and begs people to write naturally, and visits the critics with the most hearty contempt. Another explanation may be sought in the fact, that these poems were deeply studied and slowly finished. Goldsmith deliberately proposed to establish his name upon them, and hence his mind may have been under restraint, and a gay variety of thoughts obstructed. The purpose of carrying out an idea to as great perfection as possible, may defeat those free touches which sometimes accomplish more than the most diligent, intentional adherence to propriety. But the ease and fluent sweetness of the thoughts and verse, forbid the idea that he was under alarm or constraint. Though, undoubtedly, the topics show one steady direction of his mind, and the tone of the composition never varies, unless it be, that there is more tenderness in the "Deserted Village," and more ardor of denunciation in "The Traveller," yet there is no indication that he ever suppresses what he feels, or inserts what he does not.

The reader sees that Goldsmith is writing of what he had witnessed and felt in early life. He turns to this period as to a dream, whose very sorrows he would recover, and whose delights are the dearer, that they are dimmed and saddened. The seasons of inward solitude which often visit the opening and joyous spirit of youth; seasons, when the heart reports not its wants, and knows not on what it shall fasten, to supply them, are the best remembered in after life, and give a color to every recollection that we value. While important events, as they then appeared, have faded, many a trifling occasion or object is invested with strange beauty, and breathes softness and peace over our hearts. We know not what gives them this importance. The association was early made, but not perceived fully till years afterwards. It is in the midst of such

recollections that Goldsmith writes. Though professing to have public evils in view, he is thinking of private losses, domestic changes, those humble, well-remembered revolutions, that pass between boyhood and matured years. Some of his most affecting descriptions are little more than a series of such recollections, arranged with slight regard to order, and apparently not moulded in the least by the imagination; perhaps stated as they casually rose to his mind, in a time of grief or depression. In this respect they resemble elegiac poetry, and many passages have the true spirit of a pastoral lament.

"How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
How often have I blest the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play!"

"Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

He laments the decay of simplicity in manners and tastes, and the depopulation of the country, in consequence of the gradual amassing of wealth in single hands, and the abandonment of agriculture for trade. In his comparative view of states he does not overlook the blessings which justify patriotism in each; but he misses something which he deems essential to happiness, and falls into a natural exaggeration of what is lost, and sees not that changes may have been for the better. But none of us probably ever think of weighing his political opinions, or his claims to the title of a great philosophical poet. His fame and influence depend on neither. We are not grateful to him because he possesses extraordinary poetical power. There is so much of genuine feeling, just

thought, true description, and sound moral distinction in these poems, the language is so clear, the strain so liquid, the general style, not quite magnificent, but yet of such an easy, natural elevation and dignity, that they glide into our affections and memory in youth, and are never displaced, we apprehend, by the more exciting pleasures, the more subtile and complicated conceptions, which we owe in later years to poetry of a far higher and infinitely more varied character.

We do ourselves wrong to compare him injuriously with others. We are losers by it. We cannot and ought not to be satisfied with his poetry, and seek nothing higher and different; yet if we forget it, or even think less of it, the change will not be owing to our worship of greater genius, but to a feverish love of idols. Indeed, the relish of such poetry is some evidence of an uncorrupted taste. It owes nothing to affectation, and is in nothing more original than its serenity or tempered feeling. While the glory of greater artists is in subduing their inspiration to their conception of perfect workmanship, his distinction is that he is willing not to stimulate his powers to false efforts. He effects one purpose of all real poetry, by refining the perception and multiplying the sources of truth. Excitement and exhilaration, tears and laughter, all feelings and signs of feeling may be produced both by ordinary and by powerful writers, in a wholly false way. The right instrument has been touched by both, and abused; both have trusted to our weakness or ignorance, and succeeded; little thinking that there were principles in our nature, which would not long endure this tampering, if the note of a true minstrel, though the humblest, was yet to be heard.

ART. VI. — 1. *Essai statistique sur les Bibliothèques de Vienne*, par ADRIEN BALBI. Vienne. 1835. 8vo.

2. *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque de son Excellence, M. le Comte de Boutourlin.* Florence. 1831. 8vo.

3. *Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres*, par J. C. BRUNET. 3me ed. Paris. 1820. 4 tom. 8vo.

M. BALBI has long been advantageously known by several works of great merit, upon some of the most important branches of statistics and general geography. The chief

part, if not the whole of his career, as an author, has been devoted to profound and extensive researches upon these subjects; and the reputation which he enjoys has been earned by long and assiduous labor.

The volume, of which the title stands at the head of the present article, is one of the most recent and interesting of his publications. Its immediate subject is a description, in part historical and statistical, and in part bibliographical, of the public and private libraries of Vienna. In the course of this, M. Balbi has entered into an examination of the literary and numerical value of the principal libraries of ancient and modern times, and given a succinct and lucid exposition of the principles upon which calculations of this kind should be based. The inquiry is conducted throughout with singular ability, and contains several new and striking views. It is shown that the Imperial Library of Vienna, regularly increasing from the epoch of its formation, by means equally honorable to the sovereign and to the nation, held, until the French revolution, the first place among the libraries of Europe. Since that period, several other institutions have risen to a much higher numerical rank. Yet the progress of the Imperial Library has never been interrupted; and the great value of several of the private collections, which have, at different epochs, been incorporated with it, gives it a decided superiority over many others of much greater apparent pretensions. The other public, as well as the private libraries of Vienna, correspond to the high character of the principal one.

It will be sufficiently apparent from this brief sketch, that a large portion of the present work can have but few attractions for the American reader. That part, however, which is devoted to a comparative examination of the great libraries of ancient and modern Europe, and an explanation of the principles by which this examination has been conducted, has strong claims to the attention of all those, who prefer exact details and cautious reasoning to careless and extravagant conjectures. The gross errors, which still prevail upon this curious subject, and which, through the ignorance or negligence of the compilers of many of the books of reference, as well as of the class-books for schools, are daily becoming more extended and deeper rooted, give these claims an additional force. We propose, therefore, to offer our readers a concise analysis of those chapters of the work

before us, which treat of general bibliographical statistics; and shall translate or abridge the pages of M. Balbi, without any further acknowledgment than the simple avowal, that we are almost wholly indebted to him for the materials, which form the basis of the first part of the present paper.

No one of the libraries of the first class, now in existence, dates beyond the fifteenth century. The Vatican, the origin of which has been frequently carried back to the days of St. Hilarius, in 465, cannot, with any propriety, be said to have deserved the name of library before the reign of Martin the Fifth, by whose order it was removed from Avignon to Rome in 1417. And even then, a strict attention to exactitude would require us to withhold from it this title, until the period of its final organization by Nicholas the Fifth, in 1447.* It is difficult to speak with certainty concerning the libraries, whether public or private, which are supposed to have existed previous to the fifteenth century, both on account of the doubtful authority and indefiniteness of the passages in which they are mentioned, and the custom which so readily obtained, in those dark ages, of dignifying with the name of library every petty collection of insignificant codices. But many libraries of the fifteenth century being in existence, and others having been preserved long enough to make them the subject of historical inquiry before their dissolution, it becomes easier to fix, with satisfactory accuracy, the date of their foundation. We find accordingly, that, including the Vatican, and the libraries of Vienna, Ratisbon, and the Laurentian of Florence, which are a few years anterior to it, no less than ten were formed between the years 1430 and 1500.†

The increase of the libraries of Europe has generally been slowly progressive, although there have been periods of sudden augmentation in nearly all of them. They began with a small number of manuscripts, sometimes with and often without any printed works. To these, gradual accessions

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* An interesting account of the early history of the Vatican library may be found in Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Italiana, Tom. VI. Lib. I. pp. 142 et seq.

† These were, Turin, the University; Cesena, the Malatestiana; Venice, the Marciana; Oxford, the Bodleian; Copenhagen, the University; Frankfort on the Maine, the city. The Palatine of Heidelberg was founded in 1390, dispersed in 1623, restored in 1652, augmented in 1816.

were made, from the different sources, which have always been more or less at the command of the sovereigns and nobles of Europe. In 1455, the Vatican contained 5000 manuscripts. In 1685, after an interval of more than two centuries, the number of its manuscripts had only risen to 16,000, and that of the printed volumes did not exceed 25,000. In 1789, but little more than a century later, the number of manuscripts had been doubled, and the printed volumes amounted to 40,000.

Far different was the progress of the Royal Library of Paris. The origin of this institution is placed in the year 1595, the date of its removal from Fontainebleau to Paris by order of Henry the Fourth. In 1660, it contained but 1435 printed volumes. In the course of the following year, this number was raised to 16,746, both printed volumes and manuscripts. During the ensuing eight years the library was nearly doubled; and before the close of the subsequent century, it was supposed to have been augmented by upwards of 100,000 volumes more.

In most cases, the chief sources of these augmentations have been individual legacies and the purchase of private collections. Private libraries, as our readers are well aware, began to be formed long before public ones were thought of. Like these, they have their origin in the taste or caprice or necessities of their founders, and are of more or less value, as one or the other of these motives has presided over their formation. But when formed by private students with a view to bring together all that has been written upon some single branch of science, or by amateurs skilled in the principles of bibliography, they become more satisfactory and complete than they could possibly be made under any other circumstances. Few of them, however, are preserved long after the death of the original collector; but, falling into the hands of heirs possessed of different tastes and feelings, are either sold off by auction or restored to the shelves of the bookseller. It was by availing themselves of such opportunities, that the directors of the public libraries of Europe made their most important acquisitions. This is, in short, the history of the Imperial Library of Vienna; and it can hardly be necessary to add, that it was thus that the rarest and most valuable por-

tions of that collection were brought together.* It is thus also, that the Vatican has acquired, within the last few years, by the purchase of the library of Count Cicognara, a body of materials, illustrative of the history of the arts, which leaves comparatively little to be wished for, by the most diligent historian.†

It can hardly be necessary to enlarge upon this subject. Every one who has engaged, even in a small degree, in historical researches, must have observed how soon he gets out of the track of common readers, and how dark and difficult his way becomes, unless he chance to meet with some guide among those, who, confining their attention to a single branch of study, have become familiar with, and gathered around them, almost every thing, which can serve to throw light upon it. And when a public institution has gone on through a long course of years, adding to the works derived from other sources these carefully chosen stores of the learned, it is easy to conceive how much it will contribute not merely towards the full gratification of literary curiosity, but to the actual progress of literature itself.

But these opportunities are too uncertain to be relied upon, as they are too important to be suffered to escape, when they present themselves. The principal libraries of Europe now depend for augmentation upon their respective endowments, and upon the laws made by government in their favor. The latter secure them an annual increase in exact proportion to the activity of the press, in the country to which the institution belongs. In France, every publisher is bound by law to deposit at the royal library a certain number of copies of every work that issues from his press. A similar law entitles the Imperial Library of Vienna to one copy of whatever is published within the Austrian dominions. Thus the annual increase of these institutions is not only immense, but keeps pace with the progress of the press, and is gradually transforming them into permanent depositories of the annual intellectual harvest of the nation. Could this law have been en-

* One of the most remarkable of these purchases was that made of the private library of the Prince Eugene, for a life income of 10,000 florins. It was composed of 15,000 printed volumes, 337 manuscripts, 290 folio volumes of prints, and 215 portfolios or boxes.

† The Count Cicognara is well known by his elegant and learned history of sculpture. The catalogue of his library, published by himself, numbers 4800 articles. It was sold for 20,000 dollars.

forced from the first moment of the invention of printing, how many curious points in literature, how many important questions in history, which are now perplexing and obscure, would be placed in a clear and instructive light by the authority of full and incontrovertible documents! But the augmentations derived from this source can only extend to national literature, and to such foreign works as are reprinted by native booksellers.* The greater and more valuable part of new foreign works can only be obtained by purchase. Hence arises the necessity of an extensive fund, and the equally great but far more difficult requisition of a judicious use of it. The following table, which we translate from M. Balbi, shows the annual appropriations of some of the principal libraries of Europe. As he was not able to state with certainty the exact annual expenditure of the Royal Library of Paris, he has given that of the cabinet of prints which is attached to it. This will help to form some idea of the sum allotted to the other departments.

Comparative View of the Annual Expenditure of some of the principal Libraries of Europe.

		Francs.
Bodleian,	Oxford	75,000
Imperial,	Vienna	47,500
Royal,	Berlin,	29,680
Advocates',	Edinburgh,	25,000
University,	Göttingen,	20,000
Royal,	Madrid,	14,000
University,	Bologna,	10,385
Royal,	Dresden,	10,000
University,	Padua,	5,000
Marcian,	Venice	5,000
Cabinet of Prints of the Royal Library of Paris		15,000

We add the following table to render the view of the state of these institutions more complete.

* It may be not amiss to observe, that, as far as France is concerned, the number of these last is very large. Nearly all the fashionable English literature, and a considerable proportion of the more important new English works, together with the newly prepared editions of American standard classics, are republished by two or three rival houses in Paris before they are dry from the press in England. The same is done with some German and Spanish works, and with almost all the new works of Italy. Brussels plays off upon the French booksellers the turn which they play upon the English.

Table of the Officers employed in the Imperial Library of Vienna, with their respective Salaries.

Titles.	Salary in Francs.
Prefect or Inspector,	12,500
First Keeper, with the title of Aulic Counsellor,	10,500
Second Keeper,	5,000
Third, "	3,500
Fourth, "	2,500
First Under Keeper,	2,250
Second, "	2,000
Third, "	1,750
Fourth, "	1,500
Aspirant, "	1,000
Three Attendants, each one,	600

In endeavouring to form an estimate of the comparative value of libraries, we cannot but be struck with the unsatisfactory nature of the numerical calculations on which we are constrained to found it. What idea can be formed of the value of any given library, by a mere comparison of the number of volumes which it contains, with that of any other? There are probably but few of our readers, who cannot recall, within the circle of their own observation, some instance of the insufficiency of numbers as the elements of such a comparison. Thus far, however, no other has been discovered; and the judicious reader must trust to his own experience and judgment for giving due weight to all those circumstances, which may be justly supposed to affect the real value of libraries almost numerically equal.

But, after we have once fixed upon numbers as the basis of our calculations, we seem to be almost as far off from the mark as ever. Even if there had been a special effort on the part of all the writers, who have touched upon this subject, to involve it in doubt and perplexity, they could not have succeeded more fully, than they have done while pretending to elucidate it. The question is so curious, and displays in so strong a light the danger of relying upon careless compilers and credulous travellers, that we cannot resist the temptation of translating a part of the interesting chapter, which M. Balbi has devoted to it.

"This portion of comparative statistics," says M. Balbi, "is in very much the same state, in which the subject of population remained during the second half of the last century. We

possess only approximative data concerning the libraries which are best known, while the most contradictory opinions are hazarded with regard to all others. The natives of a country often repeat without examination the exaggerated statements of some unscrupulous librarian, who, without troubling himself about the truth of his assertions, seeks only to raise the credit of his library by exaggerating the number of its volumes. A similar confidence is often given to those traditional estimates, by which the grossest of all the errors, which prevail upon this subject, are handed down from father to son. Nor is this all; but men, excited by a mixture of personal and national pride, and relying upon calculations, which they have made upon a false principle, frequently accuse of ignorance, or of inexactness, the conscientious writer, who, after a careful comparison of the best authorities, has ventured to advance an opinion different from theirs. Men of learning often pursue the same course; and, though wholly ignorant of the nature of statistical calculations, and the varied information which they require, boldly reject the estimates, which have been obtained through official sources, or which are the result of the long and laborious researches of men both conscientious and learned.

"One of the principal causes of the astonishing diversity of the opinions, which prevail upon the subject of libraries, is the difference in the methods, which have been adopted by different writers, for estimating the literary wealth of the same library. One counts only the printed volumes. Another adds in the manuscripts. A third fixes at a certain number of volumes the essays and pamphlets, which are preserved in portfolios, or stitched together, all of which had been excluded from the first estimate. An adherence to this principle brings into another list all the scattering prints and maps, which, as they belong to no particular work, could not be reckoned among printed volumes. Nor does the difference cease here; for, while some writers, adopting an entirely new method, raise their table to a formidable array of ciphers, by counting as separate volumes every pamphlet, which the library may chance to contain, others strike off a large portion from the sum thus obtained, rejecting in their enumeration all duplicate copies, of whatever kind they may be. These various methods of estimation should be carefully distinguished from the first-mentioned errors, by which the mistakes of travellers, and of men of learning unacquainted with statistics, are repeated and propagated by the ignorance or negligence of compilers.

"It is very much with the wealth of libraries, as with the population of some of the cities of Asia and of Africa, in

speaking of which a more accurate census, and the criticisms of competent judges, have reduced the millions of inhabitants, to a few hundred thousand. Thus the recent catalogues of some libraries, on an examination of them by travellers or librarians familiar with the principles of statistics, have reduced by a third, or a half, and sometimes even by nine tenths, the ridiculous exaggerations, which still continue to disgrace many works of high and well-merited celebrity.*

"Previously to the Revolution, the Royal Library of Paris was supposed to contain from three to five hundred thousand volumes. An intelligent and judicious writer, the late M. Barbier, had, in a work published in 1805, reduced them to two hundred thousand.† But M. Van Praet, the present librarian, who, in the year 1791, had counted the whole library volume by volume, had found only 152,868 volumes, viz.; 23,243 folios, 41,373 quartos, 88,252 octavos and books of smaller size.

"We had always heard the Library of St. Mark in Venice estimated at 150,000 volumes, and consequently supposed, that, by stating it at 90,000 in our work upon the 'statistics of Portugal,' published in 1822, we could not be far from the truth. But, on our return to Venice in the same year, we were assured by its learned librarian, the Abbé Bettio, that it actually contained only 65,000 printed volumes and 5000 manuscripts. Yet, as late as 1832, we have seen more than twice that number assigned to it by a statistical writer of high rank." — pp. 45 – 48.

This subject will become still clearer, by a glance at a few passages from the table of comparative estimates, which M. Balbi has compiled with singular patience and industry.‡

"*Comparative Table of the principal Opinions published with Regard to the Number of Volumes contained in some celebrated Libraries.*

PARIS, ROYAL OR NATIONAL LIBRARY.

Authors.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.	Pamphlets.
Ebert,	350,000	70,000	
Petit-Radel,	350,000	50,000	350,000

* An instance of this may be found in the Tabular View of Libraries in one of the best school books ever written; Woodbridge's General Geography.

"† L'Annuaire administratif et statistique du Département de la Seine, pour l'An XIII. (1805.)"

‡ In the original this table fills ten octavo pages. We have confined our extract to such heads as we supposed most likely to prove interesting to the American reader.

Authors.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.	Pamphlets.
British Review,	450,000	80,000	450,000
Malchus,	500,000	50,000	
André,	800,000	50,000	
Mazarine Library.			
Malchus,	90,000	3,437	
Boismarsas,	150,000	4,000	
Madrid, Royal Library.			
Villenave,	100,000	a great many.	
Haendel,	125,000		
Hassel,	180,000		
Malchus,	200,000	2,000	
The Escurial.			
Bisinger,		60,000	
Ebert,	17,800	4,300	
Moreau de Jonnès,	130,000	15,000	
Rome, Vatican.			
Schnabel,	30,000	4,000	
Ebert,	30,000	40,000	
Valéry,	80,000	24,000	
Malchus,	160,000		
Bailly,*	400,000	50,000	
D'Haussez,	800,000	38,000	
Eustace, from	200,000 to a million !	50,000	
Quarterly Review,	largest in the world !		
Florence, Laurentian.†			
Ebert,		8,000	
André,		5,000	

"* Journal de la Société Française de Statisque Universelle."

"† It should be remembered that this celebrated library contains manuscripts only. Hence a double error on the part of the above cited authors. It was only by the recent legacy of the Count d'Elci, that it became possessed of printed works, which, however, are exclusively composed of editions of the fifteenth century," and have not yet been placed in the Library.

Authors.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.	Pamphlets.
Hassel,	20,000		
Malchus,	120,000		
Bailly,	90,000	3,000	
	Oxford, Bodleian.		
Meidinger,	130,000	20,000	
Quart. Rev.	over 200,000		
Ebert,	300,000	25,000	
Bailly,	400,000	25,000	
André,	500,000	30,000	
Schnabel,	700,000	30,000	
Oxford Guide,	more than any library in Europe except the Vatican."		—pp. 35 – 43.

After having thus pointed out the errors and inconsistencies into which his predecessors have fallen, M. Balbi proceeds to give the result of his own inquiries, in a new estimate of the principal libraries of ancient and modern times. This table is evidently the product of long and laborious researches. He has availed himself, for the composition of it, of all the facilities, which an extensive correspondence could afford, and has thus been able to draw his information, in several cases, from direct official sources. In others, his familiarity with statistical calculations, and his personal knowledge of many of the institutions of which he speaks, afford the best assurance of the general correctness of his assertions.

"*Comparative View of the Great Libraries of Ancient and Modern Times.*

Cities.	Libraries.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.
Paris,	Royal,	626,000	80,000
Munich,	Royal or Central,	540,000	16,000
St. Petersburgh,	Imperial,	432,000	15,000 (?)
Copenhagen,	Royal,	410,000	16,000 (?)
Vienna,	Imperial,	284,000	16,000
Berlin,	Royal,	280,000	5,000
Pekin,	Imperial,	280,000	
Dresden,	Royal,	260,000	2,700
Göttingen,	University,	250,000	5,000
London,	British Museum,	220,000	*22,000

"* In this number the 19,093 charters, diplomas, and original documents are not comprised."

Cities.	Libraries.	Volumes.	Manuscripts.
Oxford,	Bodleian,	200,000	25,000
Wolfenbüttel,	Ducal,	200,000 (?)*	4,500
Madrid,	Royal,	200,000	2,500(?)
Paris,	Arsenal,	186,000	5,000
Stuttgart,	Royal,	174,000	1,800
Milan,	Brera,	169,000	1,000
Naples,	Bourbon Museum,	165,000	3,000
Florence,	Magliabecchiana,	150,000	12,000
Breslaw,	University,	150,000	2,300
Munich,	University,	150,000	2,000(?)
Edinburgh,	Advocates',	150,000	6,000
Jedo,	Sjogoun,	150,000 (?)	
Miako,	Mikado,	150,000 (?)	
Alexandria, the largest of the Ptolemean libraries,		110,000 (??)	
Tripoli in Syria,	Kadis,	110,000 (?)	
Cairo,	Caliphs,	110,000 (?)	
Alexandria † library, destroyed by the Arabs,		100,000 (??)	
Rome, Ulpian,	founded by Trajan,	100,000 (??)	
Cordova,	Caliphs,	100,000 (??)" —p. 71.	

Some surprise will be felt upon viewing the rank assigned in the preceding table to the libraries of Japan. The estimates of our author are in this instance derived from the statements of a recent traveller, M. Siebold, whom he honors with the appellation of "learned and conscientious." These libraries, according to M. Siebold, are divided among the princes, the nobles, and the monasteries. Besides the works printed within the empire, they contain a large number of ancient and modern Chinese books, together with many rare manuscripts in Japanese and Chinese, maps, topographical plans, and sketches in natural history. There are also, in the libraries of some amateurs, extensive collections of European books, chiefly of a scientific character, and for the most part in Dutch. The activity of the press in that country is astonishing, but nevertheless, as would seem from the work of

* It will be observed that an interrogative point is affixed to those numbers which M. Balbi considers doubtful.

† In admitting the third Alexandrian library into this table, M. Balbi has not done justice to his own knowledge of the subject. It seems impossible that any one who has read the XXVIII. and LI. chapters of Gibbon should place the least confidence in so absurd and ill-supported a tale.

M. Siebold, unequal to the productive power of the authors; for, in one of the royal libraries, may be seen a modern work upon the natural history of the empire, of which the plates alone would fill 800 volumes.

But we should be guilty of great injustice towards our author, were we to pass over the ninth chapter of his volume, in which he has explained at length the process, which he has followed in the formation of his comparative estimate. The reasoning refers more particularly to the Royal Library of Paris, the claim of which to the first rank among all the libraries of the world has been disputed.

In the year 1822, this library contained, according to MM. Van Praet and De Mane, keepers of the printed books,

450,000 volumes,
450,000 pamplets, essays, and fugitive pieces, bound up in volumes, or distributed in portfolios or drawers.
80,000 manuscripts, inclusive of the printed works in Chinese.
1,200,000 charters, diplomas, &c.
6,000 volumes and portfolios, containing 1,200,000 prints.

Now in order to estimate these different elements, we will suppose;

1st. That each manuscript forms a volume, such being the usual method of estimating this portion of the literary wealth of public libraries.

2d. That every ten pamphlets or fugitive pieces, taken together, form a volume. This is a moderate calculation; for an ordinary octavo contains only from sixteen to eighteen sheets.

3d. That fifty charters, diplomas, &c., taken together, form a volume.

By means of these reductions we shall find that 450,000 pamphlets, &c. are equivalent to 45,000 volumes. 1,200,000 diplomas, charters, &c. are equivalent to 24,000 volumes. Taking the manuscripts, and the 6000 volumes and portfolios of prints for an equal number of volumes, we find that in 1822, the Royal Library of Paris contained;

450,000	volumes	of all sizes.
45,000	"	in pamphlets, &c.
24,000	"	in diplomas, &c.
80,000	"	of manuscripts.
6,000	"	of prints, engravings, &c.
605,000		

At the same epoch the annual increase of the library, as reported by MM. Van Praet and De Mane, amounted to about 4,000 volumes, and 3,000 fugitive pieces, pamphlets, &c., printed in France, and about 3,000 volumes purchased at public sales or abroad.

Since 1822, there has been a great increase in the activity of the French press. The following table, formed by a comparison of the *Journal de la Librairie* of M. Beuchot, with the manuscript Catalogue of the books, pamphlets, &c. deposited at the Royal Library, shows the progress of this augmentation of activity, and supplies the data for an approximative calculation of the increase of the library through the channel of the French press. This extends, however, only to the third quarter of 1828, the last time that our author had it in his power to consult the Catalogue of the Library. The estimate for the subsequent period is derived from an approximative calculation, based upon the proportion, which the products of the French press, as recorded in the *Journal de la Librairie*, bear to the same products as registered during the correspondent years in the Catalogue of the Royal Library. The facts contained in the second and third columns of the table form the elements of his calculation, and the basis of the inductions that he draws from it.

Table of the Articles printed in France.

Year.	Number of Articles. Recorded in the "Journal de la Librairie."	Entered on the Catalogue of the Royal Library.
	First Period.	
1822	6,893	7,016
1823	7,213	6,900
1824	8,337	7,994
1825	8,971	8,723
1826	9,754	10,655
1827	9,800	16,744
Sum of the first period,	50,968	58,032
	Second Period.	
1828	9,022	
1829	9,027	
1830	8,456	

1831	7,390
1832	7,577
1833	8,060
Sum of both periods,	100,500

Now we will say; as 50,968, the sum of the works announced by the *Journal de la Librairie*, during the six years, which form the first period, to 58,032, the number representing the works entered upon the Catalogue of the library during the same years, — so 100,500, the sum of the works announced in the same "Journal," during the first and second periods, to the number x of works entered upon the Catalogue during both periods taken together, or from 1822, through all 1833. This proportion gives us $x = 114{,}800$.

Now, adopting the supposition of M. de Mane, that the number of the pamphlets and fugitive pieces is equal to that of the volumes; and that these last form half of the annual product of the press; and supposing, as has already been shown by a calculation to be more than probable, that the totality of the works or articles deposited at the library from the beginning of 1822, to the 31st of December, 1833, amounted in round numbers to 115,000, we shall have half this sum, or 57,500, for the number of volumes, and 57,500 for the number of pamphlets and fugitive pieces, taken separately. Dividing these last by ten, we shall have 5,750 volumes to be added to the first sum.

It has already been shown, that, at the beginning of 1822, the Royal Library contained 605,000 volumes. In order to ascertain its actual state (i. e. in 1835,) we will say,

	Volumes.
in 1822, ...	605,000
augmentation by means of public sales and purchases from abroad, ...	36,000
augmentation through the French press, offering 57,500 volumes of works, and 5,750 volumes of pamphlets, amounting in all to 63,250, or in round numbers	63,000
	704,000

This number should be raised to 706,000, on account of the increase in the department of prints.*

* For an account of this augmentation, see "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," 1834.

The Royal Library of Paris, therefore, is the largest in existence. It will be easy to prove, that it is the largest that ever has existed.

The number of writers, and consequently of books, in the bright days of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome, could not have been very great. It must, on the contrary, have been limited by various causes, which contributed powerfully to retard the composition of new works, and prevent the multiplication of new editions. In fact, the histories of cities and of nations, together with descriptions of the earth, which have become exhaustless sources for the writers of modern times, must have been but sterile themes, at a period in which history was confined within the limits of a few centuries, and hardly a sixth part of the world, now known, had been discovered. Add to these considerations, the difficulties of communication, by which the inhabitants of different countries, and often those of different sections of the same country, were kept apart; together with the number of arts and sciences, which were either wholly unknown, or confined within very narrow bounds; and it will become evident, that, for every thirty or forty authors of the present day, ancient Europe could hardly have supported one or two.

Another circumstance, which, however, has escaped the observation of M. Balbi, is the undeniable fact, that an increase in the number of readers leads to a proportionate augmentation in the number of works prepared for their gratification. We have every reason to suppose, that the reading class of the ancient world was small in comparison with that of the modern. Even setting aside the circumstance of the narrow limits, by which the creative literature of ancient Europe was bounded, Greece and Rome being almost the only nations whence new productions were derived, we shall still be constrained to acknowledge the vast distance, which separates the creative literary power of modern, from that of ancient times. Our schools, which abound with such a variety of class-books upon every subject, bear little or no resemblance to those of Greece and Rome; nor can the text-books prepared for our universities be brought into comparison with the oral instructions of the old philosophers. Passing by, also, the subjects which have been opened to our research by the discoveries of modern science, and confining our attention to the single branch of philosophy, in the old

sense of the word, which has always been more or less studied and disputed upon, since the days of the earliest Greeks, we shall probably find that the productions of any one modern school outnumber those of the whole body of Greek philosophers. How much more would the balance lean towards the moderns, were we to add all the varieties of the French, and German, and English, and Scottish schools, to say nothing of those whose tenacious subtilties have procured them the name of schoolmen! If, going a step further, we consider that reading, which the peculiar cast of modern civilization has classed among the luxuries of life, is one of those luxuries, in the enjoyment of which all classes come in for a share, we shall find here also a great distinction between ancient times and our own. During that epoch of splendid decay, in which the immense wealth of the Roman senators was found insufficient to satisfy the longing for new forms of stimulant and of pleasure, their reading, as we are told by a contemporary historian,* was confined to Marius Maximus and Juvenal. What would they not have given for a modern novel, or to what unlimited extent would the imagination have poured forth its fantastic creations, had the art of printing been at hand to keep pace with the productive powers of the mind, and the cravings of a morbid intellect! On every score, therefore, the numerical difference between the intellectual wealth of ancient and of modern Europe, which is the only point in question, must have been decidedly in favor of the latter.

The high price of the materials for writing, and the difficulty of procuring them, must also have been a great obstacle to the multiplication of books. When copies could only be procured by the slow and expensive process of transcription, it seems impossible to suppose that a large number could have been usually prepared of any ordinary work. Those of our readers, who are aware that only about four hundred and fifty, upon an average, were struck off of the celebrated *Princeps* editions, will readily assent to the correctness of this opinion. The barbarous system of ancient warfare must have also caused the destruction of a great many works, raised the price of others, and rendered extremely difficult, not to say impossible, the accumulation of a very large number in any one place. The difficulties, which the bibliomaniacs of our own times encounter in

* Ammianus Marcellinus.

procuring copies of the editions of the fifteenth century, and the extravagant prices, at which some of them have been sold, are enough to show how small a part of an entire edition has been able to pass safely through the short space of four centuries, which is all that has elapsed since their publication. How few copies, then, of a work published in the times of Alexander, could have reached the age of Augustus or of Trajan! With facts like these before us, how can we talk of libraries of 700,000 or 800,000 volumes in the ancient world? When we find it so difficult, at the present day, in spite of the testimony of intelligent travellers, and of all the advantages we possess for making our estimates, to ascertain the truth with regard to the great libraries of modern Europe, how can we give credit to the contradictory and exaggerated statements, which were promulgated in ages of the darkest ignorance, concerning ancient Rome and Alexandria? "After an attentive examination of this subject," says our author, "it seems to us improbable, if we should not rather say, impossible, that any library of ancient Europe, or of the middle ages, could have contained more than 300,000 or 400,000 volumes."

But even allowing 700,000 volumes to the largest of the Alexandrian libraries, that, namely, of which a great part was accidentally destroyed during the wars of Julius Cæsar; allowing the same number to the library of Tripoli, and to that of Cairo; and admitting that the third library of Alexandria contained 600,000 volumes, and the Ulpian of Rome, and the Cordovan founded by Al-Hakem, an equal number; it will still be easy to show, that the whole amount of one of these was not equal to even a fifth part of a library composed of printed books.

Every one, who has had any thing to do with publication, is well aware of the great difference between the space occupied by the written, and that occupied by the printed letters.

It is well known, that the volumes of ancient libraries consisted of rolls, which generally were written only on one side. Thus the written surface of one of these volumes would correspond to but half the written surface of one of our books, of which every page is covered with letters. A library, then, composed of 100,000 rolls, would contain no more matter than one of our libraries composed of 50,000 manuscripts.

It is well known, also, that a work was divided into as many rolls, as the books which it contained. Thus the Natural History

of Pliny, which in the *Princeps* edition of Venice forms but one folio volume, would, since it is divided into thirty-seven books, have formed thirty-seven rolls or volumes. If it were possible to compare elements of so different a nature, we should say that these rolls might be compared to the sheets of our newspapers, or to the numbers of works published in numbers. What would become of the great library of Paris, were we to suppose its 706,000 volumes in folio, octavo, &c. to be but so many numbers of five or six sheets each? Yet this is the rule, by which we ought to estimate the literary wealth of the great libraries of antiquity and of the middle ages, which were composed of rolls, and even those of the middle ages which contained only manuscripts. "Hence," says M. Balbi, "notwithstanding the imposing array of authorities which can be brought against us, we must persist in believing, that no library of antiquity or of the middle ages can be considered as equivalent to a modern one of 100,000 or 110,000 volumes."

Small, however, would be the interest, which we should feel for these magnificent establishments, were they designed solely for the benefit of a few individuals, or of one favored class. They would still be splendid monuments of the productive powers of the human mind, and of the taste or learning of their founders; but they would have no claims to that unbounded admiration with which we now regard them. There is a republican liberality in the management of the great libraries of the continent of Europe, which is well worthy of our imitation. In these alone is the great invention of printing carried out to its full extent, by the free communication of all its productions to every class of society.* No introduction, no recommendation, no securities are required; but the stranger and the native are admitted, upon equal terms, to the full enjoyment of all the advantages, which the uncontrolled use of

* The ancients, who have said almost every thing before us, and said it so well, have also given the best description of public libraries, and the best eulogium of their founders. What finer eulogy can be pronounced than the following brief sentence of Pliny? "Qui primus, bibliothecam dicando, ingenia hominum rem publicam fecit."

Ovid, too, in the touching little elegy which serves as introduction to the 3d book of the "Tristia," gives the following complete description of the public libraries of Rome.

"Quæque viri docto veteres cepere novique
Pectore, lecturis inspicienda patent."

Many words might be added to this, but not a single idea.

books can afford. As this mode of accommodating, or rather of meeting the wants of the public, is the real object of these institutions, they are provided with librarians, who, under different titles corresponding to the duties imposed upon them, receive from government regular salaries, proportioned to their rank, and to the services which they perform. To these the immediate superintendence of the library is wholly intrusted. They take care of the books. They enter the titles of new ones upon the catalogue, and arrange them in their proper places. They prepare memorials for new purchases, and direct all binding and repairs. This, however, is but a part of their duty. At a stated hour of every day in the week, except of such as are set apart for public or religious festivals, they open the library to the public. The hall is set round with tables, which are provided with ink, and convenient frames for the books of each student. The librarians at their respective posts await his orders. Thus undisturbed, and supplied with every thing which the library contains, that can aid him in his studies, the scholar may pass from three to five hours of every day, without any expense, and with no other care than that natural attention to the books he uses, which every one, capable of appreciating the full value of such privileges, will readily give. Nor do his facilities cease here. Five hours a day are insufficient for profound and extensive researches; and the writer who has to trace his facts through a great variety of works, and examine the unpublished documents which are to be found in public libraries alone, would be obliged to sacrifice a large portion of every day, if his studies were regulated by the usual public hours of the libraries. For such persons, a proper recommendation can hardly fail to obtain the use, at their own houses, of the works they may need. In this manner the door is thrown open to every one who wishes to enter, and science placed within reach of all who court her favors.

But is this view of the subject correct? Is it true that science requires such aid; and does not this accumulation of books contribute rather to form a taste for ostentatious erudition, than to build up a pure literature, at once vigorous, original, and profound?

It cannot be expected that we should enter into a full examination of this question. A single page from the literary history of any one of the nations of Europe would be more

than sufficient to refute the opinion, which has found its way, we know not how, into the minds of some, whose own experience and example form the best commentary upon their belief. We shall endeavour to meet the objection under one only of its various aspects ; and, if our reasoning on this be found correct, we may fairly trust to our readers for the application of it to the rest.

And, in the first place, it seems to us, that, setting aside the subdivisions, which any pretension to logical accuracy would require, all the works which compose the public libraries of Europe may be divided into two classes ; books for study, and books of reference. The number of those works which can be accurately studied, is not only comparatively small, but is doubtless susceptible of still further reduction. The progress of science enlarges the sphere of our observations and of our studies, by opening new fields for speculation and research ; but it simplifies and facilitates them at the same time, by reducing the mass of observation and experiment to a few general and comprehensive principles. We begin by observing and making experiments. We next discuss and reason upon the results, which are thus obtained ; and accurate reasoning never fails to lead, sooner or later, to a discovery of the principles on which they depend. Whoever engages in the study of a science in the first stage of this progress, will find a mass of materials, interesting in their nature, but repulsive and perplexing from their want of connexion, and of the certainty, which can only be felt in those sciences which are based upon clear and well-established principles. In its more advanced stages, it is found simple, lucid, and connected. Here, then, dividing lines are drawn between scientific works, composed at the different periods of the developement. Students are ranged upon opposite sides of them, according to the diversities of their aims and tastes. They who wish to study the science in its results, find all they want in the latest treatises. Another class goes further, and extends its examination to the works of all those, who have attempted to give a fuller developement to its acknowledged principles, or to add to the store by new discoveries. Last comes the student, who with a thorough knowledge of the actual state of his favorite science, wishes to examine its history, trace its progress from its earliest origin, and follow the course of the speculations and experiments which have progressively contributed to its formation.

Here, therefore, we find ourselves among books of reference, useless to the first class of students; of more or less value to the second; indispensable to the third. What private library can supply them? What public library in this country contains the materials for an accurate history of any one department of science? Take even the most limited, or rather one of the most recent of all, the science of political economy. Here our researches are confined to one definite period. We have no dusty archives to explore, no time-worn manuscripts to decipher. The origin of the science is within the memory of our fathers, and we ourselves have witnessed its sudden growth and rapid developement. Yet how much is to be done, how many authorities to be weighed, how many different treatises to be analyzed and compared, before we can venture to say, Here is the history, for such was the rise, such the progress, such the changes of opinion, such the received, and such the rejected theories of political economy! The writers of the first French school, of the Scotch school, (and if we wish for history we must go beyond the publication of Adam Smith's great work,) the Italian, the new French, and the new English schools, all have not merely a claim upon our attention, but are entitled to a full and accurate examination. And even then our task would be incomplete; for literary justice would require us to trace, through the works of general political writers, the hints and remarks which have contributed to the progress of the branch we are studying, by the discovery of truth or by the exposition of error.

If such be the obligations of the student, whose researches are confined to a subject so new, what must be the necessities of the historian who attempts to throw light upon those periods, for which the testimony of printed authorities is to be confronted with that of manuscripts and public documents, and where ignorance and prejudice have combined with the more powerful incentives of interest, to perplex his path by contradictory statements and conflicting opinions! It has been said, that the history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" could not have been written in America; and, in fact, although the personal fortune of Gibbon enabled him to purchase for his own library nearly all the materials, which he employed in the composition of his great work, yet he was more than once indebted for important facts and views to the great libraries of the continent. Now most of the works by means

of which his history was compiled, were of necessity works of reference; works which few, perhaps, may consult, fewer still would think of reading; but which, nevertheless, supply the materials for our richest and noblest instruction.

If it be said that the class of readers, whose wants extend to works of this description, is small, we would reply, that as far as America is concerned, it is true at the present moment, but that every appearance indicates a great and speedy augmentation in their number. The present state of things is a necessary consequence of the actual condition of our literature. Holding a distinguished rank in several branches, there are still many in which we have as yet accomplished little or nothing. There are exceptions. But how far do they go, and what is the true character of them? The best life of Columbus is the work of an American; but it was written in Spain. The "History of the Northmen" is a work of great learning and research; but Mr. Wheaton collected his materials and wrote in Europe, with all the advantages of a high public station. These cases, therefore, instead of making against us, show how great a change has taken place in the literary aims of our countrymen, and how rapidly their wants are extending beyond the bounds, which individual wealth can meet.

How far is our community prepared to supply the sewants? The call for a sound literature is universal; and there is no one who understands the real state of the country, who does not perceive, how promptly the impulse, already given to our literature in some departments, has been followed by the ambition to carry out the work into other branches. A literary class is gradually forming itself into a distinct order; opening for many new springs of wealth, for all new sources of enjoyment, but still dependent upon the other classes of society for its subsistence and its success, and destined to form for them a literature either superficial and ephemeral, or profound and durable, in exact proportion as its intellectual wants are neglected or supplied. Of the nature of these wants we have already spoken. Books are needed, not confined to any single branch, but embracing the whole range of science and of literature, which shall supply the means of every species of research and inquiry, and which, placed within reach of all, shall leave idleness no excuse for the lightness of its labors, and poverty no obstacles, which industry may not surmount.

What has been done, or what is doing, towards the performance of this duty?

No reply can be given to this question, which will not require many limitations. Much has been done at Boston and at Cambridge. The Boston Athenæum has made already a large collection of valuable works, and follows, we believe, though perhaps at somewhat too respectful a distance, the progress of the literature of the day. The library of Cambridge is of a high order. Forty thousand volumes of printed works go far towards supplying the ordinary wants of the members of our oldest university. And when we consider the care and judgment with which a large part of them have been selected, we are disposed to place this far above many of the European libraries, which, in a numerical point of view, are vastly its superiors. In the department of American history, it is the richest in the world. It contains the choicest works of English literature; and it is provided with good editions of the classics of Greece and Rome, as well as of many of the most valuable among the great writers of Italy, Germany, France, and Spain.

The Philadelphia library is estimated at about 42,000 volumes. Among these there is a considerable proportion of valuable articles, and the Spanish department is uncommonly complete. The New York Athenæum has 25,000 volumes. The library of Congress has about 20,000; but in this last, if we except the law library, which, though too exclusive in its character, has been formed upon a sounder basis, there are far too many of those trifling productions, which, after the year of their publication is over, become a useless burden to its shelves. Besides these, there are libraries in many of our cities; and each of our universities and colleges contains a collection of more or less value, and pretty well adapted to the wants of academic students.

The general regulations of these libraries do not, as far as we have been able to learn, differ in any material particulars. With few exceptions, the libraries of our colleges are restricted to the use of the students, the professors, and the members of the corporation or directors, under whatever name they may be classed; none of these are supposed to study in the library, but call at stated hours for the books they want; and strangers and students, not connected with the institution, can only obtain books by a special concession or through some

individual of the privileged body. The other libraries are generally held by shares open to subscription.

Such, we believe, is the general character of our public libraries. And here we may be allowed to renew the question, how far do they meet the wants of our community ?

Whoever reflects, though but for a moment, upon the numerous branches into which modern literature runs, and remembers that the literary glory of a nation can only be secured by a certain degree of success in each of them ; whoever considers the immense mass of varied materials, without which no historical work of importance can be composed, or the extensive learning which is required of even the most gifted genius of an age like ours, and adds to these considerations the general and undeniable fact, that of those who would gladly devote themselves to literature, but a few can ever hope to obtain by their own resources the command of the works that are essential to the successful prosecution of their studies, — will be ready to acknowledge that we have, as yet, done but a small part of what may be justly claimed from a nation, which aspires to the first rank for the liberality and politeness and high moral tone of its civilization. Late, however, as we are to begin, scarce any thing in this department has been accomplished in Europe, which might not be done with equal success in America. And so numerous and manifest are our advantages in some important particulars, that a prompt will and sound judgment in the execution of it might, in the course of a very few years, render the American student nearly independent of those vast collections, which, in Europe, have required centuries for their formation. The undertaking, however, in order to be successful, should be a national one. Without urging, that no State is fully equal to it, or that in the hands of any single State, it would not answer the same purpose, we may be permitted to say that the enlargement of the library of Congress upon those broad principles, the application of which to the collection of books has become a difficult and important art, would reflect an honor upon the country, equal to the permanent advantages which it would secure to every member of the community.

The first class in such an institution should be devoted to national history. And here, although we have neglected to do what might easily have been done a few years ago, yet it is still in our power to do more than any nation has ever done

for its own history. The purchase of the manuscripts of Washington was the first step. The papers of Mr. Madison are another valuable acquisition. Were these to be followed up by the purchase of the papers of the other distinguished men of our revolution, what a body of invaluable documents would be brought together for the historians of the country! No individual, no single State, could accomplish an undertaking like this. But the voice of Congress would be heard in every part of the Union; and with whatever veneration these relics might be regarded, and however unwilling their owners might feel to intrust them to the hands of an individual, or to the library of any State institution, gladly would they meet the first offers of Congress, and feel as if they had performed their duty toward their ancestors, by placing within a sure asylum the best records of their worth, and the materials from which posterity will raise the most durable monument to their glory. If the same course were to be pursued with regard to the other public men of our country; if the private papers of our presidents, or, to avoid an enumeration, of which it is easier to find the beginning than the end, if the papers of all those men, whose lives will form an integral part of American history, were collected in the same archive, instead of being left to the chances of preservation or destruction, to which they are inevitably exposed while passing through the hands of heirs differing in their tastes and pursuits, a large and perhaps the most valuable portion of our history would be placed beyond the control of chance, and the influence of those casualties which have involved so many portions of European history in impenetrable obscurity. Many important documents also, which, for fear of a premature publication, are now likely to be destroyed, would be readily intrusted to a public and responsible institution, which should undertake to withhold them from every eye until the proper moment for making them public had arrived. What collection of manuscripts could compare with such a collection as this? What parchment, however venerable from the dust of ages, could awaken emotions, like those with which we should contemplate the original records of the events which interest us most, prepared during the hurry of action and in the hour of trial, and speaking to us, as it were, with the very tones of the epoch which they commemorate?

Another important source of history is supplied by the

industry of our historical societies. Many of the documents which they collect, must, from their nature, remain in the archives of the societies; but all the published volumes, which, in many cases, form valuable accessions, not merely to the materials for our history, but to our historical literature, might be regularly transmitted to the library of Congress and deposited in the class of national history. And this circumstance itself might perhaps contribute to awaken new energy in those societies, which languish for want of encouragement, or of that stimulus, which a consciousness that an attentive public is watching their course never fails to impart. In this manner, the history of the past would be secured upon the evidence of incontrovertible and characteristic documents, while that of the present and of the future would be placed under the sure protection of the pride and emulation of rival bodies.

For the other departments of our library, our chief dependence would necessarily be placed on the acquisition of books from Europe, both by the direct purchase of private libraries, and the subsequent collection of such works as are not to be found in private sales. The first of these methods, as we have already shown, has ever proved the surest source of important and extensive acquisitions. It was thus that nearly 58,000 printed volumes and 800 manuscripts were added, at different epochs, to the Imperial Library of Vienna. No other part, perhaps, of that immense collection can be compared with this, whether we consider the choice and elegance of the editions, or the taste and learning with which the works themselves were selected. It will be long, before such opportunities can become frequent in America; but they still occur from time to time in Europe. When the fifty thousand volumes, which the library of Sir James Mackintosh is said to have contained, passed under the hammer, what an occasion was offered, for laying the foundation of a perfect library! We have never seen the catalogue of that sale, nor heard the price at which it was made; but no one acquainted with the cast of Mackintosh's mind, and the extent and variety of his acquisitions, can doubt that his library was nearly complete in some departments, and highly valuable in all. Here the purchase of the whole collection would have secured, for a moderate price, many things which cannot be obtained separately but at a great and even extravagant one.

The library of Count Boutourlin, which has been recently offered to Congress, is a parallel case. It is smaller than that of Sir J. Mackintosh, for it contains barely twenty-four thousand volumes. Yet in these twenty-four thousand, the scholar will find ample materials for the gratification of his curiosity in some of the most interesting branches of literature.

The Count Boutourlin deserves to be classed among the most intelligent and industrious of European bibliophilists. During the course of a long life, he formed two of the most remarkable libraries ever collected by a private individual. The first was destroyed in the conflagration of Moscow. The second is still in the hands of his family. This last was made in Italy, and with the concurrence of several peculiarly favorable circumstances. Many books and manuscripts, which had hitherto been inaccessible to any purchaser, had been put into circulation by some changes connected with the political revolutions of the country, without being brought into the ordinary course of trade. Other works of great value were exposed for sale, but in that indirect manner well known to the amateurs of rare books and paintings in Italy. The extensive pecuniary resources of Count Boutourlin enabled him to avail himself of these opportunities; and his profound knowledge of bibliography secured him from imposition. The purchase of a private library, which had been originally formed after the suppression of some of the old convents of Tuscany, gave him the basis of his new collection, and put him in possession of some of the rarest articles which it contains. The remainder was the work of a patience and assiduity, seldom, if ever, surpassed. Nearly every article was a personal purchase. Many were brought to him in sheets; others merely divested of their original binding. These were to be numbered, and subjected, in short, to that rigorous examination, by which the skilful bibliophilist distinguishes the really rare from spurious editions. Thus, unwearied in his labors and unsparing in his expenditures, he continued to the last years of life daily adding to his collection, and has left behind him a monument of taste and skill which any bibliophilist might envy.

The catalogue of the Boutourlin library is divided into classes. The class of manuscripts is composed of 244 articles. Among these are several autographs and many pieces of great rarity. That of the "Divina Commedia" is one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. It is written on vellum,

in Gothic letters, which evidently belong to the first half of the fourteenth century, and in beauty and regularity of execution are not inferior to the neatest type. It contains ninety-eight folio sheets, written in double columns. The titles are distinguished by red ink; the initials of the chapters are alternately red and blue; those of the beginnings of the three divisions are of a larger size and ornamented with colored arabesques.

This curious manuscript was obtained from the last of the celebrated family of Malespini, to a member of which the second part of the poem was originally dedicated. The arms and seal of the family, which it still bears, the form of the letters in which it is written, which is of the age of Dante, and the circumstance of the dedication, would seem to favor the supposition, that has been hazarded by some skilful judges, that this is the identical copy presented by the author to his friend and patron.

The manuscript of the poems of Filicaja is enriched with corrections in the handwriting of the author, and might furnish materials for a new edition of his works.

The "Africa" of Petrarca is contained in a beautiful manuscript of a very ancient date. There are manuscripts of some of the choicest works of Latin literature; and, in the miscellanies, there are many curious historical documents, which have never been published.

The editions of the fifteenth century form, as our readers already know, one of the most difficult objects of bibliographical research. The texts of the Greek and Latin classics, as contained in some of these editions, enjoy an authority equal to that of the most precious manuscripts. Their typographical execution makes them curious monuments of the early perfection of this art. Such is the rarity of these editions, and the value attached to them, that it may be safely said that no efforts could, at the present day, make a collection of them complete. In this class the Boutourlin library contains six hundred and forty-two articles, exclusive of the Aldines, and of an extensive collection of sermons and discourses.

One of the most beautiful pieces of this department is the "Natural History" of Pliny, printed in 1470. That of Livy, executed in the same year, in three folios, is hardly less remarkable. The "Rei Rusticæ Scriptores" is rendered of

inestimable value by the marginal and interlineary notes of Poliziano, written with his own hand, and affording a striking proof of the exactness which this extraordinary man carried into all his studies. The Florentine Homer, published in 1488, forms an epoch in the annals of Greek typography. It was the first printed edition of the works of the old bard, and its appearance was greeted as a triumph of the art. It is still much esteemed for the correctness of its text; and with its broad margins, the yellowish tinge of the paper, and antique though graceful form of its type, is one of the most interesting remains of the art of printing in the fifteenth century.*

The class of editions without date contains 169 articles.

A separate class is devoted to the works of the celebrated enthusiast Savanarola. It contains 53 pieces, and is probably as nearly complete as it can be rendered.

No name stands so high in the history of printing as that of the Aldi; for there is none, to which we are indebted for the preservation of so many of the most important monuments of antiquity. The history of their editions has been often written, and is considered one of the most interesting branches of bibliographical literature. The Boutourlin Library contains 386 articles of the Aldine press, some of which are among the rarest of these celebrated editions. The beautiful folio Theocritus, printed in 1495, the works of Aristotle, of Horace, of Cæsar, of Livy, of Euripides, of Demosthenes, of nearly all, in short, of the classics of Greece and Rome, with many original editions of distinguished writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are in the Boutourlin collection. If to these we add the Bodonian, which is complete, and the numerous copies of works printed during the interval which elapsed from the death of the younger Aldus, to the first editions of Bodoni, we shall find the history of printing traced from near its origin to our own times, in well-preserved specimens of the most remarkable productions of the art.

Several divisions still remain to be spoken of, which, for extent and importance, are hardly less worthy of description than those which we have more minutely specified. But descriptions of this kind are never satisfactory. It is only when you find yourself in the midst of a large library, view

* This work has been sold several times for prices ranging between sixty and ninety pounds sterling. See Brunet.

the imposing array of its countless volumes, and are brought, as it were, face to face with nearly all that the human mind has accomplished in literature, and all the forms that art has devised in order to perpetuate these productions, that you can feel with full force the advantages which such collections secure.

It should, however, be added, that every part of the Boutourlin Library is in the highest state of preservation. The old editions are remarkably free from spots, and many of them have been rebound with great elegance. In others the original binding is still preserved, affording, as those acquainted with the state of this art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries well know, curious specimens of taste and skill. The more recent and the modern works are nearly all bound in morocco or Russia leather.*

Here, then, we find the nucleus of a great library, around which it would be easy to form a collection, that should leave us little to ask for from the noblest libraries of Europe. There is, it is true, one department, in which we could never pretend to vie with them. We mean in the beautiful specimens which they possess of ancient manuscripts. But all the real utility that can be derived from these might be secured by careful collations, and by causing the most important unpublished

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* We add, for a further illustration of the subject, a list of the divisions of the catalogue, with the number of articles contained in each class.

Manuscripts,	243
A portfolio containing forty-five pieces, from the tenth to the seventeenth century, composed of bulls, diplomas, &c., counting as one manuscript,	1
Editions of the fifteenth century,	964
Aldines,	423
Bodonians,	377
Italian classics,	1868
Theology and Ecclesiastical History,	603
Arts, Sciences, and Fine Arts,	974
Belles-lettres and Literary History,	1217
History,	1260
	7930

If we allow three volumes for each article, which would probably be a just proportion, we should have $7930 \times 3 = 23790$, the whole number of volumes contained in the Boutourlin Library.

In these classes, several things are grouped together, which we have spoken of in the text as separate. The sermons, &c., and editions without date, for example, are classed under the head of the editions of the fifteenth century.

works to be copied. Both of these measures are practicable. The latter, if conducted with judgment, would put us in possession of exact copies of many documents of the highest importance to the student of history, and which are often inaccessible to private individuals in Europe itself.

We would be understood, however, as leaving no room for the immediate action of bibliomania. If, when the real wants of society are supplied, there should be a disposition to indulge the passion for luxurious editions, we would be far from withholding from our bibliomaniacs the exquisite delight of feasting their eyes upon leaves of yellow hue and tomes of pure black letter. The extravagant bibliomania, which has prevailed since the close of the last century, may not have been altogether useless; and we would fain believe that the character of our modern editions has been improved by this excessive partiality for the old. But no public library, designed solely to foster a growing taste for literature, by placing within reach of every student all the facilities that his pursuits may require, can be the work of a bibliomaniac. It is not by the elegance of a few choice copies, nor by the possession of a few rarities, which boast an older date than any of a rival institution, that the wants of the student can be satisfied, or the cause of real literature advanced. Good, or in other words, correct editions answer every purpose of rare ones; the latter are rather the ornaments, than the appropriate furniture of a library, and, although valuable additions, where the more important object has been secured, should never be suffered to engross any extraordinary share of attention, at the earlier periods of its formation.*

Other sources remain to be spoken of, which, as we have already been carried beyond the limits which we had originally set to our paper, we shall rather allude to, than develope. One of the most important of these, is the purchase of all the works necessary for the completion of the particular classes, which are incomplete in the private libraries, that form the basis of the public one. The celebrated catalogue of Brunet

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* A distinction should always be made between the bibliomaniac and the bibliophilist; the man who prizes an old edition merely because it is old, and one who attaches a just value to particular editions of good authors, for the qualities of the text and readings.

will here furnish an unerring guide.* There are but few articles of importance in any department of literature, which are not cited in this catalogue. All the divisions of history, the various schools of philosophy, treatises upon the arts and sciences, and a large proportion of the productions of polite literature, are arranged in it with an exactness and skill in classification, which give this work a decided superiority over every other bibliographical treatise that we have seen.

To these sources should be added a competent endowment, or appropriation, to be employed according to a carefully formed plan of annual expenditure. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose, that a library can be formed at the present day, in such a manner as to answer the purposes of a literary community, without a strict attention to method. A carefully formed plan, and a rigid adherence to it, are no less essential to the success of this, than of any other undertaking. Bibliography is a science, vast, and full of difficulties; embarrassed moreover by the disadvantage of being constantly liable to misinterpretation and unmerited censure. Yet when properly understood, it contributes in the promptest and most efficacious manner to the progress of every other branch of knowledge. By its aid the student in every department knows where to go, what to consult, how much assistance he can hope for from others, and how far he must brace his nerves to a new and unbroken path. The application of profound bibliographical knowledge to the formation of a library

* The "Manuel" of Brunet forms four octavo volumes, to which a supplement of three volumes was added in 1834. The first three volumes of the "Manuel," as well as the supplement, contain a dictionary of the principal works published since the invention of printing. The arrangement is alphabetical; the author's name being employed, where known, the title of the work, when anonymous; and with all the details, with regard to editions, which are necessary in order to guard against deception, or a bad selection. The prices, as far as they could be ascertained from catalogues and a long practical acquaintance with the trade, have been scrupulously marked.

The fourth volume contains a catalogue, in which all the best works, upon every subject, are arranged under their respective classes. We know of nothing so complete in its kind, as this catalogue; nor is there any work, to which the student can have recourse with so much confidence and satisfaction, in order to ascertain what has been written upon any branch of literature. It should be observed, however, that all the classes of this catalogue are not equally full. The French is the most complete of all. The English, Italian, Spanish, and Oriental are good; the Latin and Greek nearly, if not fully complete. For the German, reference is made to a German work of the same description.

is the only course that can lead surely, promptly, and economically to the end.

There would still be many considerations to urge upon our readers, were it our intention to engage in a full examination of our subject. But we have aimed solely at collecting a few facts, and throwing together a few suggestions, in the hope that they might be gathered up and applied by some one, better able than we are to do them justice. The subject is one that may be deferred, but cannot long be neglected. It will go on gaining upon public attention, until seen by all in its true light, and in all its bearings. Then the connexion between a sound literature and the means used for its formation will be felt. Then the numerous and immediate advantages of such a form of encouragement, as that which we have ventured to propose, will be clearly seen and fully understood; and the rich harvest of glory, which our scholars will reap in every branch of study, will convince even the most incredulous, that literature asks no favors, and receives no aid, for which she does not repay the giver with a tenfold increase.

Art. VII. — 1. *Frithiofs Saga* af Esaias Tegnér. Femte Upplagan. (*The Legend of Frithiof*, by Esaias Tegnér. Fifth Edition.) Stockholm. 1831.

2. *Die Frithiofs-Sage* von Esaias Tegnér. *Aus dem Schwedischen übersetzt* von Amalie von Helvig. Stuttgart und Tubingen. 1832.

3. *Frithiof's Saga, or the Legend of Frithiof. Translated from the Swedish.* London. 1835.

Here beginneth the Legend of Frithiof the Valiant.* He was the son of Thorsten Vikingsson, a thane, and loved fair Ingeborg, the daughter of a king. His fame was great in the North, and his name in the song of bards. His marvellous deeds on land and sea are told in tradition; and his

* *Hèr byrjar sögu af Fridthjófi enum frækna.* These are the first words of the old Icelandic Saga. This Saga has been published in Björner's "Nordiska Kämpadater," and more recently in the "Fornaldar Sögur Nordlanda eptir Gömlum Handritum utgefnar, af C. C. Rafn." Copenhagen. 1829.

history is written in the old Icelandic Saga, that bears his name. This Saga is in prose, with occasionally a few stanzas of verse. Upon the events recorded in it, the poem of Tegnér is founded.

Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Wexiö and Knight of the Order of the North Star, was born in the parish of By in Wärmland, in the year 1782. In 1799, he entered the University of Lund, as a student, and in 1812, was appointed professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824, he became Bishop of Wexiö, which office he stills holds. He stands first among the living poets of Sweden; a man of a grand and gorgeous imagination, and poetic genius of a high order. His countrymen are proud of him, and rejoice in his fame. If you speak of their literature, Tegnér will be the first name upon their lips.* They will speak to you with enthusiasm of *Frithiofs Saga;* and of *Axel*, and *Svea*, and *Nattvardsbarnen*, (the Children of the Sacrament.)† Here, at least, the prophet is not without honor in his own country. Nor in other countries is the voice of fame wholly silent. "Frithiof's Saga" has been twice translated into German, and twice into English.‡ The modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes; not on the bark of trees alone, in the "unspeakable rural solitudes" of pastoral song, but on the mountains of his fatherland, and the cliffs that overhang the sea, and on the tombs of ancient heroes, whose histories are epic poems.

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* Madame Ehrenström, in her "Notices sur la Littérature et les Beaux Arts en Suède," bursts forth into the following rapturous pæan. "Je te salue, ô Tegnér! Ossian de la Scandinavie, poëte divin, dont le génie volcanique ressemble à la flamme qui s'élance des abîmes vers l'immensité, embrâse tous les cœurs et les saisit d'admiration. Quelles scènes, quels tableaux ton *Axel* nous présente! Ta dédicace est bien le prélude le plus beau de ta lyre enchanteresse! Sous tes doigts chaque corde rend un son tendre et harmonieux; dans l'enthusiasme, qui t'inspire et t'entraine, tu cueilles le laurier verdoyant pour le déposer aux pieds du noble barde, ton modèle et ton prédécesseur." p. 94. This noble bard is Carl Gustaf of Leopold.

† These smaller poems have been collected by the author, and published with many lyrical pieces in a volume under the title of "Smärre Samlade Dikter af Esaias Tegnér." Stockholm. 1832.

‡ Besides the translation of Madame von Helvig, the Germans possess another by a gentleman bearing the puritanical name of Praise-God Christian Frederick Mohnike. It was published at Stralsund, 1826. The other English translation is by the Reverend Mr. Strong; who in his Preface congratulates himself on being the first to grasp the prize, and speaks of casting a flower now and then upon the pillow of the Northern Homer, when he nods!

Indeed we consider the "Legend of Frithiof" as one of the most remarkable productions of the age. It is an epic poem, composed of a series of ballads, each describing some event in the hero's life, and each written in a different measure, according with action described in the ballad. This is a novel idea; and perhaps thereby the poem loses something in sober, epic dignity. But the loss is more than made up, by the greater spirit of the narrative; and it seems to us a very laudable innovation, thus to describe various scenes in various metre, and not employ the same for a game of chess and a storm at sea.

It may be urged against Tegnér, with some show of truth, that he is too profuse and elaborate in his use of figurative language, and that the same figures are sometimes repeated with very little variation. But the reader must bear in mind, that the work before him is written in the spirit of the past; in the spirit of that old poetry of the North, in which the same images and expressions are oft repeated, and the sword is called the Lightning's Brother, — a banner, the Hider of Heaven; gold, the Daylight of Dwarfs, and the grave the Green Gate of Paradise. The old Scald smote the strings of his harp, with as bold a hand, as the Berserk* smote his foe. When heroes fell in battle, he sang of them in his Drapa, or song of Apotheosis, that they had gone to drink beer with the gods. He lived in a credulous age; in the dim twilight of the past. He was

> "The sky-lark in the dawn of years,
> The poet of the morn."

In the vast solitudes around him, the heart of Nature beat against his own. From the midnight gloom of groves the deep-voiced pines answered the deeper-voiced and neighboring sea. To his ear, these were not the voices of dead, but of living things. Demons rode the ocean like a weary steed, and the gigantic pines flapped their sounding wings to smite the spirit of the storm.

With this same baptism has the soul of the modern Scald been baptized. He dwells in that land, where the sound of

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* The *Bareshirt;* thus were called the descendants of the ancient Sea-king, Arngrim, who fought his foes without armour or weapon of any kind.

the sea and the midnight storm are the voices of tradition, and the great forests beckon to him, and in mournful accents seem to say, "Why hast thou tarried so long?" Those "ancestral voices" have not spoken in vain. In this spirit the poem has been written, and in this spirit it must be read. We must visit, in imagination at least, that distant land, and converse with the Genius of the place. It points us to the Past; to the great mounds, which are the tombs of kings. Their bones are within; skeletons of warriors mounted on the skeletons of their steeds; and Vikings sitting gaunt and grim on the plankless ribs of their pirate ships. There is a wooden statue in the Cathedral of Upsala. It is an image of the god Thor, who in Valhalla holds seven stars in his hand, and Charles's Wain.* In the village of Gamla Upsala there is an ancient church. It was once a temple, in which the gods of the old mythology were worshipped. — It points us also to the Present. In every mysterious sound that fills the air, the peasant still hears the trampling of Odin's steed, which many centuries ago took fright at the sound of a church bell. The memory of Balder is still preserved in the flower that bears his name, and Freja's spinning-wheel still glimmers in the stars of the constellation Orion. The sound of Strömkarl's flute is heard in tinkling brooks, and his song in waterfalls. In the forest, the Skogsfrun, of wondrous beauty, leads young men astray; and Tomtgubbe hammers and pounds away, all night long, at the peasant's unfinished cottage.

Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream. Anon you come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates,

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* "Thor Gudh war högsten aff them
Han satt naken som ett Barn
Sir stiernor i handen och Karlewagn."
Old Swedish Rhyme-Chronicle.

His statue is likewise naked as a child, but there are no stars.

which are opened for you by troops of flaxen-haired children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass. You sneeze, and they cry, God bless you. The houses in the villages and smaller cities are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir-boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons, — an heir-loom, — wherewith to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, and perhaps a little pine bark.* Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging around their necks in front, a leathern wallet, wherein they carry tobacco, and the great bank-note of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, travelling homeward or city-ward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and the soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road-side, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a great rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, thus representing an index of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On

* Speaking of Dalekarlia a Swedish writer says; "In the poorer parishes the inhabitants are forced, even in good years, to mingle some bark in their bread." *Ett År i Sverge*, p. 14. Of Elfdalen he says; "The people are poor; without bark-bread they could not live the year out. The traveller, who visits these regions, and sees by the road-side long rows of young pines stripped of their bark, in answer to his question, wherefore this is so, hears, and truly not without emotion, his postillion's reply; "To make bread for ourselves and for our children." p. 39.

some are armorial bearings ; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the Westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died ; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in ; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, How quietly they rest, all the departed! Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchisedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

We must describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the East, just as Olof Olofsson, our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the South. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of blue-bottles or corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind ; and finally the

happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous *kryddqvaster*, or nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber ; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits. Foremost rides the spokesman, (*Taleman*,) followed by some half dozen village musicians, all blowing and drumming and fifing away like mad. Then comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with meat and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribands and evergreens ; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a brave salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a *lomflask* or black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd ; provisions are brought from the wagon of the sumpter horse, and after eating and drinking and loud hurrahs, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce, that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you ?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer ; and to this the host replies, "Yes ; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome ; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale, and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre thereof, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music. In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red boddice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist ; and around her neck, strings of gilded beads, and a gilded chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair ; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart ! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich ; rich in

health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones; "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights, which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave." The dinner is now served up, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy are served up between the courses, and here and there a pipe smoked, while waiting for the next dish. There are likewise all kinds of cake and cheese; egg-cheese and toasted-cheese, and sweet-cheese and sour-cheese. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance (*den sista dansen*). The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her boddice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must we forget the sudden changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering Spring; unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; — no long and lingering Autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broad-cast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars

shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices and the sound of bells,

> "Jingling in a whistling wind as clear,
> And eke as loud, as doth the chapel bell."

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groom's-man come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls church-songs shall be sung, and sermons preached;

> "And all the bells on earth shall ring,
> And all the angels in heaven shall sing
> On Christmas day in the morning."

But for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yule-cake (*Julhögen*) crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. *A gens de village, trompette de bois!* They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy mid-summer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village

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* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice thus chanteth he; "Ho! watchman, ho! Twelve is the clock! God preserve our city from fire and brand and hostile hand! Twelve is the clock!" * From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

And all this while the good bishop of Wexiö is waiting with his poem in his hand. And such a poem, too! Alas! we are but too well aware that by a brief analysis and a few scattered extracts, we can give only a faint idea of the original, and that consequently the admiration of our readers will probably lag somewhat behind our own. If the poem itself

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* This is the Swedish watchman's song.

"Ho! Väcktare, ho!
Klockan är tolf slagen!
Gud bevare vår stad
Från eld och brand,
Från fiendens hand!
Klockan är tolf slagen!"

The poet Stagnelius alludes to this custom of blowing a horn when the clock strikes at night, in these lines:

"Klockan slår i tornet, hornet
repar opp dess hemska slag."
Samlade Skrifter. III. p. 290.

should ever fall into their hands, we hope that the foregoing remarks on Sweden, which now may seem to them a useless digression, will nevertheless enable them to enter more easily into the spirit of the poem, and to feel more truly the influences under which it was written. The German translation of Frau von Helvig is very spirited and faithful, and moreover preserves the measure of the original in each canto. We regret, that we cannot award the same praise to the English version now lying before us. "There are," says Göthe, "two maxims of translation; the one requires that the author of a foreign nation be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, his peculiarities." We recognise only one of these maxims of translation, — the last. The English translators of Frithiof (judging by the initials they are three in number) seem to recognise neither. In hardly a single instance has the measure of the original been preserved. Entire passages are introduced which do not belong to the poem; and others omitted which not only belong to it, but are essential to its beauty; and sometimes a single line, or even part of a line, is spread out into three or four.* In a word, the following note on a passage in Canto Eighteenth, will show upon what false principles this translation has been made. "Stanza 11, 'Bath so cold.' In the original these words (kalla bad) belong to the second stanza. Not having found it convenient to introduce them in the second stanza, I have done so in the eleventh." We are obliged, therefore, to make our own translations; and our aim will be to make them very literal. Probably this will be their sole merit. Let us now pass to the poem itself.

The first ballad describes the childhood and youth of Frithiof and Ingeborg the fair, as they grew up together under the humble roof of Hilding, their foster-father. They are two plants in the old man's garden; — a young oak, whose stem

* For example, in Canto Third, the half line "*det var, som han lekte med vågen,*" (it was as if he played with the wave,) is thus done into English;

"The billows rose and heaved the plank; no terror changed his eye,
Nor blanched his cheek of ruddy hue; can he thus death defy,
And fearlessly with danger play, as if the boiling wave
His accents knew, and must obey each mandate that he gave?" — p. 45.

is like a lance, and whose leafy top is rounded like a helm; and a rose, in whose folded buds the Spring still sleeps and dreams. But the storm comes, and the young oak must wrestle with it; the sun of Spring shines warm in heaven, and the red lips of the rose open. The sports of their childhood are described. They sail together on the deep blue sea; and when he shifts the sail, she claps her small white hands in glee. For her he plunders the highest birds-nests, and the eagle's eyry; and bears her through the rushing mountain brook, it is so sweet when the torrent roars, to be pressed by small white arms.

But childhood and the sports thereof soon pass away, and Frithiof becomes a mighty hunter. He fights the grisly bear without spear, or sword, and lays the conquered monarch of the forest at the feet of Ingeborg.* And when, by the light of the winter evening hearth, he reads the glorious Songs of Valhalla, no goddess, whose beauty is there celebrated, can compare with Ingeborg. Freya's golden hair may wave like a wheat-field in the wind, but Ingeborg's is a net of gold around roses and lilies. Iduna's bosom throbs full and fair beneath her silken vest, but beneath the silken vest of Ingeborg two Elves of Light leap up with rose-buds in their hands.† And she embroiders in gold and silver the wondrous deeds of heroes; and the face of every champion, that looks up at her from the woof she is weaving, is the face of Frithiof; and she blushes and is glad;—that is to say, they love each other a little. Ancient Hilding does not favor their passion, but tells his foster-son that the maiden is the daughter of King Bele, and he but the son of Thorsten Vickingsson, a thane; he should not aspire to the love of one who has descended in a long line of ancestors from the star-clear hall of Odin himself. Frithiof smiles in scorn, and replies that he has slain the shaggy king of the forest, and inherits his ancestors with his hide; and moreover that he will possess his bride, his "white lily," in spite of the very god of thunder; for a puissant wooer is the sword.

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* A lithographic sketch represents Frithiof bringing in a bear by the ears, and presenting it to Ingeborg; a delicate little attention on the part of the Scandinavian lover.

† In the Northern mythology, two kinds of Elves are mentioned; the Ljus Alfer, or Elves of Light, who were whiter than the Sun, and dwelt in Alfheim; and the Svart Alfer, or Elves of Darkness, who were blacker than pitch, and had their dwelling under the earth.

Thus closes the first fit. In the second, old King Belé stands leaning on his sword in his hall, and with him is his faithful brother in arms Thorston Vikingsson, the father of Frithiof, silver-haired, and scarred like a runic stone. The King complains that the evening of his days is drawing near, that the mead is no longer pleasant to his taste, and that his helmet weighs heavily upon his brow. He feels the approach of death. Therefore he summons to his presence his two sons, Helgé and Halfdan, and with them Frithiof, that he may give a warning to the young eagles, before the words slumber on the dead man's tongue. Foremost advances Helgé, a grim and gloomy figure, who loves to dwell among the priests and before the altars, and now comes, with blood upon his hands, from the groves of sacrifice. And next to him approaches Halfdan, a boy in locks of light, and so gentle in his mien and bearing, that he seems a maiden in disguise. And after these, wrapped in his mantle blue, and a head taller than either, comes Frithiof, and stands between the brothers, like mid-day between the rosy morning and the shadowy night. Then speaks the King, and tells the young eaglets that his sun is going down, and that they must rule his realm after him in harmony and brotherly love; that the sword was given for defence and not for offence; that the shield was forged as a padlock for the peasant's barn; — and that they should not glory in their fathers' honors, as each could bear his own only. If we cannot bend the bow, says he, it is not ours; what have we to do with worth, that is buried? The mighty stream goes into the sea with its own waves. These, and many other wise saws, fall from the old man's dying lips; and then Thorston Vikingsson, who means to die with his King, as he has lived with him, arises and addresses his son Frithiof. He tells him that old age has whispered many warnings in his ear, which he will repeat to him; for as the birds of Oden descend upon the sepulchres of the North, so words of manifold wisdom descend upon the lips of the old. Then follows much sage advice; — that he should serve his King, for one alone shall reign; the dark Night has many eyes, but the Day has only one; that he should not praise the day, until the sun had set, nor his beer until he had drunk it; that he should not trust to ice but one night old; nor snow in spring; nor a sleeping snake; nor the words of maiden on his knee. Then the old men speak together of their long-tried friendship; and the

King praises the valor and heroic strength of Frithiof, and Thorston has much to say of the glory which crowns the Kings of the North-land, the sons of the gods. Then the King speaks to his sons again, and bids them greet his daughter, — the rose-bud. In retirement, says he, as it behoved her, has she grown up ; protect her ; let not the storm come, and fix upon his helmet my delicate flower. And he bids them bury him and his ancient friend by the sea-side ; — by the billow blue, for its song is pleasant to the spirit evermore, and like a funeral dirge ring its blows against the strand.

And now King Belé and Thorston Vikingsson are gathered to their fathers ; Helgé and Halfdan share the throne between them, and Frithiof retires to his ancestral estate at Framnäs ; of which a description is given in the third ballad, conceived and executed in a truly Homeric spirit.

" Three miles extended around the fields of the homestead, on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean.
Birch woods crowned the tops of the hills, but over the sloping hill-sides
Sprang up the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field.
Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains,
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers
Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.
But in the valleys full widely around, there fed on the green-sward
Herds with sleek shining hides, and udders that long'd for the milk-pail.
Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast, countless number
Of white-woolled sheep as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,
Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in Spring time.
Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fetter'd storm-winds,
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder,
Their manes all knotted with red, their hoofs all white with steel shoes.
The banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timber'd of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred) *
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yule-tide.
Through the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel ; the columns twain of the High-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree ;
Oden † with lordly look, and Frey ‡ with the sun on his frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin, (the skin, it was coal-black,
Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver,)
Thorston sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Oft, when the moon among night clouds flew, related the old man
Wonders from far-distant lands, he had seen, and cruises of Vikings §

* " An old fashion of reckoning in the North."

† Oden, the All-father ; the Jupiter of Scandinavian Mythology.

‡ Frey, the god of Liberty ; the Bacchus of the North. He represents the sun, at the Winter Solstice.

§ The old pirates of the North were called Vikingar, Kings of the Gulf.

Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North sea.
Hush'd sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the gray-beard's
Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Skald was thinking of Braga,*
Where with silver beard, and runes on his tongue he is seated
Under the leafy beach, and tells a tradition by Mimer's †
Ever murmuring wave, himself a living tradition. [ever
Mid-way the floor, (with thatch was it strewn) burn'd the fire-flame for-
Glad on its stone-built hearth; and through the wide-mouthed smoke-flue
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall.
But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order
Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there among them
Downward lighten'd a sword, as in Winter evening a star shoots.
More than helmets, and swords, the shields in the hall did glisten,
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk of silver.
Ever and anon went a maid round the board, and filled up the drink-horns,
Ever cast she her eyes down and blush'd; in the shield too her image
Blush'd likewise even as she; this gladden'd the drinking champions.‡

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* Brage, the god of Song; the Scandinavian Apollo.

† Mimer, the god of Eloquence. He sat by the wave of Urda, the Destiny of the Past.

‡ "Tre mil sträckte sig kring den gårdens ägor på tre håll,
dalar och kullar och berg, men på fjerde sidan var hafvet.
Björkskog krönte de kullarnas topp, men på sluttande sidor
frodades gyllene korn och manshög vaggade rågen.
Sjöar, många i tal, sin spegel höllo för bergen,
höllo för skogarna opp, i hvars djup höghornade elgar
hade sin kungliga gång, och drucko af hundrade bäckar.
Men i dalarna vida omkring der bette i grönskan
hjordar med glänsande hull och med jufver som längta till stäfvan.
Mellan dem spriddes än hit och än dit en oräknelig skara
af hvitulliga får, som du ser hvitaktiga strömoln
flockvis spridda på himmelens hvalf, när det blåser om våren.
Springare två gånger tolf, bångstyriga, fjettrade vindar,
stampande stodo i spiltornas rad och tuggade vallhö,
manarna knutna med rödt och hofvarna blanka af jernskor.
Dryckessalen, ett hus för sig sjelf, var timrad af kärnfur.
Ej femhundrade män (till tio tolfter på hundrat) *
fyllde den rymliga sal, när de samlats att dricka om julen.
Genom salen, så lång som han var, gick bordet af stenek,
bonadt och blankt som af stål; högsätespelarne båda
stodo för ändan deraf, två Gudar skurna af almträd;
Oden med herrskareblick och Frej med solen på hatten.
Nyss emellan de två på sin björnhud (huden var kolsvart,
gapet skarlakansrödt, men klorna skodda med silfver)
Thorsten bland vännerna satt, som gästfriheten bland glädjen.
Ofta, när månen bland skyarna flög, förtalde den gamle
under från främmande land, dem han sett, och vikingafärder
fjerran i Östervåg och i Vestersaltet och Gandvik.
Tyst satt lyssnande lag och dess blickar hängde vid gubbens
läppar, som biet vid sin ros; men skalden tänkte på Brage,
när med sitt silfverskägg och med runor på tungan han sitter
under den lummiga bok och förtäljer en saga vid Mimers
evigt sorlande våg, han sjelf en lefvande saga.

* Ett gammalt räknesätt i Norden.

Among the treasures of Frithiof's house are three of transcendent worth. The first of these is the sword Angurvadel, brother of the lightning, handed down from generation to generation, since the days of Björn Blåtand, the Blue-tooth'd Bear. The hilt thereof was of beaten gold, and on the blade were wondrous runes, known only at the gates of the sun. In peace these runes were dull, but in time of war they burned red as the comb of a cock when he fights; and lost was he, who in the night of slaughter met the sword of the flaming runes.

The second in price is an arm-ring of pure gold made by Vaulund, the limping Vulcan of the North; and containing upon its border the signs of the zodiac, — the Houses of the Twelve Immortals. This ring had been handed down in the family of Frithiof from the days when it came from the hands of Vaulund, the founder of the race. It was once stolen and carried to England by Viking Soté, who there buried himself alive in a vast tomb, and with him his pirate-ship and all his treasures. King Belé and Thorston pursue him, and through a crevice of the door look into the tomb, where they behold the ship, with anchor, and masts, and spars; and on the deck, a fearful figure, clad in a mantle of flame, sits gloomily scouring a blood-stained sword; though the stains, "the red death-signature of the destroying angel," cannot be scoured off. The ring is upon his arm. Thorston bursts the doors of the great tomb asunder with his lance, and entering, does battle with the grim spirit, and bears home the ring as a trophy of his victory.*

The third great treasure of the house of Frithiof is the dragon-ship Ellida. It was given to one of Frithiof's ances-

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Midt på golfvet (med halm var det strödt) brann lågan beständigt,
gladt på sin murade häll; och igenom det luftiga rökfång
blickade stjernorna in, de himmelska vänner, i salen.
Men kring väggen, på naglar af stål, der hängde det radvis
brynja och hjelm vid hvarann, och här och der dem emellan
blixtrade neder ett svärd, som i vinterqvällen ett stjernskott.
Mera än hjelmar och svärd dock sköldarne lyste, i salen,
blanka som solens rund, eller månans skifva, af silfver.
Gick der stundom en mö kring bordet och fyllde hornen,
slog hon ögonen ned och rodnade: bilden i skölden
rodnade äfven som hon: det gladde de drickande kämpar."
— pp. 17–20.

* Not unlike the old tradition of the Brazen Ring of Gyges; which was found on a dead man's finger in the flank of a brazen horse, deep buried in a chasm of the earth.

tors by a Sea-god, whom this ancestor saved from drowning, somewhat as Saint Christopher did the angel. The ancient mariner was homeward bound, when, at a distance on the wreck of a ship, he espied an old-man, with sea-green locks, a beard white as the foam of waves, and a face, which smiled like the sea, when it plays in sunshine. Viking takes this old man of the sea home with him, and entertains him in hospitable guise ; but at bed-time the green-haired guest, instead of going quietly to his rest like a christian man, sets sail again on his wreck, like a hobgoblin, having, as he says, a hundred miles to go that night, at the same time telling the Viking to look the next morning on the sea-shore for a gift of thanks. And the next morning, behold ! the dragon-ship Ellida comes sailing up the harbour, like a Phantom Ship, with all her sails set, and not a man on board. Her prow is a dragon's head, with jaws of gold ; her stern, a dragon's tail, twisted and scaly with silver ; her wings black, tipped with red ; and when she spreads them all, she flies a race with the sousing storm, and the eagle is left behind.

These were Frithiof's treasures, renowned in the North ; and thus in his hall, with Björn his bosom friend, he sat, surrounded by his champions twelve, with breasts of steel and furrowed brows, the comrades of his father, and all the guests that had gathered together to pay the funeral rites to Thorston the Son of Viking. And Frithiof, with eyes full of tears, drank to his father's memory, and heard the song of the Scalds, a dirge of thunder.

Frithiof's Courtship is the title of the fourth Canto.

"High sounded the song in Frithiof's hall,
And the Scalds they praised his fathers all
But the song rejoices
Not Frithiof, he hears not the Scalds' loud voices.

And the earth has clad itself green again,
And the dragons swim once more on the main,
But the hero's son
He wanders in woods, and looks at the moon." *

* "Väl klingar sången i Frithiofs sal,
och skalderna prisa hans ättartal.
Men sången gläder
ej Frithiof, han hör ej hvad skalden qväder.

Och jorden har åter klädt sig grön,
och drakarna simma igen på sjön.
Men hjeltesonen
han vandrar i skogen och ser på månen." — p. 30.

He had lately made a banquet for Helgé and Halfdan, and sat beside Ingeborg, the fair, and spoke with her of those early days when the dew of morning still lay upon life; of the reminiscences of childhood; their names carved in the birch-tree's bark; the well-known vale and woodland, and the hill where the great oaks grew from the dust of heroes. And now the banquet closes, and Frithiof remains at his home-stead to pass his days in idleness and dreams. But this strange mood pleases not his friend the Bear.

"It pleased not Björn these things to see,
'What ails the young eagle now,' said he,
'So still, so oppress'd?
Have they plucked his wings; — have they pierced his breast?

What wilt thou? Have we not more than we need
Of the yellow lard and the nut-brown mead?
And of Scalds a throng?
There 's never an end to their ballads long.

True enough, that the coursers stamp in their stall,
For prey, for prey, scream the falcons all.
But Frithiof only
Hunts in the clouds, and weeps so lonely.'

* * * * *

Then Frithiof set the dragon free,
And the sails swell'd full, and snorted the sea.
Right over the bay
To the sons of the King he steer'd his way." *

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* "Det väsen behagade icke Björn,
Han sade: 'hvad fattas vår unga örn,
så tyst, så sluten?
Är bröstet träffadt, är vingen skjuten?

Hvad vill du? Ha vi ej i öfverflöd,
det gula fläsk och det bruna mjöd?
Och skalder många?
det tar aldrig slut på de visor långa.

Sant nog att gångaren stampar i spilt,
på rof, på rof skriker falken vildt.
Men Frithiof jagar
i molnen allena, och tärs och klagar.'

* * * * *

Då släppte Frithiof sin drake lös,
och seglet svällde och vågen fnös.
Rakt öfver fjärden
till kungens söner han styrde färden." — pp. 32, 33.

He finds them at the grave of their father, King Belé, giving audience to the people, and promulgating laws, and he boldly asks the hand of their sister Ingeborg, this alliance being in accordance with the wishes of King Belé. To this proposition Helgé answers, in scorn, that his sister's hand is not for the son of a thane; that he needs not the sword of Frithiof to protect his throne, but if he will be his serf, there is a place vacant among the house-folk, which he can fill. Indignant at this reply, Frithiof draws his sword of the flaming runes, and at one blow cleaves in twain the golden shield of Helgé, as it hangs on a tree, and turning away, in disdain, departs over the blue sea homeward.

In the next Canto the scene changes. Old King Ring pushes back his golden chair from the table, and arises to speak to his heroes and Scalds, —old King Ring, a monarch renowned in the North, beloved by all, as a father to the land he governs, and whose name each night goes up to Odin with the prayers of his people. He announces to them his intention of taking to himself a new queen, as a mother to his infant son, and tells them he has fixed his choice upon Ingeborg, "the lily small, with the blush of morn on her cheeks." Messengers are forthwith sent to Helgé and Halfdan, bearing golden gifts, and attended by a long train of Scalds, who sing heroic ballads to the sound of their harps. Three days and three nights they revel at the court; and on the fourth morning receive from Helgé a solemn refusal and from Halfdan a taunt, that King Greybeard should ride forth in person to seek his bride. Old King Ring is wroth at the reply, and straightway prepares to avenge his wounded pride with his sword. He smites his shield as it hangs on the bough of the high linden tree, and the dragons swim forth on the waves, with blood-red combs, and the helms nod in the wind. The sound of the approaching war reaches the ears of the royal brothers, and they place their sister for protection in the temple of Balder.*

In the next Canto, which is the sixth, Frithiof and Björn are playing chess together, when old Hilding comes in, bringing the prayer of Helgé and Halfdan, that Frithiof would aid them in the war against King Ring. Frithiof instead of answering the old man, continues his game, making allusions,

* Balder, the Son of Odin; — the Apollo of the Northern Mythology.

as it goes on, to the King's being saved by a peasant or pawn, and the necessity of rescuing the queen at all hazards. Finally, he tells the ancient Hilding to return to Belé's sons and tell them, that they have wounded his honor, that no ties unite them together, and that he will never be their bondsman. So closes this short and very spirited ballad.

The seventh Canto describes the meeting of Frithiof and Ingeborg in Balder's temple, when silently the high stars stole forth, like a lover to his maid, on tip-toe. Here all passionate vows are retold; he swears to protect her with his sword, while here on earth, and to sit by her side hereafter in Valhalla, when the champions ride forth to battle from the silver gates, and maidens bear round the mead-horn, mantled with golden foam. The parting of the lovers at day-break resembles the parting of Romeo and Juliet in Shakspeare. This is the only trace of imitation we have discovered in the whole poem. "Hark! 't is the lark," says Ingeborg;

> "Hark! 't is the lark! O no, a dove
> Murmured his true-love in the grove." *

And again, farther on;

> "See, the day dawns! No, 't is the flame
> Of some bright watch-fire in the east." †

The eighth Canto commences in this wise. Ingeborg sits in Balder's temple, and waits the coming of Frithiof, till the stars fade away in the morning sky. At length he arrives, wild and haggard. He comes from the Ting, or council, where he has offered his hand in reconciliation to King Helgé, and again asked of him his sister in marriage, before the assembly of the warriors. A thousand swords hammered applause upon a thousand shields, and the ancient Hilding with his silver beard stepped forth and *held a talk*‡ full of wisdom, in short, pithy language, that sounded like the blows of a sword. But all in vain. King Helgé says him nay, and brings against him an accusation of having profaned the temple of Balder, by daring to visit Ingeborg there.§ Death or

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* "Tyst, det är lärken." Nej, en dufva
i skogen kuttrar om sin tro.

† "Se dagen gryr." Nej, det är flamman
af någon vårdkas österut.

‡ Höll et tal.

§ The temple of Balder was a sanctuary where male and female were forbidden to hold interviews together. *Engi vidskipti skyldu karlar vid konur ega thar;* says the old Icelandic Saga; — No meeting should men hold there with women.

banishment is the penalty of the law; but, instead of being sentenced to the usual punishment, Frithiof is ordered to sail to the Orkney Islands, in order to force from Jarl Argantyr the payment of an annual tribute, which since Belé's death he had neglected to pay. All this does Frithiof relate to Ingeborg, and urges her to escape with him to the lands of the South, where the sky is clearer, and the mild stars shall look down with friendly glance upon them, through the warm summer nights. By the light of the winter evening's fire, old Thorston Vikingsson had told them tales of the Isles of Greece, with their green groves and shining billows; — where, amid the ruins of marble temples, flowers grow from the runes, that utter forth the wisdom of the past, and golden apples glow amid the leaves, and red grapes hang from every twig. All is prepared for their flight; already Ellida spreads her shadowy eagle-wings; but Ingeborg refuses to escape. King Belé's daughter will not deign to steal her happiness. In a most beautiful and passionate appeal, she soothes her lover's wounded pride, and at length he resolves to undertake the expedition to Jarl Argantyr. He gives her the golden arm-ring of Vaulunder, and they part, she with mournful forebodings, and he with ardent hope of ultimate success. This canto of the poem is a dramatic sketch, in blank verse. It is highly wrought up, and full of poetic beauties.

"Ingeborg's Lament," is the subject of the ninth ballad. She sits by the sea-side, and watches the westward-moving sail, and speaks to the billows blue, and the stars, and to Frithiof's falcon, that sits upon her shoulder, — the gallant bird whose image she has worked into her embroidery, with wings of silver and golden claws. She tells him to greet again and again her Frithiof, when he returns and weeps by her grave. The whole ballad is full of grace and beauty.

And now follows the ballad of "Frithiof at Sea"; one of the most spirited and characteristic cantos of the poem. The versification, likewise, is managed with great skill; each strophe consisting of three several parts, each in its respective metre. King Helgé stands by the seashore, and prays to the fiends for a tempest; and soon Frithiof hears the wings of the storm, flapping in the distance, and, as wind-cold Ham and snowy Heid beat against the flanks of his ship, thus singeth he;

"Fairer was the journey,
In the moonbeam's shimmer,
O'er the mirrored waters
Unto Balder's grove.
Warmer than it here is,
Close by Ingeborg's bosom; —
Whiter than the sea-foam,
Swell'd the maiden's breast." *

But the tempest waxes sore: — it screams in the shrouds, and cracks in the keel, and the dragon-ship leaps from wave to wave like a goat from cliff to cliff. Frithiof fears, that witchcraft is at work; and calling Björn, he bids him gripe the tiller with his bear-paw, while he climbs the mast to look out upon the sea. From aloft, he sees the two fiends, riding on a whale; Heid with snowy skin, and in shape, like a white bear, — Ham with outspread, sounding wings, like the eagle of the storm. A battle with these sea-monsters ensues. Ellida heard the hero's voice, and with her copper keel smote the whale, so that he died; and the whale-riders learned how bitter it was to bite blue steel, being transfixed with Northern spears, hurled from a hero's hand. And thus the storm was stilled, and Frithiof reached at length the shores of Argantyr.

In the eleventh Canto, Jarl Argantyr sits in his ancestral hall, carousing with his friends. In merry mood, he looks forth upon the sea, where the sun is sinking into the waves like a golden swan. At the window the ancient Halvar stands sentinel, watchful alike of things within doors and without; for ever and anon he drains the mead-horn to the bottom, and uttering never a word thrusts the empty horn in at the window, to be filled up anew. At length he announces the arrival of a tempest-tost ship; and Jarl Argantyr looks forth, and recognises the dragon-ship Ellida, and Frithiof, the son of his friend. No sooner had he made this known to his followers, than the Viking Atle springs up from his seat and screams aloud;

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* "Skönare var färden
uti månans skimmer
öfver spegelvågor
hän mot Balders lund.
Varmare än här är,
var vid Ingborgs hjerta,
hvitare än hafsskum
svällde hennes barm."

"Now will I test the truth of the tale, that Frithiof can blunt the edge of hostile sword, and never begs for quarter." Accordingly he and twelve other champions seize their arms, and rush down to the seashore to welcome the stranger with warlike sword-play. A single combat ensues between Frithiof and Atle. Both shields are cleft in twain at once; Angurvadel bites full sharp, and Atle's sword is broken. Frithiof, disdaining an unequal contest, throws his own away, and the combatants wrestle together unarmed. Atle falls; and Frithiof, as he plants his knee upon his breast, tells him, that, if he had his sword, he should feel its sharp edge and die. The haughty Atle bids him go and recover his sword, promising to lie still and await his death, which promise he fulfils. Frithiof seizes Angurvadel, and when he returns to smite the prostrate Viking, he is so moved by his courage and magnanimity, that he stays the blow, seizes the hand of the fallen, and they return together as friends to the banquet hall of Argantyr. This hall is adorned with more than wonted splendor. Its walls are not wainscoted with roughhewn planks, but covered with gold-leather, stamped with flowers and fruits. No hearth glows in the centre of the floor, but a marble fireplace leans against the wall. There is glass in the windows, and locks on the doors; and instead of torches, silver chandeliers stretch forth their arms with lights over the banquet-table, whereon is a hart roasted whole, with larded haunches, and gilded hoofs lifted as if to leap, and green leaves on its branching antlers. Behind each warrior's seat, stands a maiden, like a star behind a stormy cloud. And high, on his royal chair of silver, with helmet shining like the sun, and breastplate inwrought with gold, and mantle star-spangled, and trimmed with purple and ermine, sits the Viking Argantyr, Jarl of the Orkney Isles. With friendly salutations he welcomes the son of Thorston, and in a goblet of Sicilian wine, foaming like the sea, drinks to the memory of the departed; while Scalds, from the hills of Morven, sing heroic songs. Frithiof relates to him his adventures at sea, and makes known the object of his mission; whereupon Argantyr declares that he was never tributary to King Belé, that although he pledged him in the wine cup, he was not subject to his laws; that his sons he knew not; but that if they wished to levy tribute, they must do it with the sword, like men. And then he bids his daughter bring from her chamber a richly

embroidered purse, which he fills with golden coins, of foreign mint, and gives it to Frithiof, as a pledge of welcome and hospitality. And Frithiof remains his guest till spring.

In the twelfth Canto we have a description of Frithiof's return to his native land. He finds his homestead at Framnäs laid waste by fire; house, fields, and ancestral forests, are all burnt over. As he stands amid the ruins, his falcon perches on his shoulder, his dog leaps to welcome him, and his snow-white steed comes with limbs like a hind, and neck like a swan. He will have bread from his master's hands. At length old Hilding appears from among the ruins, and tells a mournful tale; how a bloody battle had been fought between King Ring and Helgé; how Helgé and his host had been routed, and in their flight through Framnäs, from sheer malice, had laid waste the lands of Frithiof; and finally how, to save their crown and kingdom, the brothers had given Ingeborg to be the bride of King Ring. He describes the bridal, as the train went up to the temple, with virgins in white, and men with swords, and Scalds, and the pale bride seated on a black steed, like a spirit on a cloud. At the altar the fierce Helgé had torn the bracelet, the gift of Frithiof, from Ingeborg's arm, and adorned with it the image of Balder. And Frithiof remembers that it is now mid-summer, and festival time in Balder's temple. Thither he directs his steps.

Canto thirteenth. The sun stands, at midnight, blood-red on the mountains of the North. It is not day, it is not night, but something between the two. The fire blazes on the altar in the temple of Balder. Priests, with silver beards, and knives of flint in their hands, stand there, and King Helgé with his crown. A sound of arms is heard in the sacred grove without, and a voice, commanding Björn to guard the door. Then Frithiof rushes in, like a storm in autumn. Here is your tribute from the western seas, he cries; take it; and then be there a battle for life and death, between us twain, here by the light of Balder's altar; — shields behind us, and bosoms bare; — and the first blow be thine, as King; but forget not that mine is the second. Look not thus toward the door; I have caught the fox in his den. Think of Framnäs, think of thy sister with golden locks! With these words he draws from his girdle the purse of Argantyr, and throws it into the face of the King with such force, that the blood gushes from his mouth, and he falls senseless at the foot of the altar.

Frithiof then seizes the bracelet on Balder's arm, and in trying to draw it off, he pulls the wooden statue from its base, and it falls into the flames of the altar. In a moment the whole temple is in a blaze. All attempts to extinguish the conflagration are vain. The fire is victorious. Like a red bird the flame sits upon the roof, and flaps its loosened wings. Mighty was the Funeral Pyre of Balder.

The fourteenth Canto is entitled "Frithiof in Exile." The metre which is here adopted, we think unfortunate. It is the same used in Skelton's "Boke of Philip Sparow," and in the various Abstracts of the Months, which serve as prologues to Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Frithiof sits at night on the deck of his ship, and chants a song of welcome to the sea, which, as a Viking, he vows to make his home in life, and his grave in death. Thou knowest nought, he sings, thou Ocean free, of a King who oppresses thee at his own wild will.

"Din Kung är den	Thy King is he
bland frie män,	Among the free,
som aldrig skälfver,	Who trembles never,
hur högt du hvälfver	How high soever
i retad harm	Heaves in unrest
hvitskummig barm.	Thy foam-white breast.
De blåa fälten	Blue fields like these
förnöja hjelten.	The hero please.
Han kölar gå	His keels go thorough
som plog derpå,	Like a plough in the furrough,
men stålblankt är	But steel-bright are
utsädet der.	The seeds sown there."

He turns his prow from shore, and is putting to sea, when King Helgé, with ten ships, comes sailing out to attack him. But anon the ships sink down into the sea, as if drawn downward by invisible hands, and Helgé saves himself by swimming ashore. Then Björn laughed aloud, and told how, the night before, he had bored holes in the bottom of each of Helgé's ships. But the King now stood on a cliff, and bent his mighty bow of steel against the rock with such force that it snapped in twain. And Frithiof jeering cried, that it was rust that had broken the bow, not Helgé's strength; and to show what nerve there was in a hero's arm, he seized two pines, large enough for the masts of ships, but shaped into oars, and rowed with such marvellous strength, that the two

pines snapped in his hands like reeds. And now uprose the sun, and the land-breeze blew off shore, and bidding his native land farewell, Frithiof the Viking sailed forth to scour the seas.

The fifteenth Canto contains the Viking's Code, the laws of the pirate ship. "No tent upon deck, no slumber in house; but the shield must be the Viking's couch, and his tent the blue sky overhead. The hammer of victorious Thor is short, and the sword of Frey but an ell in length; and the warrior's steel is never too short, if he goes near enough to the foe. Hoist high the sail, when the wild storm blows; 't is merry in stormy seas; onward and ever onward; he is a coward who strikes; rather sink than strike. There shall be neither maiden, nor drunken revelry on board. The freighted merchantman shall be protected, but must not refuse his tribute to the Viking; for the Viking is king of the waves, and the merchant a slave to gain, and the steel of the brave is as good as the gold of the rich. The plunder shall be divided on deck, by lot and the throwing of dice; but in this the sea-king takes no share; glory is his prize; he wants none other. They shall be valiant in fight, and merciful to the conquered; for he who begs for quarter has no longer a sword, is no man's foe; and Prayer is a child of Valhalla, — they must listen to the voice of the pale one." — With such laws, sailed the Viking over the foaming sea, for three weary years, and came at length to the Isles of Greece, which in days of yore his father had so oft described to him, and whither he had wished to flee with Ingeborg. And thus the forms of the absent and the dead rose up before him; and seemed to beckon him to his home in the North. He is weary of sea-fights, and of hewing men in twain, and of the glory of battle. The flag at the mast-head pointed northward; there lay the beloved land; he resolved to follow the course of the winds of heaven, and steer back again to the North.

Canto sixteenth is a dialogue between Frithiof and his friend Björn, in which the latter gentleman exhibits some of the rude and uncivilized tastes of his name-sake, Bruin the Bear. They have again reached the shores of their fatherland. Winter is approaching. The sea begins to freeze around their keel. Frithiof is weary of a Viking's life. He wishes to pass the Jule-tide on land, and to visit King Ring, and his bride of the golden locks, his beloved Ingeborg. Björn, dreaming all

the while of bloody exploits, offers himself as a companion, and talks of firing the King's palace at night, and bearing off the queen by force. Or if his friend deems the old King worthy of a *holmgång*,* or of a battle on the ice, he is ready for either. But Frithiof tells him, that only gentle thoughts now fill his bosom. He wishes only to take a last farewell of Ingeborg. These delicate feelings cannot penetrate the hirsute breast of Bruin. He knows not what this love may be; —this sighing and sorrow for a maiden's sake. The world, he says, is full of maidens; and he offers to bring Frithiof a whole ship-load from the glowing south, all red as roses and gentle as lambs. But Frithiof will not stay. He resolves to go to King Ring; but not alone, for his sword goes with him.

The seventeenth Canto relates, how King Ring sat in his banquet hall at Jule-tide, and drank mead. At his side sat Ingeborg his queen, like spring by the side of autumn. And an old man, and unknown, all wrapped in skins, entered the hall, and humbly took his seat near the door. And the courtiers looked at each other with scornful smiles, and pointed with the finger at the hoary bear-skin man. At this, the stranger waxed angry, and seizing with one hand a young coxcomb, he "twirled him up and down." The rest grew silent; he would have done the same with them. "Who breaks the peace?" quoth the King. "Tell us who thou art, and whence, old man." And the old man answered,

"In Anguish was I nurtured, Want is my homestead hight,
Now come I from the Wolf's den, I slept with him last night."†

"Once on a dragon's back I rode; strong wings had he, and flew with might. But now he lies wrecked and frozen on the strand, and I am grown old and burn salt by the seashore." But King Ring is not so easily duped, and bids the stranger lay aside his disguise. And straight the shaggy bear-skin fell from the head of the unknown guest, and down from his lofty forehead, over his shoulders broad and full, floated

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* A duel between the Vikings of the North was called a *holmgång*, because the two combatants met on an island to decide their quarrel. Fierce battles were likewise fought by armies on the ice; the frozen bays and lakes of a mountainous country being oftentimes the only plains large enough for battle-fields,

† "I Ånger är jag uppfödd, min arfgård heter Brist,
hit kom jag ifrån Ulfven, hos honom lag jag sist."

his shining ringlets, like a wave of gold. Frithiof stood before them, in a rich mantle of blue velvet, with a hand-broad silver belt around his waist; and the color came and went in the cheek of the queen, like the Northern light on fields of snow,

> "And as two water-lilies, beneath the tempest's might,
> Lie heaving on the billow, so heav'd her bosom white."*

And now a horn blew in the hall, and kneeling on a silver dish, with haunch and shoulder hung "with garlands gay and rosemary," and holding an apple in his mouth, the wild-boar was brought in.†

And King Ring rose up in his hoary locks, and laying his hand upon the boar's head, swore an oath that he would conquer Frithiof, the great champion, so help him Frej and Oden, and the mighty Thor. With a disdainful smile, Frithiof threw his sword upon the table, so that the hall echoed to the clang, and every warrior sprang up from his seat, and turning to the King he said; "Young Frithiof is my friend; I know him well; and I swear to protect him, were it against the world; so help me Destiny and my good sword." The King was pleased at this great freedom of speech, and invited the stranger to remain their guest till spring; bidding Ingeborg fill a goblet with the choicest wine for the stranger. With downcast eyes and trembling hand, she presented Frithiof a goblet, which two men, as men are now, could not have drained, but he, in honor of his lady-love, quaffed it at a single draught. And then the Scald took his harp, and sang the song of Hagbart and fair Signe, the Romeo and Juliet of the North. And thus the Jule-carouse (*Julerus*) was prolonged far into the night, and the old fellows drank deep, till at length,

> "They all to sleep departed, withouten pain or care,
> But old King Ring, the grey-beard, slept with Ingeborg the fair."‡

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* "Som tvenne vattenliljor inunder stormens larm
stå gungande på vågen, så häfdes hennes barm."

† The old English custom of the Boar's Head at Christmas, dates from a far antiquity. It was in use at the festivals of Jule-tide among the pagan Northmen. The words of Chaucer in the Franklein's Tale, will apply to the old hero of the North;

> "And he drinketh of his bugle horn the wine,
> Before him standeth the brawne of the tusked swine."

‡ "Gick sedan bort att sofva förutan harm och sorg,
men konung Ring den gamle sof hos skönga Ingeborg."

The next Canto describes a sleigh-ride on the ice. It has a cold breath about it. The short, sharp stanzas are like the angry gusts of a northwester.

"King Ring with his queen to the banquet did fare,
On the lake stood the ice so mirror-clear.

'Fare not o'er the ice,' the stranger cries;
'It will burst, and full deep the cold bath lies.'

'The King drowns not easily,' Ring out-spake;
'He who's afraid may go round the lake.'

Threat'ning and dark look'd the stranger round,
His steel-shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

The sleigh-horse starts forth strong and free;
He snorteth flames, so glad is he.

'Strike out,' scream'd the King, 'my trotter good,
Let us see if thou art of Sleipner's * blood.'

They go as a storm goes over the lake,
No heed to his queen doth the old man take.

But the steel-shod champion standeth not still,
He passeth by them as swift as he will.

He carves many a rune in the frozen tide,
Fair Ingeborg o'er her own name doth glide." †

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* The steed of Odin.

† "Kung Ring med sin drottning till gästebud far,
på sjön står isen så spegelklar.

'Far ej öfver isen,' den främling sad':
'han brister, för djupt är det kalla bad.' —

'Kung drunknar icke så lätt,' sad' Ring,
'den som är rädd, kan gå sjön omkring.'

Den främling blickar så mörk med hot,
han spänner stålsko i hast på fot.

Slädtrafvarn sätter med makt åstad,
han frustar lågor, han är så glad.

'Sträck ut,' skrek kungen, 'min trafvare god,
låt se om du är af Sleipners ‡ blod!'

Det går, som stormen går öfver sjön,
den gamle ej aktar sin drottnings bön.

Men stålskodd kämpe står heller ej still,
han far dem förbi så snart han vill.

Han ritar mång runa i isens famn,
skön Ingeborg åker öfver sitt namn." — p. 130.

‡ Odens häst.

Thus they speed away over the ice, but beneath them the treacherous Ran * lies in ambush. She breaks a hole in her silver roof, the sleigh is sinking, and fair Ingeborg is pale with fear, when the stranger on his skates comes sweeping by like a whirlwind. He seizes the steed by his mane, and at a single pull, places the sleigh upon firm ice again. They return together to the King's palace, where the stranger, who is none else than Frithiof, remains a guest till spring.

The nineteenth Canto is entitled Frithiof's Temptation. It is as follows.

"Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosen'd torrents downward singing to the ocean run;
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport;
Swarming in its gorgeous splendor is assembled all the court;
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
And with hoods upon their eye-lids, falcons scream aloud for prey.

See, the Queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not on the sight!
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white.
Half of Freya,† half of Rota,‡ yet more beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

* * * * *

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah! over hill and dale!
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,
But with spear outstretch'd before her, after them Valkyrian§ comes." ||

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* A giantess holding dominion over the waters.

† The Goddess of Love and Beauty.

‡ One of the Valkyries.

§ The Valkyries are celestial virgins, who bear off the souls of the slain in battle.

|| "Våren kommer: fåglen qvittrar, skogen löfvas, solen ler,
och de lösta floder dansa sjungande mot hafvet ner.
Glödande som Frejas kinder tittar rosen ur sin knopp,
och i menskans hjerta vakna lefnadslust och mod och hopp.

Då vill gamle kungen jaga, drottningen skall med på jagt,
och det hela hof församlas hvimlande i brokig prakt.
Bågar klinga, koger skramla, hingstar skrapa mark med hof,
och med kappor öfver ögat skrika falkarna på rof.

Se, der kommer jagtens drottning! Arma Frithiof, se ej dit!
Som en stjerna på en vårsky sitter hon på gångar hvit.
Hälften Freja, hälften Rota, skönare än begge två,
och från lätta purpurhatten vaja högt de fjädrar blå.

* * * * *

Nu är jägarskaran färdig. Hejsan! öfver berg och dal!
Hornet smattrar, falken stiger lodrätt emot Odens sal.
Skogens åbor fly med ångest, söka sina kulors hem,
men med spjutet sträckt framför sig är Valkyrian efter dem."

— pp. 132, 133.

The old King cannot keep pace with the chase. Frithiof rides beside him, silent and sad. Gloomy musings rise within him, and he hears continually the mournful voices of his own dark thoughts. Why had he left the ocean, where all care is blown away by the winds of heaven? Here he wanders amid dreams and secret longings. He cannot forget Balder's grove. But the grim gods are no longer friendly. They have taken his rose-bud, and placed it on the breast of winter, whose chill breath covers bud, and leaf, and stalk with ice. And thus they came to a lonely valley shut in by mountains, and overshadowed by beeches and alders. Here the King alighted; the quiet of the place invited to slumber.

" Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,
And the ancient King so trustful laid on Frithiof's knee his head;
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth after war's alarms
On his shield, calm as an infant sleepeth in its mother's arms.

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird upon the bough,
'Hasten Frithiof, slay the old man, close your quarrel at a blow,
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave,
Now no human eye beholds thee, deep and silent is the grave.'

Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough;
'Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee now.
Coward, wilt thou murder sleep! and a defenceless old man slay?
Whate'er thou winn'st, thou cann'st not win a hero's fame this way.'

Thus the two wood-birds did warble; Frithiof took his war-sword good,
With a shudder hurl'd it from him, far into the gloomy wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand,* but on light unfolded wings,
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun, upsprings.

Straight the ancient King awakens. 'Sweet has been my sleep,' he said;
'Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he?
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be?'

'It avails not,' Frithiof answer'd; 'in the North are other swords,
Sharp, O monarch, is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words,
Murky spirits dwell in steel-blades, spirits from the Niffelhem,
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.' " †

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* The Strand of corpses; a region in the Niffelhem, or Scandinavian Hell.

† " Då tog Frithiof af sin mantel, bredde den på marken hän,
och den gamle kungen lade tryggt sitt hufvud på hans knän;
somnade så lugnt som hjelten somnar efter stridens larm
på sin sköld, så lugnt som barnet somnar på sin moders arm.

To this the old King replies, that he has not been asleep, but has feigned sleep, merely to put Frithiof, — for he has long recognised the hero in his guest, — to the trial. He then upbraids him for having come to his palace in disguise, to steal his queen away; he had expected the coming of a warrior with an army; he beheld only a beggar in tatters. But now he had proved him, and forgiven; had pitied and forgotten. He is soon to be gathered to his fathers. Frithiof shall take his queen and kingdom after him. Till then he shall remain his guest, and thus their feud shall have an end. But Frithiof answers, that he came not as a thief to steal away the queen, but only to gaze upon her face once more. He will remain no longer. The vengeance of the offended gods hangs over him. He is an outlaw. On the green earth he seeks no more for peace; for the earth burns beneath his feet, and the trees lend him no shadow. Therefore, he cries, away to sea again. Away, my dragon brave, to bathe again thy pitch-black breast in the briny wave! Flap thy white wings in the clouds, and cut the billow with a whistling sound; fly, fly, as far as the bright stars guide thee, and the subject billows bear. Let me hear the lightning's voice again; and on the open sea, in battle, amid clang of shields and

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Som han slumrar, hör! då sjunger kolsvart fågel ifrån qvist:
'skynda, Frithiof, dräp den gamle, sluta på en gång er tvist.
Tag hans drottning, dig tillhör hon, dig har hon som brudgum kysst,
intet mensklig öga ser dig, och den djupa graf är tyst.' —

Frithiof lyssnar: hör! då sjunger snöhvit fågel ifrån qvist:
'ser dig intet mensklig öga, Odens öga ser dig visst.
Niding, vill du mörda sömnen? vill du värnlös gubbe slå?
Hvad du vinner, hjelterykte vinner du dock ej derpå.' —

Så de begge fåglar sjöngo; men sitt slagsvärd Frithiof tog,
slängde det med fasa från sig fjerran i den mörka skog.
Kolsvart fågel flyr till Nastrand, men på lätta vingars par,
som en harpoton den andra klingande mot solen far.

Strax är gamle kungen vaken. 'Mycket var den sömn mig värd,
ljufligt sofver man i skuggan, skyddad af den tappres svärd.
Dock, hvar är ditt svärd, o främling? blixtens broder, hvar är han?
Hvem har skilt Er, J som aldrig skulle skiljas från hvarann?' —

'Lika mycket,' Frithiof sade; 'svärd jag finner nog i Nord;
skarp är svärdets tunga, konung, talar icke fridens ord.
Mörka andar bo i stålet, andar ifrån Niffelhem,
sömnen är ej säker för dem, silfverlockar reta dem.'"

— pp. 135, 136.

arrowy rain, let me die, and go up to the dwelling of the gods.

In the twentieth Canto the death of King Ring is described. The sunshine of a pleasant spring morning plays in the palace hall, when Frithiof enters to bid his royal friends a last farewell. With them he bids his native land good night.

"No more shall I see
In its upward motion
The smoke of the Northland. Man is a slave;
The Fates decree.
On the waste of the ocean
There is my father-land, there is my grave.

Go not to the strand,
Ring, with thy bride,
After the stars spread their light through the sky.
Perhaps in the sand,
Wash'd up by the tide,
The bones of the outlaw'd Viking may lie.

Then quoth the King,
'"T is mournful to hear
A man like a whimpering maiden cry.
The death-song they sing
Even now in mine ear.
What avails it? He who is born must die.'" *

He then says that he himself is about to depart for Valhalla; that a death on the straw (strådöd) becomes not a King of the

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*"Ej skall jag skåda
stigande röken
mer ifrån Nordlanden. Menskan är slaf;
Nornorna råda.
Böljornas öken,
der är mitt fädernesland och min graf.

Gå ej till stranden,
Ring, med din maka,
helst sedan stjernorna sprida sitt sken.
Kanske i sanden
vräkes tillbaka
Frithiofs, den biltoge vikingens, ben." —

Då qvåder kungen:
'Tungt är att höra
mannen som klagar likt qvidande mö.
Dödssång är sjungen
ren i mitt öra.
Hvad är det mer? den som föds han skall dö.'" — p. 141.

Northmen. He would fain die the death of a hero: and he cuts on his arms and breast the runes of death, — runes to Odin. And while the blood drops from among the silvery hairs of his naked bosom, he calls for a flowing goblet, and drinks a health to the glorious North; and in spirit hears the *Gjallar Horn*,* and goes to Valhalla, where glory, like a golden helmet, crowns the coming guest.

The next Canto is the Dirge of King Ring; in the unrhymed, alliterative stanzas of the old Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon poetry. The Scald sings how the high-descended monarch sits in his tomb, with his shield on his arm and his battle-sword by his side. His gallant steed, too, neighs in the tomb, and paws the ground with his golden hoofs.† But the spirit of the departed rides over the rainbow, which bends beneath its burden, up to the open gates of Valhalla. Here the gods receive him, and garlands are woven for him, of golden grain with blue flowers intermingled, and Braga sings a song of praise and welcome to the wise old Ring. In order to exhibit the peculiar structure of the verse, we subjoin a few stanzas, with a literal translation: —

"Nu rider rike	Now rideth royal
Ring öfver Bifrost,	Ring over Bifrost,‡
svigtar för bördan	Sways with the burden
bågiga bron.	The bending bridge.
Upp springa Valhalls	Open spring Walhall's
hvalfdörrar vida;	Vaulted doors widely;
Asanar's händer	Asanar's§ hands are
hänga i hans.	Hanging in his.
* * *	* * *
Brage, hin gamle,	Braga, the gray-beard,
griper i guldsträng,	Gripeth the gold string,
stillare susar	Stiller now soundeth
sången än förr.	Song than before.
* * *	* * *
Högt sjunga svärden	High sings the sword-blade
ständigt i hjelmar;	Steady on helmet;

* The Gjallar Horn was blown by Heimdal, the Watchman of the gods. He was the son of nine Virgins, and was called "the God with the Golden Teeth." His watch-tower was upon the rainbow, and he blew his horn whenever a fallen hero rode over the Bridge of Heaven to Valhalla.

† It was a Scandinavian as well as a Scythian custom, to bury the favorite steed of a warrior in the same tomb with him.

‡ The rainbow. § The great gods.

brusande böljor
blodas alltjemt.
Kraften, de gode
Gudarnas gåfva,
bister som Berserk
biter i sköld.

* * *

Välkommen, vise
Valhalla-arfving
Länge lär Norden
lofva ditt namn.
Brage dig helsar
höfviskt med horndryck,
Nornornas fridsbud
nerifrån Nord.

Boisterous the billows, and
Bloody alway.
Strength, of the gracious
Gods is the gift, and
Bitter as Berserk *
Biteth in shield.

* * *

Welcome, thou wise one,
Heir of Walhalla!
Long learn the Northland
Laud to thy name.
Braga doth hail thee,
Honored with horn-drink,
Norners' peace-herald
Now from the North."

The twenty-second Canto describes, in a very spirited and beautiful style, the election of a new king. The yeoman takes his sword from the wall, and, with clang of shields and sound of arms, the people gather together in a public assembly, a Ting, whose roof is the sky of heaven. Here Frithiof harangues them, bearing aloft on his shield the little son of Ring, who sits there like a king on his throne, or a young eagle on the cliff, gazing upward at the sun. Frithiof hails him as King of the Northmen, and swears to protect his kingdom; and when the little boy, tired of sitting on the shield, leaps fearlessly to the ground, the people raise a shout, and acknowledge him for their monarch, and Jarl Frithiof as regent, till the boy grows older. But Frithiof has other thoughts than these. He must away to meet the Fates at Balder's ruined temple, and make atonement to the offended god. And thus he departs.

Canto twenty-third is entitled "Frithiof at his Father's Grave." The sun is sinking like a golden shield in the ocean, and the hills and vales around him, and the fragrant flowers, and song of birds, and sound of the sea, and shadow of trees awaken in his softened heart the memory of other days. And he calls aloud to the gods for pardon of his crime, and to the spirit of his father, that he should come from his grave and bring him peace and forgiveness from the city of the gods. And lo! amid the evening shadows, from the western wave

* The Berserks were the most ferocious fighters of the North. See note, p. 151.

uprising, landward floats the Fata Morgana, and sinking down upon the spot where Balder's temple once stood, assumes itself the form of a temple, with columns of dark blue steel, and an altar of precious stone. At the door, leaning upon their shields, stand the Destinies. And the Destiny of the Past points to the solitude around, and the Destiny of the Future to a beautiful temple newly risen from the sea. While Frithiof gazes in wonder at the sight, all vanishes away, like a vision of the night. But the vision is interpreted by the hero, without the aid of prophet or of soothsayer.

Canto twenty-fourth; "The Atonement." The temple of Balder had been rebuilt, and with such magnificence, that the North beheld in it an image of Valhalla. And two by two, in solemn procession, walked therein the twelve virgins, clad in garments of silver tissue, with roses upon their cheeks, and roses in their innocent hearts. They sang a solemn song of Balder, how much beloved he was by all that lived, and how he fell, by Höder's arrow slain, and earth and sea and heaven wept. And the sound of the song was not like the sound of human voice, but like the tones which come from the halls of the gods, like the thoughts of a maiden dreaming of her lover, when the nightingale is singing in the midnight stillness, and the moon shines over the beech-trees of the North. Frithiof listened to the song; and as he listened, all thoughts of vengeance and of human hate melted within him, as the icy breastplate melts from the bosom of the fields, when the sun shines in Spring. At this moment the high priest of Balder entered, venerable with his long, silver beard; and welcoming the Viking to the temple he had built, he delivered for his special edification a long homily on things human and divine, with a short catechism of Northern Mythology. He told him, likewise, very truly, that more acceptable to the gods than the smoke of burnt-offerings, was the sacrifice of one's own vindictive spirit, the hate of a human soul; and then spake of the Virgin's Son, —

"Sent by All-father to declare aright the runes
On Destiny's black shield-rim, unexplained till now.
Peace was his battle-cry, and his white sword was love,
And innocence sat dove-like on his silver helm.
Holy he lived and taught, he died and he forgave,
And under distant palm-trees stands his grave in light.

His doctrine, it is said, wanders from dale to dale,
Melting the hard of heart, and laying hand in hand,
And builds the realm of Peace on the atoned earth.
I do not know his lore aright, but darkly still
In better hours I have presentiment thereof,
And every human heart feeleth alike with mine.
One day, that know I, shall it come, and lightly wave
Its white and dove-like wings over the Northern hills.
But there shall be no more a North for us that day,
And oaks shall whisper soft o'er the graves of the forgotten." *

"Sänd af Allfader att förklara runorna
på Nornors svarta sköldrand, outtydda än.
Frid var hans härskri, kärlek var hans blanka svärd,
och oskuld satt som dufva på hans silfverhjelm.
From lefde han och lärde, dog han och förlät
och under fjerran palmer står hans graf i ljus.
Hans lära, sägs det, vandrar ifrån dal till dal,
försmälter hårda hjertan, lägger hand i hand,
och bygger fridens rike på försonad jord.
Jag känner ej den läran rätt, men dunkelt dock
i mina bättre stunder har jag anat den;
hvart menskligt hjerta anar den ibland, som mitt.
En gång, det vet jag, kommer hon och hviftar lätt
de hvita dufvovingar öfver Nordens berg.
Men ingen Nord är längre till för oss den dag,
och eken susar öfver de förgätnas hög."

He then spake of his hatred to Belé's sons; and told him that Helgé was dead, and that Halfdan sat alone on Belé's throne, urging him, at the same time, to sacrifice to the gods his desire of vengeance, and proffer the hand of friendship to the young king. This was done straightway, Halfdan having opportunely come in at that moment; and the priest removed forthwith the ban from the Varg-i-Veum, the sacrilegious and outlawed man. And then Ingeborg entered the vaulted temple, followed by maidens, as the moon is followed by stars in the vaulted sky; and from the hand of her brother, Frithiof receives the bride of his youth, and they are married in Balder's Temple.

Ok enda hèr nú sögu frá Fridthjófi enum frækna; and here endeth now the Legend of Frithiof the Valiant.

* We give these few lines as a specimen of the singular measure of the original. It is the Iambic trimeter; solemn-sounding, but to English ears unmusical and lame.

ART. VIII. — *A New Dictionary of the English Language.* By CHARLES RICHARDSON. [To be completed in Thirty Parts.] London; William Pickering. New York; William Jackson.

THE history of English lexicography, it seems to us, if it should fall into the right hands, might be wrought into a very curious and amusing book; one which would interest not only the learned philologist, but every widely read English scholar. But to this end the author would be compelled to resort to the original sources; to go back to the dawn of Christianity, of civilization, and of learning in England, in the seventh century; to trace, through the increasing gleams of light in the first half of the eighth century, the planting of the Saxon language, into which, in the coming age, Alfred regretted that the learned men, who were spread over England, did not translate the best of the books, in several languages, with which the churches and monasteries were filled; to mark how these fair hopes were blasted by the incursion of the Danes, who not only destroyed the monasteries, the seats of learning, with the libraries they contained, but mingled with the language of the English a new dialect; to begin again, after more than a century of thick darkness, with Alfred the Great, whose genius for learning was inspired by a Saxon poem of beautiful penmanship and richly illuminated, — the gift of his mother; and after his reign, glorious to him as a prince, as a learned man and as the founder and patron of learned institutions, to pause while learning languishes and expires, and barbarism is again triumphant; and then to emerge from this long night, in the eleventh century, and, in the midst of it, to find the Saxon subject to the Norman, and submitting to the edicts and decrees of the latter, promulgated in his own language, both in the end mingling in good fellowship, though the pride and stability of the Saxon eschew, so far as may be, the novelties which have been strenuously forced upon him.

With this preliminary research, he who would give a thorough history of English lexicography, should collect all the English provincial glossaries, in which local causes have generated words peculiar to each. Some philological antiquaries, more curious than wise, have thought that they dis-

covered traces of the ancient British in the English language, as it now exists, sufficient to encourage the investigations of the philologist. But this was so nearly supplanted by the Romans, Saxons, and Danes, that it may be left out of the account, and we need not wander to the Highlands of Scotland or to the mountains of Wales for the lost fugitives. Their places were supplied by the Saxon, mingled in a greater or less degree, in different districts, with the Danish, and afterwards blended with the Norman. "If," says the author of a work entitled "Anecdotes of the English Language," "you would seek for the terms and expressions of the Northern people of England, it will be in vain to ransack the British tongue, which fled with the natives into the fastnesses of Wales; for the Northern dialect (Scotland included) is for the most part *Saxon*. On the other hand, it would be as fruitless to search in the Saxon forests of the North for the language of the western counties of England, which (except by transplantation,) is of British growth. In Kent and Sussex, and the immediate southern counties (coastwise at least), our pursuit may be directed in a great degree to *Gallicisms*, in point of idiom as well as words; and, lastly, in London (the great Babel of them all) every language will be found incorporated; though that of the true *Cockney*, is, for the most part, composed of *Saxonisms*. The Danes left us some traces of their language, though it is but a dialect of that extensive tongue, which, under the different names of Teutonic, Gothic, &c., was known in every region of what is called *the North of Europe.*"

As to the mixtures of more modern origin, occasioned by conquest, by political, ecclesiastical, and commercial relations, it is needless to speak particularly. But of words derived from the Latin, save what we derived from that language through the Norman, we may lay it down as a rule, almost without exception, that they were introduced not by the conquests of the Romans prior to those of the northern invaders, but by learned writers of modern times, partly through the pride of learning, and partly through the facility of multiplying words in this way, framed unconsciously upon the models of other words of similar forms that came through the Norman French. This fact might be illustrated by a multitude of examples drawn from successive periods in the history of English literature.

A work elaborated agreeably to this outline, would indeed embrace a history of the English Language; but it would embrace also much more of illustration than any treatise with which we are acquainted, by means of constant reference to the changes in the English vocabulary.

We shall here barely state a few facts, respecting the history of English lexicography, beginning with the time when authors professed to embody our language in a full vocabulary.

About the middle of the sixteenth century we find mention of several dictionaries called "Short Dictionaries," and "Little Dictionaries," in Latin and English, particularly one compiled by J. Withals, which passed through several editions from 1559 to 1599. In 1580 was published a dictionary entitled "An Alvearie,* or Quadruple Dictionarie, containing four sundrie Tongues: namelie, English, Latine, Greeke, and Frenche. Newlie enriched with Varietie of Wordes, Phrases, Proverbs, and divers lightsome Observations of Grammar. By John Baret." But the Lexicon said to have been the most copious and celebrated of its day, was that of Sir Thomas Elliot, "declaring Latin by English, greatly improved and enriched by Thomas Cooper in 1552."

Rider's Dictionary, published in 1589, came forth with considerable pretensions. In his Preface, he says, that "no one dictionary, as yet extant, hath the English before the Latine, with a full index of all such Latine words as are in any common dictionary." His additions to the vocabulary, he affirms, "amount to foure thousand words more than any one dictionary now extant affords." The words are sometimes defined in English, and sometimes the meaning is to be

* Baret, in the preface to this work, thus explains the occasion of entitling it *Alvearie*. "Having pupils at Cambridge studious of the Latine tongue, I used them often to write epistles and theames together, and dailie to translate some peece of English into Latine. Perceiving what great trouble it was to come running to me for everie worde they missed (knowing then of no other dictionarie to help us, but *Sir Thomas Eliot's* librarie), I appointed them certaine leaves of the same booke everie daie to write the English before the Latine, and likewise to gather a number of fine phrases out of Cicero, Terence, Cæsar, Livy, &c., and to set them under severall titles, for the more readie finding them again at their neede. Thus within a yeere or two, they had gathered together a great volume, which (for the apt similitude betweene the good scholars, and diligent bees in gathering their waxe and honie into their hive) I called then their *Alvearie*, both for a memoriall by whom it was made, and also by this name to incourage other to the like diligence."

Hawkins, in his "Life of Johnson," dates Baret's Dictionary, 1572.

gathered only from the Latin. We have an edition before us, (London, 1649,) "corrected and augmented" by Francis Holy-Oke, from which "the barbarous words, which were many hundreds, are expunged, to the help of young Scholars, which before they used in stead of good words."

"The New World of English Words: or a General Dictionary," by Edward Phillips, was published in 1658. Phillips was a nephew of Milton, and evidently a man of learning. He acknowledged himself indebted to Thomas Blount's "Glossographia," published in 1656, for essential aid. It was the main purpose of Blount's work to interpret "such hard words, whether Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, &c., that are now used in our refined English tongue," &c. Phillips dedicated his Dictionary, primarily, "to the most illustrious and impartial sisters, the two Universities," which he addresses as "Most equal sisters." Hawkins, in his "Life of Johnson," says of this dictionary, "'The New World of Words,' as it is much more copious than Blount's 'Glossographia,' and comprehends a greater quantity of matter, must be looked upon as the basis of English lexicography." This inference is wanting alike in logical soundness and in truth. The fact is, that neither of those works can be regarded as the basis of English lexicography. Phillips's "World of Words" is a very limited world, including little more than the technical vocabulary of the times, in which Chiromancy [Divination], Astrology, Magic, Heraldry, and Hawking have a prominent place, — "hard words," from other languages, — Proper Names, Mythology, &c. In fact, as a dictionary of the English language, it is exceedingly meagre, and not to be compared with Rider and some other of its predecessors. Even the work of Junius or of Skinner, in regard to the vocabulary and etymology, might be pronounced to be the "basis of English Lexicography," with much more truth than that of Phillips.

The first English dictionary upon a plan sufficiently comprehensive to deserve that name, was Bailey's, entitled, "An Universal Etymological English Dictionary." He says little of his predecessors in the same vocation, except that he made diligent use of their works, rejecting what was redundant, and supplying what was deficient, by adding "several thousand English words and phrases, in no English dictionary before extant." In regard to etymology, he claimed to be

"the first who has attempted it in English, except what Blount has done in his 'Glossographia,' which is but a very small part of the words, and those of a Latin derivation chiefly, besides a small extract of Dr. Skinner's 'Etymologicon.'"

It was Bailey's Dictionary, as we learn from Hawkins, that formed the groundwork of Johnson's Dictionary. "An interleaved copy of Bailey's Dictionary in folio, he made the repository of the several articles, and these he collected, by incessant reading of the best authors in our language, in the practice whereof his method was to score with a black-lead pencil, the words by him selected, and give them over to his assistants to insert in their places."

The merits of Johnson, as a lexicographer, have sometimes been overstated, but more generally, we believe, undervalued. The conception of his Dictionary, in all its parts, as the plan is expounded in his letter to Chesterfield, and in his Preface, indicates a far-reaching and philosophical mind. That the execution of the work does not approximate nearer to the ideal excellence, of which he appeared to have a distinct view, is no matter of wonder. In regard to the vocabulary, it was no part of his ambition to swell the list of words, in order to boast of the number added; nor on the contrary did he expect to embalm the language, so as to put an end to further corruption and change. He may be thought to take a narrow view of our wants, when he affirms that, "if the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon;* the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from *Raleigh;* the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney;* and the diction of common life from *Shakspeare*, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of *English* words in which they might be expressed." But Charles Fox, at a later period, took a still narrower view of the needed extent of a vocabulary, when he resolved, as it is related of him in reference to his intended History, that he would "admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden." This may be regarded, if not as an example of literary bigotry, at least as a needless check upon the freedom of expression. There is no danger of too great copiousness, if the writer is duly watchful of the purity of his words and idioms. Johnson did indeed, at one time, indulge the hope of fixing the language, and in some good

measure of rescuing it from the fluctuations of time and chance, and from the changes caused by affectation and caprice. But he soon saw how vain the expectation was. With philosophical prescience, also, he perceived that in the progress of intellectual knowledge, new ideas, (new either in fancy or in fact,) would be evolved, demanding a corresponding enlargement of phraseology; and that, especially in arts and sciences, there would be a demand for new words, or new modifications of words, answering to the advancement of knowledge and to the discovery of new facts.

It was the first labor of Johnson to supply the deficiencies in the English dictionaries, which he accomplished to a great extent. He also expunged from them many unauthorized and unused words, generated by pedantry and affectation, such as were either the production of lexicographers themselves, or a component part of the scholastic jargon of preceding centuries. He might have exercised this liberty to a much greater extent than he did, a fact of which any one may satisfy himself without looking far into his Dictionary, even under the first letter of the alphabet. He faithfully preserved the language of poetry, so far back as the time of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, accompanying the words, however, as the occasion seemed to him to require, with cautions couched in terms assumed by him as a literary censor; such as, *little used*, *not used*, *obsolete*, *low and vulgar*, &c. The poetical part of the vocabulary was greatly enlarged, as well as richly illustrated by his own reading; and we owe him great thanks, that he did not sacrifice the more ancient, if not the more opulent stores of English phraseology, to an exclusive regard to those that were more recent, and which were looked upon, by many of his time, as the golden treasures of English letters.

Many omissions, after all the diligent efforts of Johnson to complete the vocabulary, were soon perceived in his Dictionary, even of words in familiar use, and of such as he had used himself in his writings.

In the year 1800, appeared a "Supplement to Johnson's Dictionary," ascribed to Mason, in which the author professed to supply what was omitted in Johnson. His plan extended "not only to the words and senses of words unnoticed by Johnson, but to the exemplification of those that stand unexemplified in the principal Dictionary." It seems to have been

an object with the author of the "Supplement" to glean what Johnson had not gathered from Spenser, though the authorities cited are various. This "Supplement" must have been serviceable to those who have since compiled English dictionaries; but it fell far short of what was wanted.

Much fault has been found with Johnson's definitions, particularly by our countryman, Dr. Noah Webster. He has been charged not only with superfluity, and, so to speak, with identical definitions, but,—what we should hardly expect from such a distinguished scholar and master of English,—with want of discrimination. It is not surprising, that, in so large a work as his Dictionary, men far inferior to him in learning and talents can find many definitions which may be amended. But it would be wonderful, if a man of such comprehensive learning and such strong powers of mind, as Johnson, selecting examples of the use of words from the best writers in our language, and thus continually putting in our power, and at our immediate command, the means of detection, should constantly offend, at the same time, against good usage, and common sense, and the judgment of those best skilled in our language. He experienced the difficulty which every one must, of explaining words, especially those of a moral import, by other words nearly synonymous. Such definitions it is much easier to ridicule, than to amend or to avoid. Simple words, also, which cannot be made plainer, whose meaning we acquired in childhood, through an unconscious process of induction, suffer from copious explanations; and words ambiguous as to their meaning, whether their etymology is clear or doubtful, must be settled by usage rather than by their origin. Taking these things into the account, and extending a reasonable share of indulgence for oversights to the author of so great a work as that of Johnson's Dictionary, his faults in the definitions are by no means so many or so gross, as to merit the indiscriminate censure that has sometimes been uttered. To this result we believe every one will come, who will compare his Dictionary with those which claim to be independent, not to say infinitely superior authorities.

We have never placed a high value upon the etymological part of Johnson's Dictionary. It is a part of his work on which he probably labored with much less diligence, than upon that of his illustrations. Besides his own errors and defects, he copied many of the errors of his predecessors, without

examination, and sometimes departed from the authority of Junius, of Skinner, or of Bailey, without due investigation, or adequate reasons to justify such a departure.

Since his time, etymology has assumed a more imposing character in the hands of scholars, who have threatened the very existence of our present grammars and dictionaries in all languages. Horne Tooke stands foremost in this new sect, whose principal object it seems to have been, to trace words to their true etymons, and thus to rescue them from the tyranny of custom, and to restore them and confine them to their primitive rights. The principle at the bottom of the theory is, that each and every word has but one meaning, and that the multiplication of definitions and illustrations of a word in our dictionaries is all deceptive, and grows not out of the true meaning of the word itself, but of its associates and adjuncts. That there is some truth in this, is not to be denied; nor need it be, in order to show the necessity of explaining words in their different connexions with other words. Still the theory, carried to its full extent, would not only destroy our present dictionaries, but bring about a revolution in language; such a revolution, however, as can never be effected, except by a universal language, which shall assign a real, unvarying character to every word or sign of thought. The preparation for this must begin with the human mind, with the classing of human thoughts and objects of human knowledge, and a universal, infallible logic. Such a transcendental theory will answer for the philosopher's plaything, but will never supersede the labors of the practical lexicographer.

Johnson's illustrations of his definitions, by copious examples, have been spoken of by some in terms of disparagement which they by no means deserve; and by many others they are not appreciated according to their merits. We are confident, that, in respect to the meaning of the great mass of words which belong legitimately and without controversy to the English language, as such, most of which we find in Johnson, nothing has yet superseded his examples from standard authors. Whoever is laboring in the dark to settle the true or customary sense of a word, or to ascertain the purity and genuineness of an idiom, may obtain from Johnson's illustrations an illumination, for which he will have much reason to be grateful. They go far beyond the mere citing of the

names of authors who have used a word in a particular sense. We are not left merely to the decision of the lexicographer in the matter, but are enabled to examine the word with its adjuncts and associates, and find how it is affected by the company in which it is found. Many words which appear to be as well defined in dictionaries as they can be, still perplex the young writer; and it is not till he sees them applied to their subjects and fully exemplified, that he can become thoroughly satisfied concerning their exact meaning and the propriety of their use.

Johnson's Dictionary has never been superseded. Other dictionaries have had a portion of public favor, as common manuals; but Johnson's, added to and improved, has held its precedency in England, if not in this country. There are now two rival lexicographers, claiming superiority over each other, and over their great predecessor. We mean our countryman, Webster, whose great Dictionary was published in 1828, and Richardson, whose "New Dictionary of the English Language," the publication of which was begun in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," twenty years ago, is now far advanced toward completion, in a separate form.

Dr. Webster has for a long course of years been signally mindful of his reputation as a linguist; and "a linguist," as Milton says, "should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into." He has ever thought very meanly of the English dictionaries in common use, and his honesty and self-love have taught him, in speaking of them, not "to mince the matter." He has accordingly availed himself of all suitable occasions to proclaim their deficiencies, and to promise to supply them; to speak of their blunders, and to tell us how he should correct them. Great curiosity therefore was felt, as well by the faithless as the believing, to see how his promises would be fulfilled in his forth-coming Dictionary. He promised not only a large accession of words, but "precise and technical definitions." Former dictionaries, he said, were "almost exclusively *translating* dictionaries, in which one word is defined by another, that is synonymous, or nearly so." Instead of this he promised, by an implication not to be misunderstood, that he should substitute "accurate, discriminating, and technical definitions"; and should insert probably thirty thousand significations and distinct applications of words, (many of them among the most important

words,) which significations and applications are not to be found in other dictionaries. But the greatest of his promises related to "new etymological deductions and affinities." We were told that "the obscurity which has hitherto rested on this subject, and which has brought it into discredit, will be, in a good degree, dissipated by the author's researches; and etymology will be made eminently subservient to the illustration, not only of words, but of history, and the affinities of many different languages. It is found that the most valuable and interesting facts and principles in the formation of languages, have escaped the observation of European philologists. In this work, the aspect of this subject is entirely changed." In regard to the "formation of languages," a preliminary discourse was announced, "in which the principles, on which languages have been formed, will be illustrated by facts and proofs entirely original."

In these and such-like promises Dr. Webster was doubtless sincere, and as fully persuaded that he should fulfil them all, as ever any indefatigable experimenter was convinced that he had discovered perpetual motion. His rival, — Richardson, the author of the "New Dictionary,"—fearing, as he says, that he might be charged with want of courtesy, should he pass unnoticed the "American Dictionary" of Dr. Webster, speaks somewhat uncourteously of its author. "There is," he remarks, "a display of Oriental reading in his Preliminary Essays, which, as introductory to a dictionary of the English language, seems as appropriate and useful, as a reference to the code of Gentoo laws to decide a question of English inheritance." Dr. Webster's ignorance of old English authors is asserted by Richardson, in terms no more respectful, than those in which he condemns the misapplied labors of that learned countryman of ours. The *retort courteous* has been bestowed in ample measure by Dr. Webster. He has assailed Richardson's definitions with various weapons, and has visited his ancient English lore with provoking raillery, in return for the grave charge of ignorance bestowed upon himself. But we will not here further meddle with this warfare.

Dr. Webster's great Dictionary was published in 1828, while Richardson's was in progress in successive numbers of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. We might suppose its vocabulary to be as complete as the efforts of one man could make it, when he tells us, that, while Johnson's Dictionary

contains but thirty-eight thousand words, his own contains seventy thousand. But we know a collector of words which are found in English books, and used as English words, who affirms, that, after deducting from his catalogue all that he has in common with Webster, there is still a remainder of six thousand not to be found in any English dictionary. The prodigious increase of the vocabulary, since Johnson's work was published, is to be ascribed in great part to the more extended insertion of technical words. They were introduced sparingly by Johnson. And when we consider the advancement of arts and sciences since his time, during which period some of them have been greatly extended, and some of them almost created, or the nomenclature of them in their divisions and ramifications so essentially changed and enlarged as to form almost a new language, and find also that a more liberal introduction of such words into our dictionaries is sanctioned by the wishes of the public, the seeming mystery of this vast increase of words is in a great degree explained.

Much was expected of Dr. Webster in regard to orthography. It is a matter, concerning which he has always been striving against usage, often, we have thought, to little purpose. We were glad to find, on the appearance of his great work, that he had abandoned these skirmishes. It was his principal aim, we believe, in this work, as it should have been, to fix what was loose and uncertain, and to be consistent in the spelling of words of analogous formation, so far as may be, without doing too much violence to custom and prejudice. For all his success in this undertaking he deserves thanks. But sad is the record of the defeat, even of those, who are just throwing off the harness and priding themselves in their conquests. In a review of the orthography of this Dictionary, by Mr. Lyman Cobb, giving proofs of a more minute and thorough examination than it has ever fallen to our lot to witness on a similar subject, the author shows "between seven and eight hundred discrepances in the orthography of the definitions and text of the American Dictionary," and affirms, that he has "noted about five hundred others." How other English dictionaries would fare under a like scrutiny, we are not able to decide.

If in any one department of lexicography, more than another, Dr. Webster has claimed superiority over his predecessors, it is in that of etymology. Indeed he seems to have plumed

himself, when on that ground, as standing not only "unrivalled," but "alone." "The aspect of this subject," in his work, "is entirely changed," and facts and principles in the formation of languages are developed, as we were told in advance, which "have escaped the observation of European philologists." It was well known, from what he had previously made public concerning his pursuits, that he had been long employed in the unwearied study and comparison of different languages, in order to ascertain their affinities and the derivation of words. But he must have found oftentimes lamentable chasms in the history of their travels, such as to leave much to uncertain conjecture, and to produce doubt concerning their identity. We readily perceive the agreement of a great portion of English words, with those of the northern European dialects, and another large portion we trace, through the Norman French, to the Latin language; but, when we attempt to connect them with the Oriental dialects, some links in the chain are often not to be found. The absurdity of referring the origin of English words directly to the ancient languages of the East, in consequence of a near resemblance in sound, or in letters of like power, without regard to the intermediate languages through which words have come to us, must be manifest to every scholar. We recollect being once present at an exercise in Hebrew, in the lecture-room, when the word דָּקַר occurred. It was at a time when the mode of studying that language was improving, and it was becoming common to speak disparagingly of Parkhurst's Lexicon, which had enjoyed its day of reputation. It was remarked by one present, without knowing the fact, that in Parkhurst would probably be found under that word, as a derivative, the English word *dagger*, especially as the Hebrew verb signifies *to pierce*, or *stab*. Accordingly, in consulting Parkhurst under the Hebrew word, were found, as derivatives — *dagger*, *dirk*. Dr. Webster does not indeed thus land in Britain from Asia by a single leap, but he does it sometimes with an agility very nearly resembling it.

Dr. Webster has entered more deeply into etymological researches, and with greater success, than any of his predecessors in the same vocation. Much, to be sure, as it necessarily must be, he possesses in common with others. What is peculiar to himself is often curious, as well as satisfactory; but from some of his decisions there may be good reasons

for dissent. On a review of his labor, he must doubtless find less effected, than he had promised to himself, and had led the public to expect. "The aspect of this subject" is not "so entirely changed," as we were told it would be. It is acknowledged by Dr. Webster, that the origin of many words is wholly lost, and that the origin of others is so obscure as to admit of no certainty. It is on the etymology of such words, that the imagination of philologists runs riot; and all the learning and critical acumen of the author of the "American Dictionary," have not, on every occasion, made him an exception from those who are subject to this infirmity.

Great pains were bestowed by Dr. Webster, as we learn from himself, on the definitions of words. In this part of his work, he has supplied many defects, and corrected many faults, which had been copied from one dictionary into another. He has also given the more recent acceptations of old words, though it is to be regretted that he has often failed to cite his authorities. While much in the way of amendment has thus been done by him, he cannot be acquitted of all trespasses; such for example as superfluity (of not infrequent occurrence), and, in some of his definitions of theological words, the couching of a dogma of his own in the terms of the explanation. We are the more inclined to remark upon his superfluity, because this is one of the faults, which, formerly, he charged with much vehemence upon Johnson. And we are prompted by the additional fact, that he has recently brought into comparison, in one of our public journals, his own definitions with those of Johnson. He cites examples under several words, from which we select the following:

From Johnson.

"CAN. To be able; to have power.

2. It expresses the potential mood.

3. It is distinguished from *may*, as *power* from *permission*. I *can* do it, it is in my power; I *may* do it, it is allowed me; but in poetry they are confounded [and sometimes in prose].

4. *Can* is used of the person, with the verb active, where *may* is used of the thing, with the verb passive; as, I *can* do it, it *may* or *can* be done."

From Webster's "American Dictionary."

"CAN. To be able; to have sufficient strength or physical power. One man *can* lift a weight which another *can* not.

2. To have means or instruments, which supply power or ability. A man *can* build a house or fit out a ship, if he has the requisite property.

3. To be possible. 'Nicodemus said, How *can* these things be?'

4. To have adequate moral power. A man *can* indulge in pleasure, or he *can* refrain.

5. To have just or legal competent power; to be free from any restraint of moral, civil, or political obligation. A man *can* hold an office, or he *can* not. The Jews *could* not eat certain kind of animals which were declared to be unclean.

6. To have natural strength, or capacity; to be susceptible of; to be able or free to undergo any change, or produce any effect, by the laws and constitution of nature, or by divine appointment. Silver *can* be melted, but *can* not be changed into gold. *Can* the rush grow without mire? *Can* the fig-tree bear olive-berries? *Can* faith save him?

7. To have competent strength, ability, fortitude, patience, &c., [what else?] in a passive sense. He *can not* bear reproof. I *can not* endure his impertinence. This is a hard saying; who *can* hear it?

8. To have the requisite knowledge, experience, or skill. An astronomer *can* calculate an eclipse, though he *can not* make a coat.

9. To have strength or inclination, or motives sufficient to overcome obstacles, impediments, inconvenience, or other objection. 'I *can* not rise and give thee,' &c. *Luke.*

10. To have sufficient capacity; as a vessel *can not* hold or contain the whole quantity."

Let it be recollected, that Dr. Webster professed to give *precise* definitions. The meaning of he word *precise*, he defines in his Dictionary as follows; "exact; nice; definite; having determinate limitations." And yet what can be more inexact, loose, indefinite, and unlimited, than the senses he ascribes to the little word, which he singles out for an example to prove his superiority to other lexicographers in his definitions? Johnson defines it, with precision, in a single line, followed by a few grammatical remarks. Webster, besides ascribing to it the true meaning, as including power, ability, possibility, gives it a physical, a moral, and a legal sense; a sense of natural strength, susceptibility, fortitude, patience, skill, knowledge, experience, inclination, motives, and capacity of measure, to say nothing of "&c." To these distinct

significations ascribed to *can*, he annexes distinct propositions or sentences, and seems wholly unconscious, that, instead of interpreting the little auxiliary, he is all along interpreting the propositions or sentences selected to illustrate its meaning.

All this is about as appropriate, as if one should define a horse to be, —

1. A black animal. The *horse* on which she rode was black.

2. An animal with a man on his back. There came two men on *horse-back*.

3. A huge beast. All wondered at the hugeness of the *horse*.

4. An animal which is sometimes fed with human flesh, &c.

> "Like to the Thracian tyrant, who, they say,
> Unto his *horses* gave his guests for meat."

If we had chanced upon the example cited from Dr. Webster, in his Dictionary, instead of finding it in a communication of his own to a magazine, we should have regarded it as an example so peculiarly unfortunate for his reputation as a critic, that it ought not to be selected as a specimen of his definitions; but as it appears to be a favorite one with him, it seemed fit that we should expose its errors and fallacies.

There are no intimations, we believe, in any of Dr. Webster's writings, that he had seen, before his Dictionary was published, the parts of Richardson's Dictionary which had previously appeared. It is probable, however, that he had; since successive numbers of Richardson's work, which were printed in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana several years before the American Dictionary appeared, attracted much notice in Great Britain, and received great commendation in several respectable English journals. However that may be, their labors were in great part contemporaneous; and, as they became more known to each other and to the public, they came, as we have before hinted, to stand in the relation of rivals. Each of them had been employed, independently of the other, in preparing a new dictionary; and the two works are in many respects as dissimilar as we can conceive two works of the same period to be, the main objects of which are alike, and some of which should seem to require little else for their execution, than a mechanical kind of literature. Richardson appears to have proceeded, in his undertaking,

more systematically than his rival. Nothing, however, is to be inferred in his favor on this ground; for the questions come up, whether his system is good, and whether the plan of his work is well and faithfully executed. For one of the leading peculiarities of his plan he acknowledges himself indebted to Johnson; to Johnson as a projector, not as an author. It was Johnson's original design to exhibit in his explanations, first, the natural and primitive signification of words, then to give the consequential, and then the metaphorical meaning. Such was the exposition of this part of his plan in his Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. In his Preface it degenerates into the mere shadow of his first conception. "In every word of extensive use," he says in his Preface, "it was requisite to mark the progress of its meaning, and show by what gradations of intermediate sense it has passed from its primitive to its remote and accidental signification; so that every foregoing explanation should tend to that which follows."

"This is specious, but not always practicable; kindred senses may be so interwoven, that the perplexity cannot be disentangled, nor any reason be assigned why one should be ranged before the other."

Richardson seized upon the great idea which Johnson first conceived. He has accordingly aimed so to arrange his definitions and illustrations of words, as to give their history as nearly as possible in chronological order. In connexion with this part of the plan he assumes the *dictum* of Horne Tooke, namely, that "a word has one meaning and one only; and that all usages must spring, and be derived, from this simple meaning." Hence etymology becomes infinitely important; though in defiance of the theory it might be shown, that many words have so far departed from their primitive meaning, as to render their etymological derivation little else than a matter of curiosity. The utility of this theory of language, when reduced to practice and rigidly adhered to, sometimes becomes very questionable. There is a higher law, the *norma loquendi*, established usage. It affords gratification indeed to the philosophical critic, to find the customary use of words vindicated by etymology; but this use, not etymology, however demonstrably true it may be, is the test of criticism, and opposition to it is vain. If we mistake not, the unlearned reader is in danger of being misled by some of Richardson's

definitions and illustrations, in which the etymological meaning stands so conspicuous as to draw attention from the acquired and customary meaning, and undue importance is given to the chronological succession of his authorities and exemplifications. The genius and idiom of the language as it exists, determined by those who write and speak it in the best manner, are never to be lost sight of by the lexicographer. These it is his great business to ascertain and exemplify. But we must speak a little more particularly of the great work before us.

In regard to Richardson's vocabulary, we have seen it alleged that a large number of words are not to be found, which are contained in Johnson's and Webster's Dictionaries. This case, we should think, is well made out, and the deficiencies will probably be supplied in an appendix. We add to this the opposite fault; namely, the insertion of a multitude of obsolete words and worthless derivatives. Many of these derivatives are antiquated, and have long since given place to other forms, and some are not explained; and therefore the introduction of them serves to confound the unlearned. Numerous words are inserted from Chaucer, which escaped the industrious gleanings of Todd. We do not see the propriety of thus scattering through an English dictionary a glossary of authors unknown to the bulk of English readers. They are made little wiser by the words themselves, or by the citing of the passages in which they occur. Compounded words are sparingly introduced. They are not omitted by accident, as we may infer from the fact that they are frequently contained in the exemplification, when they are not found in the vocabulary.

We pass now to what is peculiar to Richardson's Dictionary; we mean the etymological arrangement, — the grouping of derivatives under the primitive words. We speak of this as peculiar; we mean that it is so in English dictionaries, and in dictionaries of other modern languages. All the lexicons of the Hebrew and the kindred languages were formed upon this plan, till recently; and the modes of derivation of words in those languages, by letters prefixed and changed, made the consulting of them very vexatious. So bigoted were the lexicographers to the theory of uniform, mechanical modes of derivation, that, when they could not discover a root from which supposed derivatives might be analogically formed,

they imagined one which they pronounced obsolete. This system of lexicography carries with it the absurdity of presupposing the very knowledge which is sought for. Though it has some advantages, it ought not to supersede the alphabetical form; but if adopted at all, it should be superadded. Adam, in his Latin Dictionary, published about the beginning of this century, adopted the etymological arrangement; but, though his Dictionary is in many respects valuable, it has never, we believe, been extensively used.

The inconveniences of this arrangement are not so great in the English language as in some others, particularly in the ancient Oriental languages. From the manner in which derivatives are formed in English, they may follow each other generally without interrupting the alphabetical arrangement. But it is by no means uniformly so; and this method does not appear to be so convenient for the definitions and exemplifications of the words. No one can consult Richardson's Dictionary to any great extent, without perceiving the inconvenience of his arrangement in these respects. And though there is an advantage as well as pleasure in seeing the whole family together, yet it does not compensate for the want of opportunity of becoming better acquainted with each member separately.

One other peculiarity of Richardson's Dictionary, to which we have already incidentally adverted, consists in his manner of illustrating words by selections from English authors. His plan is to come down from the oldest writers in the language, to recent ones, and thus, as we have said, to present a sort of chronological history of words. Wiclif's Bible, Robert of Gloucester, Gower, &c., are among his most ancient authorities. Robert of Gloucester wrote when the language of England was in a transition state, not far from the middle of the thirteenth century, and about a century, probably, after the Saxon Chronicle was written. Whoever has the curiosity to see what sort of English he wrote, may gratify it by looking into Johnson's Preface to his great Dictionary, in which is printed an historical poem by that author; and he will be satisfied that Robert "used a kind of intermediate diction, neither Saxon or English." Richardson has generally selected those lines, in which there are the nearest approaches to English; but still many of his selections must be almost "all Greek" to many English readers.

We have already expressed our decided approbation of the

illustration of words by examples, not so much for the sake of tracing their history (though we do not think slightingly of this), as for showing their meaning in combination with other words, in the productions of the best authors. This part of the lexicographer's work has by some critics been greatly undervalued; while the importance of etymology, in contradistinction to it, has been greatly exaggerated. Richardson's work, in this view, is highly praiseworthy. The author's purpose is, while exemplifying the changes in the use of words, and tracing them from remote to recent times, to keep present good usage also in view. But his zeal as an antiquary sometimes outstrips his affection for what is modern, as if it were also degenerate. Examples are cited in undue proportion from the oldest English authors, and they are often of little value. They are used in superfluous abundance under words, which have preserved an unvaried meaning from their Saxon origin to the present time, and differ in nothing but orthography. This is particularly striking and faulty in some of the compounds. The word *kind*, as an adjective, signifying the quality of tender affection or good will, is placed as a derivative under *kin*; and this meaning, sought for through three columns of exemplifications of derivative words, is found in a selection from Chaucer, and found obscurely in one from Gower, in a sort of pun or play upon the word. But when we come to *unkind* and the abstract *unkindness*, though the meaning is uniform, as opposed to *kind* and *kindness*, pertaining to natural affection, two examples are taken from Robert of Gloucester, one from Brunne, six from Piers Plouhman, two from Wiclif, one from Chaucer, &c. We might select other instances equally remarkable, to show how the system of the author is so rigidly adhered to, as to incumber his work with much superfluous matter.

In his definitions, Mr. Richardson, conformably to his theory, begins with the radical meanings of the words, however obsolete they may be. But it is impossible for him, in some cases, to bring down in regular gradation the acquired meanings, in his prescribed order, namely, the *consequential* and *metaphorical*. These varieties of meaning are sometimes mingled in his examples; and one must be familiarly conversant with ancient and modern English literature, to profit, in all cases, by his illustrations. Besides, it does not appear to us, that the consequential and metaphorical meanings are so

generally and clearly different from each other, as to make the distinction of much importance. The radical signification of *long*, for example, as a verb, is, according to Mr. Richardson, *to lengthen*, *to reach* or *stretch out ;* and the consequential meaning is, *to desire eagerly*, &c. Is not this also a metaphorical meaning ? For a metaphor, to take Mr. Richardson's own definition, is "a transference or translation of the application of a word from its literal meaning, denominating some sensible object, or action, or operation, to supposed similar or corresponding objects, or actions, or operations of the human mind." This theory, therefore, of a threefold distinction in the meaning of words, is not of so much importance when reduced to practice, as it may at first sight appear; and we find it often to be a very subtile distinction, if not utterly fallacious.

Whatever may be the defects and superfluities of Richardson's Dictionary, it must be regarded as a very rich addition to English philology. The same remark is applicable to Webster's Dictionary ; and our estimate of the labors of each of those authors far transcends that which either of them has formed of the other. We cannot doubt, however, that there are many scholars, — not more learned philologists in respect to the English language and its sources, for this is not to be expected, — who would use their knowledge with more judgment and art, if they should apply themselves to the same laborious undertaking. We here add what should have been said in another place, that twenty-seven of the thirty Parts in which Richardson's Dictionary is to be comprised, have reached this country. We have had the opportunity to examine them, and have availed ourselves of it, as far as our avocations would permit.

We do not despair of a great dictionary of the English language, far preferable to either of those on which we have so freely remarked ; but we do not wish it to appear before the two living authors have reaped a generous reward for their Herculean labors. The materials for such a work are varied and copious. In regard to the vocabulary, it would be found that not a few words might well be discarded. A consistent, well-defined system should be adopted, and strictly applied in this part of the work, particularly in respect to compounded words, and technical and foreign words. The definitions already furnished, though they should be scrutinized with critical severity,

afford great opportunities for selection and choice; and whatever modifications they might require, they are still such as to save much of the labor, that would be required to prepare them wholly from one's own reading and recollection and etymological learning. Much the same may be said of the rich illustrations of words by examples, in Johnson's and Richardson's Dictionaries. These may be greatly abridged, and probably better ones sometimes substituted; but similar examples from the best English writers, illustrating the language as it has existed for centuries past, cannot be spared. It is one of the most effectual means of preserving the beauty and idiomatic purity of the English tongue. Though it is not from a dictionary, as some seem to think, that we are to get a full knowledge of language, yet he must be singularly learned, who has never occasion to resort to it, in order to learn something that he never knew, or to recall what he has forgotten, or to clear up that of which he is doubtful. And though we are no perfectionists, even in regard to that kind of learning whose boundaries seem to be well defined, yet we greet with the highest joy and gratitude, those who approximate most nearly to what we deem perfection in an arduous literary undertaking.

ART. IX. — *The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.* By ANDREWS NORTON. Vol. I. Boston; American Stationers' Company. John B. Russell. 1837. 8vo. pp. xviii., 248, ccxc.

MORAL evidence is of two kinds, — that of testimony, and that of circumstances. Not that the two are always, or indeed often, entirely distinct each from the other; for the circumstances on which a train of evidence is based, must for the most part rest on testimony, while testimony often bears to be interpreted as the type of some peculiar and decisive posture of circumstances. But, in the form in which evidence is applied to the establishment of any point of doubt or difficulty, there is always room for this division. We found our decision either simply on the assertion of competent witnesses, or else on the tacit documents presented by well-ascertained phenom-

ena, which stand in the relation of cause, effect, or necessary concomitant, with one or the other side of the question at issue. The latter, or circumstantial evidence, is by far the strongest, nay, occupies nearly the same position in historical and moral inquiries, which in the exact sciences is filled by mathematical demonstration. It is the testimony of Providence, and cannot lie. It may indeed be rashly inferred and applied; voiceless circumstances may be tortured into speech; but, where the language is unforced and genuine, the proof derived from it is as sure as the laws of the divine administration are unchangeable. The evidence of mere testimony, on the other hand, in moral reasoning, corresponds with hypothesis in the exact sciences. It establishes only a degree of probability, varying indefinitely with the number and credibility of the witnesses; nor can it be said to approach to certainty, so long as a single opposing testimony can be cited. It may be safely relied on with regard to events of recent occurrence and extensive notoriety, or where the witnesses are well known to be keen-sighted, disinterested, and trustworthy; but it loses its worth and its power of conviction with every darkening degree of obscurity and antiquity in the events to which it is applied, and with every shade of ignorance, doubt, or suspicion, that may rest upon the competency or honesty of the witnesses. It gains strength only by the accumulation of independent testimonies; and this accumulation must be made up entirely of sound and firm materials, a single dubious, irrelevant, or objectionable testimony going far towards invalidating the whole body of proof of which it forms a part.

It has been hitherto mainly by the evidence of testimony, that Christian writers have attempted to substantiate the genuineness of our canonical Gospels. This mode of proof, in different hands, has been liable to two opposite and equally fatal objections. Some, unwilling to adduce any but the most unexceptionable witnesses, have cited too few (as compared with the multitude, which in such a case might reasonably be expected,) to create even a high degree of probability in favor of the positions, to which they testify. Others (like Less and Lardner) have weakened the cause they aimed to serve, by the heterogeneous combination of real and supposed, genuine and spurious, competent and untrustworthy testimonies. They have made vast and precious accumulations of

materials for Christian evidence ; but by the form, or rather by the formless chaos, in which they have presented these materials, and by the stress, which they often place on obscure and doubtful testimony, their works are perhaps as well adapted to cherish skepticism in some minds, as to confirm faith in others.

Mr. Norton, in the work under review, has made, so far as we know, the first essay to prove, solely by circumstantial evidence, the genuineness of the Gospels. This mode of reasoning has, we are well aware, been long and successfully employed with regard to the authenticity of the Gospel history ; but we apprehend that its application to the critical question, whether our Gospels were indubitably the works of their reputed authors, has never before been attempted. This volume then, though its materials have always been the property of the Christian world, is, in its aim and structure, original and unique. The writer rejects all witnesses, whose testimony lies open to any rational objection, as also all those, who may be regarded as insulated and irresponsible, who speak for themselves alone, whose assertions cannot be viewed as the voice of an age or a community, or as indubitable indications of some peculiar and pertinent posture of circumstances or course of events. By this expurgating process, he admits so few witnesses upon the stand, that, in the mere form of independent and unconnected testimony, their voices would be of little weight, and the argument founded upon them unsubstantial and vague. But he connects each individual testimony with the circumstances under which it is given, with the position and relations of its author, with the light cast from extraneous sources upon his fidelity and competency, and with the general features of the times as made known on unquestionable authority ; and on all these points he never assumes the postulates of those, whose sentiments coincide with his own, but uniformly takes his departure from the admissions of his opponents. He likewise so arranges and confronts his few select witnesses, as to make them mutually illustrate and confirm each other's testimony. And then he fortifies them on every hand by the strongest considerations of intrinsic probability, grounded on the results of uniform experience, and the recognised laws of human belief and conduct. He has thus constructed, on fewer and simpler data than have ever before been deemed competent,

a fabric of adamantine firmness. He has placed beyond dispute the authorship of our canonical Gospels ; and, this point being established, little is left for the defender of the Christian faith to do ; for, if our Gospels were written by the men whose names they bear, the authenticity of their records and the divine mission of their great teacher hardly need the show of argument.

In the light, in which we have presented it, the work before us not only demands a grateful welcome from the theological reviewer ; but may claim respectful notice from a merely literary journal, as a rare specimen of erudite archæological research, acute criticism, and invincible argument, while, did not the magnitude of the subject preclude comment on minor beauties, we might hold forth this volume to our readers as constituting, by its precision, force, and Attic purity of style, a most valuable contribution to the infant literature of the country. For these reasons we offer a hasty sketch of its design, and analysis of its contents, in the unhesitating assurance, that in so doing we shall not be regarded as transgressing our legitimate scope.

Mr. Norton's work is not designed to meet the cavils of the class of men commonly called *infidels*. They, as a body, have been long since driven from the fair field of argument, and have contented themselves with hurling the missiles of ridicule and abuse. But, among professedly Christian theologians, there have recently been propounded and cherished theories, which seem to many of their brethren no less subversive of the foundations of our common faith, than were the unmasked attacks of Hume and Voltaire. The school of critics, to which we refer, at the head of which we must place the name of Eichhorn, is very numerous in Germany, has found in England an able expositor and defender in Bishop Marsh, and is not without its disciples in this country. By the authors of this school, the Gospel of John is for the most part admitted as genuine, or, at least, its genuineness is left open for discussion. Their favorite theory relates only to the first three Gospels ; and, though it admits that these might have been *in a certain sense* the works of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, it goes the whole length of denying, that, as transmitted to us, they were their *original*, *independent*, and *uncorrupted* compositions. We quote, as condensed by Mr.

Norton, an outline of the scheme elaborated by Eichhorn and Marsh.

"There was very early in existence a short historical sketch of the life of Christ, which may be called the Original Gospel. This was, probably, provided for the use of those assistants of the apostles in the work of teaching Christianity, who had not themselves seen the actions and heard the discourses of Christ. It was however but '*a rough sketch, a brief and imperfect account, without historical plan or methodical arrangement.*' In this respect it was, according to Eichhorn, very different from our four Gospels. 'These present no rough sketch, such as we must suppose the first essay upon the life of Jesus to have been; but, on the contrary, are works written with art and labor, and contain portions of his life, of which no mention was made in the first preaching of Christianity.' This Original Gospel was the basis both of the earlier gospels used during the first two centuries, and of the first three of our present Gospels, namely, those of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, by which those earlier Gospels were finally superseded. The earlier gospels retained more or less of the rudeness and incompleteness of the Original Gospel.

"'But they very soon fell into the hands of those who undertook to supply their defects and incompleteness, both in the general compass of the history, and in the narration of particular events. Not content with a life of Jesus, which, like the Gospel of the Hebrews and those of Marcion and Tatian, commenced with his public appearance, there were those who early prefixed to the Memoirs used by Justin Martyr, and to the gospel of Cerinthus, an account of his descent, his birth, and the period of his youth. In like manner, we find, upon comparing together, in parallel passages, the remaining fragments of these Gospels, that they were receiving continual accessions. * * * * * By these continual accessions, the original text of the life of Jesus was lost in a mass of additions, so that its words appeared among them but as insulated fragments. Of this any one may satisfy himself from the account of the baptism of Jesus, which was compiled out of various gospels. The necessary consequence was, that at last truth and falsehood, authentic and fabulous narratives, or such, at least, as through long tradition had become disfigured and falsified, were brought together promiscuously. The longer these narratives passed from mouth to mouth, the more uncertain and disfigured they would become. At last, at the end of the second and the beginning of the third century, in order, as far as might be, to preserve the true accounts concerning the life of

Jesus, and to deliver them to posterity as free from error as possible, the Church, out of the many gospels which were extant, selected four, which had the greatest marks of credibility, and the necessary completeness for common use. There are no traces of our present Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, before the end of the second and the beginning of the third century. Irenæus, about the year 202, first speaks decisively of four Gospels, and imagines all sorts of reasons for this particular number; and Clement of Alexandria, about the year 216, labored to collect divers accounts concerning the origin of these four Gospels, in order to prove that these alone should be acknowledged as authentic. From these facts, it is evident, that first, about the end of the second, and the beginning of the third century, the Church labored to establish the universal authority of these four Gospels, which were in existence before, if not altogether in their present form, yet in most respects such as we now have them, and to procure their general reception in the Church, with the suppression of all other gospels then extant.

"'Posterity would indeed have been under much greater obligations, if, together with the Gospel of John, the Church had established, by public authority, only the first rough sketch of the life of Jesus, which was given to the earliest missionaries to authenticate their preaching; after separating it from all its additions and augmentations. But this was no longer possible; for there was no copy extant free from all additions, and the critical operation of separating this accessory matter was too difficult for those times.'

"'Many ancient writers of the Church,' Eichhorn subjoins in a note, 'doubted the genuineness of many parts of our Gospels; but were prevented from coming to a decision by want of critical skill.'" — pp. 9–13.

It is chiefly to establish the uncorrupted genuineness of our present Gospels against objections of this class, that Mr. Norton has prepared the work before us, which, however, as it is in the shape of a positive argument, not of a reply or rejoinder, might be read with no less interest and profit by one whose faith was endangered or shaken by any other influence whatsoever. The propositions necessary to be established, in order to vindicate the authority of the Gospels, both from the attacks of foes and the theories of injudicious friends, are, first, "that *the Gospels remain essentially the same as they were originally composed*"; and, secondly, that they "*have been ascribed to their true authors.*" The circumstantial proof of

these two propositions, constitutes the two main divisions of the work before us; and the general formula of proof, to which every argument employed is reduced, might be stated as follows; "The testimony cited could not have been given, or the fact adduced could not have existed, under the well-known and universally admitted circumstances of time and place, had not the proposition now the topic of discussion been true." We now proceed to give a condensed view of the arguments, by which each of the foregoing propositions is established.

1. That the Gospels remain essentially the same as they were composed, would appear from the present virtual coincidence of all extant manuscripts and versions. There have been collated nearly seven hundred manuscripts of the whole, or of portions, of the Greek text, written in various and distant countries, from the fifth century downward. To these we must add numerous manuscripts of ancient versions in no less than eleven languages, European, Asiatic, and African; also many manuscripts of the works of early fathers, especially of commentaries, in which the text of the Gospels is expressly quoted. From all these sources may indeed be brought together a vast body of various readings, yet most of them so slight and trivial, that they can be ascribed solely to the common accidents of transcription; and nine tenths, perhaps we may say ninety-nine hundredths of them, affecting only interchangeable particles, or nearly equivalent inflexions of the same verb. Adopt any one of these manuscripts or versions as the standard text, and the deviations from it, which the others will present, will be neither greater, nor (in proportion to the number collated) more numerous, than are found in the antique copies extant of classic and other authors generally. So far then as the essential coincidence of the sources collated for the text of the Georgics, or of Cicero's Orations, proves that Virgil's and Cicero's works were not made what they are by successive additions and improvements by different hands, but that they remain essentially as they were written, so far do similar premises, with regard to the Gospels, warrant similar conclusions concerning them. From the day that our Gospels existed in any form, they must have been prized and sought; copies of them would have been taken in every stage of their elaboration; and these copies could not but have been recopied and perpetuated. It is in the very nature of things impossible, that the fact of this gradual

elaboration should have left no traces in the now extant exemplars of works so widely circulated. It is indeed pretended by Eichhorn, that "the Church," about the end of the second or beginning of the third century, selected from the many Gospels then extant, our canonical four, as the authoritative standards of history and faith. He admits that they had then attained their present size and form. But there was at that time no organized universal church, or general ecclesiastical government, or system of concerted action; nor was there the least approach to any thing of this kind, until the council of Nice in 325. On the other hand, at the date assumed by Eichhorn, Christians were separated by frequent persecutions, by wide and arduous distances, by difference of language, by religious alienations and controversies; and even the schism between the Eastern and Western churches may be traced thus early, the former having already been excommunicated by the Bishop of Rome. Where then was "the Church" universal, which had either the authority to impose, or the submissiveness to receive from any then existing hierarchy, a set of symbolical books to the exclusion of those previously used?

To the exclusion of those previously used, we say; for no one pretends that Christians in general were without some record of their Master's life. In fact, there is abundant proof that *Gospels*, genuine or spurious, were in current use in every Christian community. There must have been, on the lowest possible estimate, at least three millions of Christians at the end of the second century. Allowing only a copy of a single Gospel to every fifty souls, there were then extant, and scattered over the then known world, sixty thousand copies of Gospels. If of other than our present Gospels, on Eichhorn's hypothesis, they must have been taken by ecclesiastical authority out of the hands of the everywhere-scattered and many-tongued owners, and so generally destroyed as to prevent their reproduction by copyists,* and in their place must have been substituted, by the same authority, copies, in every

* The apocryphal Gospels, which have been recently, and from questionable motives, brought from the dust of antiquarian shelves into popular circulation, need not be considered in this connexion; for their comparatively recent origin, and the entire falsity of the pretence that they ever had reception or authority in the church, are at once well known to the veriest tyros, and admitted by the wildest visionaries in biblical criticism.

language, of our present Gospels; and all this must have taken place among orthodox and heretics, in the East and in the West, so quietly and with so little opposition, as to leave no trace in the history of the times, as to be entirely forgotten in the next century, nay, more, as to enable Irenæus, (who died in 202, and must have lived in the very days of this overturn,) in writing against heretics, with whom he must have been on his guard against arrogant assumptions, to refer to our present Gospels as the only ones that had ever been in existence, and as then retaining their original form. *Credat Judæus.* But if the Gospels extant at the end of the second century, to the general reception and acknowledged authority of which we have the testimony of Irenæus, were the same Gospels that we now have, we can account for the footing which they then held in the Christian community, only by assigning to the same identical Gospels a date so much earlier, as to throw back their authorship, in their present form, upon the age of their reputed authors, and thus to settle the question of their integrity.

These considerations may be fortified by numerous collateral arguments. And foremost among these we may place the reverence with which the Gospels were uniformly regarded by the early Christians. There is hardly an ecclesiastical father, who does not bear ample testimony to as general and implicit a veneration for these records, as is now entertained for them by a vast majority of private believers. This reverence, in these latter days, might be grounded on ignorance; but it could not have been so at a period when all the circumstances connected with the authorship of the Gospels were within the easy reach of the curious and skeptical. Books which were undergoing a constant process of interpolation and change, at the pleasure of every transcriber, could not have fastened themselves so strongly on the devout veneration of the pious; nor, on the other hand, would piety have permitted a process thus sacrilegious, on books that had once gained so strong a hold on the reverence of the Christian community. In fact, the fathers are not silent with regard to the interpolation of their sacred records; but express themselves with the most devout horror concerning so foul a sin, which they could not have done, had these very books been the result of successive interpolations. In fine, the reverence, which they uniformly manifest for the Gospels, is of a kind and degree, which, in

accordance with the laws of mind, can be accounted for only by supposing these narratives the uncorrupted works of Apostles and primitive disciples.

Again, there is in the Gospels themselves, abundant internal evidence, that they were the independent works, each of a distinct author.

"Each Gospel is distinguished from the others, by individual peculiarities in the use of language, and other characteristics exclusively its own. Any one familiar with the originals, perceives, for instance, that Mark, is a writer less acquainted with the Greek language than Luke, and having less command of proper expression. His style is, in consequence, more affected by the idiom of the Hebrew, more harsh, more unformed, more barbarous, in the technical sense of that word. If you were to transfer into Luke's Gospel a chapter from that of Mark, every critic would at once perceive its dissimilitude to the general style of the former. The difference would be still more remarkable, if you were to insert a portion from Mark in John's Gospel. But the very distinctive character of the style of the Gospels generally, and the peculiar character of each Gospel, are irreconcilable with the notion, that they have been brought to their present state by additions and alterations of successive copiers. A diversity of hands would have produced in each Gospel a diversity of style and character. Instead of the uniformity that now appears, the modes of conception and expression would have been inconsistent and vacillating." — pp. 78, 79.

But, waving considerations growing out of each evangelist's individuality of style, and the well-known difficulty of imitating another's style so closely that the difference of hands cannot be traced, there is yet an historical circumstance, which would have rendered the composition of the entire Gospels, or the interpolation of any portions of them, at a later than their usually assigned date, peculiarly impracticable. The Gospels are written throughout in Hellenistic Greek, a dialect created by the transfusion of Hebrew idioms into the Greek, and which could therefore have been written by none but native or naturalized Jews. Now it is through the Gentile part of the Church, that the Gospels have been transmitted to us; and, after the death of the Apostles and the destruction of Jerusalem, there was an entire separation and bitter enmity between the Jewish and Gentile converts. If, then, the Gentiles received their Gospels from the Jews, it

must have been at a date not much subsequent to that, at which their authorship is usually fixed. And if the Gospels were afterwards interpolated, it must have been by Gentile transcribers, who were generally ignorant (as Origen complains) of Hebrew, and who yet were able to give to their Greek so Hebraistic a savour, as to render it undistinguishable from that of men, who were by birth or education Hebrews of the Hebrews. The idea of such interpolation bears absurdity on its very face.

Once more, the Gospels contain no anachronisms; and the whole history of fiction and of literary imposture shows us, how almost absolutely impossible it is for the most skilful and intelligent author, who takes his stand in a different age from his own, to avoid anachronisms. Even Eichhorn admits, (in a series of remarks on the records of the first three evangelists,) that "every thing in their narratives corresponds to the age in which they lived and wrote, and to the circumstances in which we must believe them to have been placed." This remark is unquestionably true; but without a miracle it could not have been true, had facts accorded with its author's hypothesis of the gradual augmentation of the Gospels by successive hands.

The following is also a strong point, and strongly stated.

"The character and actions of Jesus Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, are peculiar and extraordinary beyond all example. They distinguish him, in a most remarkable manner, from all other men. They display the highest moral sublimity. We perceive, throughout, an ultimate purpose of the most extensive benevolence. But this character of Christ, which appears in the Gospels, is exhibited with perfect consistency. Whatever he is represented as saying or doing, corresponds to the fact or the conception, — call it which we will, — that he was a teacher sent from God, endued with the highest powers, and intrusted with the most important office, ever exercised upon earth. The different parts of each Gospel harmonize together. Now let any one consider, how unlikely it is that we should have found this consistency in the representation of Christ, if the Gospels had been in great part the work of inconsiderate or presumptuous copiers; or if they had consisted, in great part, of a collection of traditionary stories; and especially if these stories had been, as some have imagined, either fabulous accounts of miracles, or narratives having a foundation in truth, but corresponding so little to the real fact, as to have assumed a miraculous character,

which there was nothing in the fact itself to justify. It is incredible, that under such circumstances there should be the consistency, which now appears in the Gospels. On the contrary, we might expect to find in them stories, of a kind similar to those extant in certain writings, that have been called apocryphal gospels; which betray their falsehood at first view, by their incongruity with the character and actions of our Saviour, as displayed by the evangelists. We shall have occasion to notice them somewhat more particularly hereafter. Every one acquainted with the stories referred to, must perceive and acknowledge their striking dissimilitude to the narratives of the Gospels. A dissimilitude of the same kind would have existed between different parts of the Gospels, if they had grown, as has been imagined, to their present form, by a gradual contribution of traditional tales. On the contrary, their consistency in the representation of our Saviour is one among the many proofs, that they have been preserved essentially as they were first written." — pp. 86 – 88.

A part of the considerations which have been adduced, apply to St. Matthew's Gospel, only from the date of its translation into the Greek. But that the Hebrew exemplar, from which this translation was made, had suffered little or no corruption or augmentation, we may infer from the general uniformity and consistency of style, from the absence of all anachronisms, from the strongly marked and pervading individuality of the work, and from its coincidence in the main with the other three Gospels, to which all the foregoing arguments apply with full force.

2. The second part of the volume before us is devoted to the evidence, that the Gospels have been attributed to their true authors. Mr. Norton first proves, by authorities beyond dispute or objection, that, during the last quarter of the second century, our four Gospels were attributed to the writers whose names they now bear. The witnesses to this fact are not to be regarded in the same light with those, who might have given similar testimony concerning Horace or Tacitus. The fathers of the Church were official personages; they speak in the name, and are to be regarded as the representatives of their fellow-Christians. The fulness and diversity of the attestations, which they have left us, prove, therefore, beyond a question, that, at the close of the second century, Gospels, essentially the same with our present Gospels, were received throughout the Church, as the works of Matthew,

Mark, Luke, and John. There is earlier testimony bearing on the same point; but it is objected to. Our author does not, therefore, in the first instance, avail himself of it. But he takes his stand on the ground conceded by his opponents, and proves that these testimonies could not have been given, at the time when, and in the circumstances under which they were given, had not Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John written the Gospels that bear their respective names.

Now Christians at the period in question were fully able to determine, whether the Gospels were genuine or not. Irenæus, who died in 202, informs us, that he had listened to the preaching of Polycarp, a disciple of St. John. Only a single link then was needed, to connect the old men of his day with the apostolic age. Had the Gospels been written at a later date, or by different authors, than we now suppose, there would have been those living, who could have traced them to their spurious origin, or could, at least, have borne the negative testimony, that they had heard of no such books, as having emanated from the Apostolic family. The absence of all such testimony is positive proof, that the facts included in the genuineness of the Gospels were within the distinct knowledge of Irenæus and his contemporaries.

In estimating the weight of the foregoing consideration, we must remember, that the question of the genuineness of the Gospels could not, at that early age, have been a matter of indifference. Christians were then obliged for their religion's sake to sunder numerous social ties, to discharge peculiar and arduous duties, to lead lives of the strictest self-denial, and to encounter enmity and persecution. They constantly appeal to the Gospels, as the sole authoritative records of the facts and motives, by which they were induced to do and suffer what they did and suffered. Such duties as they discharged, and such sacrifices as they made, are not wont to be called forth by a known imposture, or a tale of doubtful origin. Their conduct can be accounted for, only by supposing that they were acquainted with the history of the books, which armed them for effort and endurance, that they "knew that the records were true."

Once more, the connexion of the Gospels with the other universally received books of the New Testament, confirms their genuineness. With regard to eleven of these books, viz. the Acts of the Apostles and ten of St. Paul's Epistles,

we have evidence of a peculiar kind, arising from the undesigned coincidences, so admirably drawn forth in Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ." Now, if these eleven books are proved genuine, it will seem improbable that spurious books should have gained equal or superior credit with the Christian community. The genuineness of a part is strong presumptive evidence of that of the whole.

The discrepancies between the several Gospels add great weight to the argument in favor of their genuineness. These discrepancies were observed by the fathers, and occasioned them (especially Origen) very great perplexity. But they never attempted to relieve themselves of their difficulties by casting doubts upon the authority of either record; a fact which proves incontestably, that the origin of each of the Gospels was too well known to be gainsaid. In fact, no other hypothesis, but that the four all proceeded from the highest authority, can account for their general reception as possessed of equal claims to credence and veneration. Had one been first received, the discrepancies between the others and it, would have kept them in disesteem; or, had all four been simultaneously thrown upon the Christian community, their mutual contradictions, apparent and real, would have cast them into common discredit and oblivion. But, if the authorship of the Gospels was known, then the authority of the writers would have overborne, as it did, the doubts which seemingly inconsistent accounts might have cast upon the sacred narratives.

With regard to the first three Gospels, our author shows very lucidly, that their peculiar phenomena of coincidence and discrepancy can be accounted for on no other ground, than that of their genuineness.

Mr. Norton's argument is complete and conclusive, without the testimony of Justin Martyr; and Justin Martyr is put out of court by the critics of Eichhorn's school, as having used and quoted other Memoirs than our present Gospels. But Mr. Norton, after having shown that he can well dispense with this witness, vindicates his right to testify to the point at issue, and exhibits the clearness, fulness, and weight of his testimony, in a chapter of great acumen and power.

A short chapter follows, giving the testimony of Papias (as transmitted by Eusebius) to the genuineness of Matthew's and Mark's Gospels, and of Luke to that of his own in the proem to his "Acts of the Apostles."

Mr. Norton lays no stress on any arguments drawn from the writings commonly attributed to the apostolic fathers. In those writings, there are many things that accord with, and none that militate against, the contents of our canonical Gospels. But they contain no direct and formal quotations from our evangelists. Supposing them genuine, the facts and sayings, which they cite from the life of Jesus, might have been learned by oral communication, and, in that case, though they would do much towards confirming the authenticity, they would bear only indirectly upon the genuineness of the Gospels. But most of these writings must, by impartial criticism, be referred to an age, which furnishes us a competent number of direct and sufficient witnesses, and can therefore add but little to the weight of evidence.

We have thus given a cursory and imperfect outline of Mr. Norton's course of argument, avoiding, as far as possible, theological technicalities, and confining ourselves to considerations, that can be appreciated by the general scholar, no less than by the professed critic. The notes to this work form a large and well-arranged digest of subsidiary matter, relating to the present text of the New Testament, the theories that have been framed to account for the origin of the first three Gospels, Justin Martyr's Quotations, and the genuineness and worth of the writings ascribed to the apostolic fathers. Our limits will hardly permit us to give any account or analysis of these notes ; and this we the less regret, as they are for the most part strictly critical in their character, and also involve several points of controversy, which it would be wide of our scope to discuss, and the settlement of which affects but indirectly the argument constituting the body of the work. The remarks in Note A., on the systematic classification of the copies of the New Testament into three *Recensions*, adopted by Griesbach and others, will doubtless seem to many readers to rest on less substantial grounds, than those which form the basis of the classification. For ourselves, we have been convinced by the note, that Griesbach pushed his idea of the *Recensions* too far, used extravagant language concerning it, and tortured into its defence many irrelevant facts and phenomena ; but, with all the allowance which these considerations compel us to make, we cannot but think, that there yet remain sound and solid arguments in favor of the classification. In Note D., " on the Origin of the Correspondences

among the first three Gospels," Mr. Norton passes in review all the principal theories of which these books have been the subject, gives us a thorough refutation of Eichhorn's hypothesis concerning them, and proves that their peculiar phenomena can be accounted for only by supposing them the original works of independent authors. To the critical scholar, this discussion will constitute one of the most interesting and valuable portions of the volume.

Seldom, perhaps never, has *oil* so well *beaten* been brought into the sanctuary of our faith, as in the work under review. Its preparation was commenced in 1819 ; and the studies and labors of every succeeding year have contributed to its present completeness and accuracy. The result belies not the time which it has cost. The work cannot but take its stand at once with those of Butler, Paley, and Lardner, among the main pillars and bulwarks of Christianity. Apart from the general service, which it must render to the common cause of our faith, it will perform also a service by no means contemptible for the rising generation of theologians. It will make them cautious and suspicious readers of ultra German theorists. Mr. Norton has in so numerous instances convicted Eichhorn, Stroth, and Credner, of misstatement, inaccuracy, and inconsistency, as fully to convince us, (what indeed we had already suspected with regard to the first-named,) that, while the lightning of their quick-glancing imaginations may often reveal rich veins of truth, and their vast treasuries of learning may enable us to work these veins successfully, yet they can be trusted no farther, than they can be verified.

We hope that we may soon see the remaining volumes of this invaluable work ; and will close our grateful notice of the present, by quoting from its Preface the following account of what we are permitted to expect.

"It is my purpose next to show the strong confirmation of the more direct historical evidence, afforded by the manner in which the Gospels were regarded by the early Gnostic heretics ; a field which, though not untrodden, has been unexplored ; and then, after endeavouring to remove some misapprehensions respecting the historical, to proceed to the collateral evidence for the genuineness of the Gospels. The larger portion of the manuscript of the remainder of the work has been written ; but it is yet to be subjected to revision, and, after my past experience, it would be unwise for me to hazard a calculation respecting the

time that may be required to prepare for the public the two volumes which will finish my design. Should life and health be granted me, I shall proceed as I have proposed; but it should be observed, that this volume is, in its nature, an independent work, and might have been so published, had no others been intended to follow." — p. vii.

ART. X. — 1. *Bibliothèque Américaine, ou Catalogue des Ouvrages relatifs à l'Amérique qui ont paru depuis sa Découverte jusqu'à l'An* 1700. Par H. TERNAUX. Paris. 1837. 8vo. pp. 191.

2. *Voyages, Relations et Mémoires Originaux pour servir à l'Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique, publiés pour la première Fois en Français*, par HENRI TERNAUX. 3 tomes. Paris. 1837. 8vo. pp. 227, 162, 335.

THE attention that is now paid on the continent of Europe to the history of this Western World, particularly to its early annals, is as remarkable as it is gratifying. It is a singular but undeniable fact, that, at the present moment, there is a much greater interest felt in this subject by those who speak a foreign tongue, than by those who have a common origin and language with ourselves. We are continually receiving new evidences of this fact, and witnessing new modes in which this interest is manifested. But a short time since, we were favored with a copy of a Prospectus, sent forth by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, in which they propose to publish a collection of the accounts extant in ancient Icelandic manuscripts, relative to voyages of discovery to North America, made by the Scandinavians in the tenth and eleventh centuries; a work unquestionably of the greatest importance, inasmuch as it professes to comprise testimony, most authentic and irrefragable, to the fact that the northern part of this continent was actually discovered by the Northmen towards the close of the tenth century, and repeatedly visited by them from that time down to the fourteenth. The work is to consist of the ancient Sagas in the original Icelandic, (accompanied with Danish and Latin translations,) some of which are now for the first time published from manuscripts recently discovered in the public libraries of

Copenhagen. Some idea of the value of these ancient documents, and of the interest that attaches to a publication of the nature proposed, may be gathered from the alleged fact that Columbus visited Iceland in the year 1477, and there probably gained information, that prompted the ever memorable expedition which terminated in his discovery of the New World. On the reception of this work, which has been in progress for several years past, and which was to leave the press in the summer of 1836, we shall take occasion to give some account of its contents, and to state what is actually made out and proved; for we must confess, that at present we feel not a little skeptical on the whole subject.

The works, whose titles stand at the head of this article, furnish another striking confirmation of the statement with which we set out. It has not been usual for us to look to France, any more than to Denmark, for contributions to our historical collections. And yet we have here the commencement of a series of works, which promises to shed much light on the dark places of our early annals, and to furnish very essential aid to the student of American history. The four volumes are all the productions of the same editor, and, with a commendable diligence and unprecedented despatch, have all made their appearance since the beginning of the present year.

The first work, entitled *Bibliothèque Américaine*, is a catalogue of books relating to America, which have appeared from the time of its discovery down to the year 1700. From the examination that we have been able to give it, we do not hesitate to pronounce it the most comprehensive and valuable catalogue that has yet been made. And this certainly is no small merit, when we consider how many have labored in this field, and what a variety of similar works have been produced. The first attempt of the kind that we know of, was, "La Bibliotheca Oriental y Occidental, Nautica y Geografica, por el licenciado Antonio de Leon Pinelo," Madrid, 1629, who generally gives merely the titles of the works. Then we have Andres Gonzalez Barcia's "Historiadores Primitivos de las Indias Occidentales"; and, in Portuguese, the "Bibliotheca Lusitana" of Barbosa Machado. Passing over these foreign publications, as well as Meusel's "Bibliotheca Historica," (Leipsic, 1788,) who devotes one of his eleven octavo volumes to this western continent, we come at last to the first attempt in English to arrange and register the materi-

als of American history. This appeared in 1713, in Bishop Kennet's "Bibliothecæ Americanæ Primordia; an Attempt towards laying the Foundation of an American Library"; a quarto volume of two hundred and seventy-six pages, with an Index nearly as large. This was a work of great labor, and has proved of incalculable service to all who have had occasion to ascertain the sources of our history; and the author's merit is greatly enhanced by the consideration, that this volume is a catalogue of the books presented by him to the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, for their perpetual use and benefit. In 1789, came out in London an anonymous work, of a similar character to Bishop Kennet's, in a quarto volume of two hundred and seventy-one pages, entitled, "Bibliotheca Americana; or a Chronological Catalogue of the most curious and interesting Books, Pamphlets, State Papers, &c., upon the subject of North and South America, from the earliest period to the present, in print and manuscript; for which, research has been made in the British Museum, and the most celebrated public and private libraries." It is a little singular, that this anonymous author makes no mention, in his Preface, of Bishop Kennet's catalogue, to which his own is decidedly inferior; and we should have judged that it was wholly unknown to him, had we not found the title of it recorded under the year 1713. After that year, coming upon new ground, his labors are of considerable service, particularly in the department of state papers.

Coming down to more recent times, the next work of the kind that we meet with, is Mr. D. B. Warden's "Bibliotheca Septentrionalis, or a Chronological Catalogue of Books relating to North America," an octavo volume of one hundred and forty-seven pages, printed at Paris in 1820. This is merely the catalogue of his private library, which he had collected during his residence for many years, as Consul of the United States, in the metropolis of France. This library was a few years since purchased by the present Mayor of Boston, Samuel A. Eliot, Esq., and presented to Harvard University. Similar in its origin and character is the "Catalogue of Books relating to America," published not long ago by Colonel Aspinwall, Consul of the United States in London, in which, as we have stated in a former number of this Journal, are contained some works that will be sought for in vain on this side of the Atlantic. The last and most complete work of the

kind is Mr. Obadiah Rich's "Catalogue of Books relating to America," London, 1832, in 129 pages octavo, which was followed in 1835 by a thick octavo volume of 423 pages, bringing the catalogue down to the year 1800.

The "Bibliothèque Américaine" of M. Ternaux, as we have already intimated, is more comprehensive than any of its predecessors, particularly in its list of books in the Spanish, Portuguese, and German languages. It is evidently a work of great labor and research. It appears from his Preface, that the author has been for a long time engaged in collecting all the ancient relations and narratives that he could procure, with a view to translate and publish the most valuable and interesting of them; and this has enabled him to describe them more minutely and accurately than previous bibliographers had done. He admits, however, that there are some, which he has not been able to obtain, especially such as were printed in the New World. He acknowledges his obligation to Mr. Rich's Catalogue for the titles and descriptions of many English books which he had never seen; and adds that our ingenious countryman would have left nothing for him to glean in this department, had it entered into his plan to enumerate any works, besides those that were actually in his own possession.

We find in M. Ternaux's Catalogue the titles of some works, which we should be glad to get a sight of, and which we presume have never been seen on this side the water. Thus we have "A Voyage into New-England in the years 1623 and 1624, by Christopher Levett. London, 1628; small quarto." Rich says that it is a book of great rarity, and that there is a copy in the British Museum. Then there is "A Description of New-England in general, with a Description of the Town of Boston in particular. Published by John Sellers. London, 1682, quarto." It is also mentioned by Kennet, Meusel, and Rich. These two works should be obtained, and reprinted by our Historical Society.

In a work extending to one hundred and ninety-one pages, and comprising eleven hundred and fifty-three different articles, we can readily overlook some slight errors, particularly in American names, which, by the way, have always proved a stumblingblock to our English and French contemporaries; if there is a possibility of spelling them wrong, they are pretty sure to find it out, and adopt it. Some of our author's blunders

in this way are sufficiently amusing. Thus who would imagine, that *Mather Colton's* Life of *John Colton*, was our old friend Cotton Mather's biography of our venerable father John Cotton, of the First Church? Who but a Frenchman would ever think of converting the peculiar and honored name of Roger Williams, the patriarch of Rhode Island, into the trite cognomen of William Rogers? Another error that we have noticed is a little more excusable, where "New-England's Sence of Old England's Sorrows" is translated "La Nouvelle Angleterre *depuis* les Chagrins,"—*sence* being mistaken for *since*.

M. Ternaux informs us that he was led to prepare this Catalogue, in pursuance of a plan which he had formed, to translate into his native language the most rare and valuable works, relating to the discovery and colonization of the New World. At the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, there was a general interest excited by the discoveries of Columbus and his successors. The accounts, which they brought home and published, were read throughout Europe with the greatest avidity. Then they were as much sought after, as they are now neglected. This neglect, however, they certainly do not deserve; for, in general, they are accurate and trustworthy narratives, and contain much less of fable than their date and origin would lead us to suppose. The first adventurers and conquerors, who were the authors of these histories, were far from being ordinary men. They were well acquainted with the countries which they visited and subdued; and, notwithstanding the time which has elapsed since they were written, we are still struck with the air of truth that runs through their descriptions. These works, having, for the most part, been written in the Spanish, Portuguese, and German languages, three centuries ago, have now become so rare, that it is exceedingly difficult to procure copies; and we therefore think that the editor and translator of these volumes has done a good service, in bringing them within the reach of his countrymen, and of the students of American history throughout the world.

1. The first work which M. Ternaux has translated is "The Narrative of the First Voyage of Nicholas Federman, jun." which was printed at Haguenau in 1557. It is a book of exceeding rarity, and M. Ternaux says that he has never seen it mentioned in any bibliographical work. It is almost entirely

forgotten in Germany, and has never been translated into any other language. The author, Nicholas Federman, was a native of Ulm, in Suabia; but nothing is known of his life before his departure for America. It is evident from his own work that he was an experienced soldier, and the historians all unite in commending his valor and skill.

It appears from his own narrative, that on the 2d of October, 1529, he embarked at the port of St. Lucar, in Spain, at the head of one hundred and twenty-three Spanish soldiers and twenty-four miners, whom he was to conduct to Venezuela, in the great Ocean Sea. After a tempestuous voyage of twenty-eight days, he reached the Canaries, and thence directed his course to the island of Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, where he arrived in December. Having remained here fifteen days, he took on board ten horses, and continued his course to Venezuela, about two hundred miles distant. After some delay, being driven back again to the island by adverse winds and currents, he at last reached the port of Coro, in Venezuela, on the 8th of June, 1530. From this place he started, on the 12th of September, on an expedition into the interior of the country, at the head of one hundred and ten Spaniards on foot and sixteen on horseback, and accompanied by a hundred Indians, who carried their provisions and whatever else was necessary for their subsistence and defence. The rest of his book is chiefly made up of a narrative of his adventures among various tribes of Indians, whose manners and customs he takes occasion to describe, chiefly in a country which had never before been trod by the foot of a European. He says, that, in his account of this expedition, he puts down nothing from hearsay, but relates what he had seen with his own eyes, and learnt from his own observation. After an absence of six months, having travelled a hundred and seventy-four miles, and penetrated fifty miles into the interior, he returned in safety to Coro, on the 17th of March, 1531. Remaining here till the 9th of December, he returned by the way of St. Domingo and the Azores, arrived at Seville on the 16th of June, 1532, and reached Augsburg, in Germany, on the 31st of August of the same year, having been absent from home nearly three years.

2. The second work in the series is "The History of the Province of Santa Cruz, commonly called Brazil, by Pero de Magalhanes de Gandavo," printed at Lisbon, in 1576. This

is also a very scarce book, never having been reprinted; only three or four copies are known to be in existence. It is not to be found in any public library in Paris, and is very seldom referred to by the Portuguese writers who have treated on Brazil. The Spanish bibliographers speak of it as a curious, unique, and learned work. M. Ternaux accordingly produces it as one of the books on America least known, and at the same time most worthy of being so.

The author was born at Braga, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was the son of a Fleming, and after having passed a few years in Brazil, returned to his native country, and spent the remainder of his days in overseeing a school which he had founded. His History, which is one of the most remarkable works relating to foreign countries that appeared in the sixteenth century, gives a sketch of the discovery and colonization of the province, describes its situation and advantages, portrays the character and manners of the native inhabitants, and presents a very full account of the natural history of the country, including its plants, fruits, beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, &c. The most remarkable thing in the book is the description of the sea-monster, that was killed in the province of St. Vincent, in 1564. It was fifteen palms high, its body covered with fur, and on its snout it had long hairs like mustaches. When its retreat to the sea was cut off, it stood upright like a man, supporting itself on the flukes of its tail. The Indians gave it the expressive name of *water-devil*, it having been seen before, but very rarely, in those parts. To the original work is appended a portrait of the monster, drawn from nature. The whole story reminds us of Monk Lewis's thrilling legend of the Anaconda; and, although it borders somewhat on the fabulous, yet we know not whether it is in reality a whit more so, than the authentic and veritable account of our own sea-serpent, who from time to time enlivens the monotony of our shores with his welcome presence, and then suddenly bids us a *longè vale*. The author himself seems to have been somewhat apprehensive, that his fish-story would not be credited, and he therefore takes occasion very justly to remark, that "there must be hidden in the abysses of the sea many other frightful monsters, not less strange and wonderful than this. We may then safely believe the whole story, however extraordinary it may seem; for the secrets of nature have not all been revealed to man, and we ought not to deny and regard as impossible, what we have not ourselves seen, and what no

one has ever heard of." A most excellent plea, which we desire to avail ourselves of, in behalf of the sea-monster who guards the coast of New England.

3. The third work in the series, and the last that has yet been published, is "The True History and Description of a Country situated in the New World, called America, inhabited by wild, naked, and ferocious Cannibals. By Hans Standen, of Homberg, in Hesse. Printed at Marburg, in 1557." This relation was originally written in German, and was translated by De Bry into Latin, and inserted by him in his great collection of voyages and travels. The original German edition was embellished with very curious and well-executed wood cuts, and is now exceedingly rare. John de Léry, whose opinion is of the first value and authority on these subjects, speaks in the highest terms of this volume, saying that he had read it himself with the greatest delight, and that it deserved to be read by all who wished to be accurately informed of the savage manners of the Brazilians.

The author, Hans Standen, was born in the village of Wetter in Germany, and, in the capacity of a common soldier, visited the New World twice, in 1547 and 1549, and returned in 1555, having been absent in all about eight years. In that space of time he was in various parts of Brazil, at Pernambuco, St. Vincent, Rio de Janeiro, and other places. In his second voyage, he was taken prisoner by the Tupinambas, a tribe who lived near Rio de Janeiro; and the larger part of the volume consists of a narrative of his adventures and sufferings during his captivity. He describes very minutely the appearance of the country, and the customs and modes of life of his savage captors, and also gives some account of the natural productions and animals which he saw in the new world. In conclusion, he says that he is aware the contents of his book will appear strange to many. But what could he do? "I am not the first that has visited these countries and nations; and I appeal to the honorable men who have been in America, and who will bear witness to the truth of all that I have advanced. If any young fool will not take my word, nor credit my witnesses, let him embark for that country, and ascertain the truth for himself. I have pointed out to him the way, and he has only to follow in my steps; for the new world is all open before him, to go where he will."

We cannot take leave of M. Ternaux, without thanking him for the pleasure and information which he has afforded us.

We trust that he will be encouraged to proceed in his labors, and that he will continue to add volume to volume till his American Library is completed.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *An Oration pronounced before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, August* 23, 1836. By Caleb Cushing, Boston; Light & Stearns. 8vo. pp. 40.

This discourse, like all the productions of Mr. Cushing, is scholarlike and able. It breathes an ardent love of letters, and of country. Its main topic is popular eloquence, and its power in a republic like the United States. Mr. Cushing is a forcible writer, and abounds in illustrations drawn from a wide field of learning. His remarks on the eloquence of the ancients are discriminating. He awards them due applause for the glorious specimens of popular and forensic eloquence they have left us, without denying the moderns the ability to match them with their own weapons. While however we have read this oration with great pleasure, and think it well adapted to the audience and the occasion, we cannot but avow our opinion that Mr. Cushing's style is too elaborate. It is copious enough, but does not flow gracefully and easily. It has not what may be called a just modulation. The beginning, we think, does not strike the right key. The first sentence is as full and sounding as the last, as if the author had already worked himself up to a high pitch of feeling, and struck in, in mid-volley. This gives too artificial a cast to the oration.

However, it is hardly worth while to pick flaws in a piece of such various merit. We wish one in a hundred, of the orations which come upon us by the thousand, were a hundreth part as good.

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2. — *Surgical Observations on Tumours, with Cases and Operations.* By John C. Warren, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University, and Surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Boston; Crocker & Brewster. 1837. 8vo. pp. 607.

This work was published, just as the present sheet was going to press. We have not had time therefore to examine it with

the care that we could wish; but we have glanced at enough of its contents to satisfy us of its great value.

It is an important contribution to the surgical profession, and in a department of that art where light was much needed. It is precisely of the character that might have been anticipated by those who knew its author, being distinguished throughout by great good sense, sound practical knowledge, and a happy talent of discrimination.

This volume could only have been written by a man of long and extensive experience. For many of the diseases of which it treats are so rare, that few practitioners have an opportunity of seeing them sufficiently often, to become familiar with their nature and management. They are, however, important, and some of them within the control of remedies.

Dr. Warren has pointed out the distinctive characters of the various tumours which he describes, with so much clearness, that it would not be difficult for others to recognise them. He has also given the proper mode of treatment, including the remedial agents and the operatives.

The author has conferred a great benefit on science and humanity, while he has made a substantial addition to his well-merited fame. The mechanical execution of the work is creditable to the country. It is printed on handsome paper, with clear type, and illustrated by several well executed colored prints. To the accuracy of most of these we can bear testimony, as we had an opportunity of seeing the greater part of the cases described in the volume.

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3. — *The Works of* Rev. Jesse Appleton, D. D., *Late President of Bowdoin College, embracing his Course of Theological Lectures, his Academic Addresses, and a Selection from his Sermons; with a Memoir of his Life and Character.* 2 vols. 8vo. Andover; published by Gould & Newman. 1837.

President Appleton was born in 1772, in New Ipswich, N. H. He was graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1792, settled in the ministry at Hampton, N. H., in 1797, and called to the presidency of Bowdoin College in 1807, in which station he remained till his death in 1819. Diligence, sobriety, method, and fidelity to himself and others, especially in his moral relations, are traits, which marked his early years, and laid the foundation for the usefulness and distinction to which he after-

wards attained. The reasoning powers and the taste were cultivated with much care, during his course of academical and collegiate education; and when, at a later period, he entered on the duties of the sacred profession, the same habits of study and mental improvement were retained. The noble science of theology, with its subjects of deep and wearing thought, was well adapted to the growth and strengthening of his mind; and we would commend his example during this part of his life, as set forth in the Memoir, to those whose station and circumstances are similar.

But it is as the presiding officer of Bowdoin College, that the author of these volumes is most known and remembered at the present day; and he is exhibited to us, in the Memoir, as possessing a rare combination of traits adapting him to this station. He was eminently successful as an instructer, not only skilfully imparting valuable knowledge, but forming the minds of his pupils by the influence of his own intellectual habits and opinions. As a disciplinarian, he was wise, cautious, affectionate, and firm; ever bearing about with him a sense of his responsibilities, and seeking, with untiring assiduity and self-sacrificing devotedness, the advancement and welfare of his pupils and of the College.

The task of presiding over a College recently founded, in which a course of instruction and discipline is to be established, and whose character and standing are yet to be acquired, is peculiarly difficult and laborious; especially when, from its limited funds, several branches of instruction devolve upon the same officer. And it was under such responsibilities, and in such labors, that Dr. Appleton passed the twelve years of his presidency at Bowdoin, growing in his own mental stature to fair and striking proportions, and at the same time promoting, as closely allied with his own advancement, the reputation and prosperity of the College. Exertion and duty was ever his motto, and he made the influence of his example and his guiding principles to be felt by those around him.

In reading the Memoir of President Appleton, we feel that one thus useful and revered while living, should be had in remembrance and known of those who come after him. And when a mind of high order designs and executes the image of itself in unfading letters, — the *forma mentis æterna*, — it would seem to us ungrateful, in surviving friends, not to frame the picture, and place it in the most favorable light.

The two volumes now published, embracing the works of President Appleton, contain, 1. His course of theological lectures, delivered to the students of Bowdoin College; 2. A selec-

tion from his sermons, several of which are occasional, others his parochial discourses while in the ministry at Hampton; 3. His Academical Addresses at the Annual Commencements of the College, from 1808 to 1816.

In the course of Lectures, which, with the Memoir, constitutes the whole of the first volume and a part of the second, the theological student will find (along with the discussion of some doctrines, which divide the opinion of the Christian world,) a judicious digest of the arguments, which prove the existence and perfections of God, the soul's immortality, and the necessity of a revelation. And he will see much to admire in the calmness and caution, as well as shrewdness and intelligence, which characterize the course of the investigation. — The Sermons rank well in this department of literature. Dr. Appleton was not a pulpit orator, in the common acceptation of the phrase; still, he seldom failed to arrest and hold the attention of his hearers. He was, what is usually termed, an impressive preacher; and this power over his hearers was not that of manner alone. It was the power of thought, — of striking thought, set forth in clear, sententious, and strong language. There are also found, especially in his occasional sermons, passages highly polished, and of much beauty both of conception and language. We would particularly advert to his Election Sermon, which, whether we regard the sentiments expressed, or the refined and courtly style in which they are conveyed, is a production which has rarely been surpassed on similar occasions. We remember the favorable impression made at the time of its delivery, and are glad to see it where it may be preserved and read.

The Academical Addresses, republished in these volumes, are valuable for the statement and discussion of ethical principles, for their practical wisdom, and their literary excellences. They were prepared for occasions of much interest, and when expectation was highly excited; and it may be truly said, that they never failed to gratify, and to meet expectation. Some, at the present day, in running over the subjects of these addresses, may be surprised at the favor, with which they were received by large and mixed audiences; but those who knew the man, or even looked upon him, must have felt, that grave topics became not only his mental and moral character, but his physiognomy itself. These annual performances also, more than any others of his works, acquaint us with the writer. We see in them the very image of his intellect, and his heart; his refined, delicate taste; his purity and elevation of sentiment and feeling; and that love of discriminating analysis, which sent light through every subject of its investigation.

We are told in the Memoir, that President Appleton entered with much interest into philological inquiries; and we see abundant evidence that it was so, in the chasteness and purity of his style. Few of our writers show equal correctness and propriety in the use of words, and of the idioms of the English language. He was also in an eminent degree a luminous writer. The basis of this valuable trait of style, is that precision and clearness of thought, which, as we have remarked, to an unusual extent characterized his mental habits. And what he saw clearly, he exhibited to others in a manner striking and impressive, with much strength and energy of language. To these traits, were added those simple, yet imposing graces of style, which indicate an imagination vigorous, but restrained, and a delicate and somewhat severe taste. We would, then, characterize the style of President Appleton as chaste, luminous, and polished, occasionally exhibiting passages of striking beauty and force.

Such are the contents of these acceptable volumes. For a more full account of their author, of the incidents in his life, and of his intellectual and moral traits, and further, of these his works, now collected and published as a just and we trust a lasting monument to his memory, we would refer our readers to the interesting and able Memoir of Professor Packard, which adds much to the value of the publication. The style, in which the edition is issued from the press, suits well, in correctness and elegance, with the intrinsic merits of the work.

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4. — *Statistics of the West, at the Close of the Year* 1836. By James Hall. Cincinnati; J. A. James & Co. 1836. 12mo. pp. 284.

Judge Hall's work reached us at a late period of the passage of this number through the press, and we have only had opportunity to look at the "preface," which, to use his language, he "appends" thereto. Of this, our journal is the principal theme.

Judge Hall is at issue with us respecting the merits of his previous publication, the "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the West," reviewed in our ninety-second number. That he should be, is the most natural thing in the world; it is on this very point, that author and critic are likeliest of all to differ. We were entertained with his work, and we gave him praise enough for it, one would think,

"To fill the ambition of a common man."

But we had a character for critical honesty to maintain, and we threw in the following qualifying paragraph.

"Judge Hall is not an accurate writer. In the work before us (Vol. I. p. 247), he informs us that Sir William Johnson purchased of the Six Nations, in 1768, their claim to the lands on the *northwest* side of the Ohio to the Great Miami. This does not appear on the treaty. Page 251 represents two grants from the Cherokees to Henderson and his company; whereas it appears there was only one, the other being a grant to the Crown in 1770. On page 31 (Vol. II.) he alters the date of the purchase of Louisiana, from 1803 to 1795, probably confounding it with the Spanish treaty of 1795. On page 36, he comes to the conclusion that there was nothing treasonable in the Spanish conspiracy on a dispassionate consideration of 'the whole matter.' But in this dispassionate consideration, he has wholly omitted the most treasonable features, saying nothing of the proposal made through Power in 1797 to withdraw from the Federal Union, and to form a government "wholly unconnected with that of the Atlantic States"; nothing of the one hundred thousand dollars offered to Sebastian, as a bribe to bring about this; and nothing of the concealment of the whole matter, by all concerned. All this looks a little treasonable. On page 119 he calls Kaskaskia a garrisoned town, when the fort was unoccupied, and the town defended only by militia; and, on page 124, he tells us that the capture of Vincennes in 1779 led to the settlement of Louisville in 1778."

Hinc illæ lachrymæ. "The paragraph," says Judge Hall, in the first place, "is not original, the allegations contained in it having been earlier made in a Western periodical by Mr. Butler, the historian of Kentucky." So be it. The charges are none the less likely to be true, for being made by two witnesses instead of one; nor is a critic to blame, for consulting different sources of information upon the subject which he treats; nor is want of originality any fault in a historical argument. On this subject of originality, Judge Hall will do well to revise his conclusions. The very vice of his historical works is, that they are too original. He confounds too much the departments of history and romance. Let him give to the incidents of his histories less originality, and to those of his romances more, and he will find that both will profit. Does he remember how Blumenbach once spoke of a book? It was thus; "There are in it many things which are new, and many which are true. But the things which are new are not true, and the things which are true are not new."—Our own remarks, which he disputes, relate to questions of history. So we but show them to be true, we are not careful to have them appear to be fruits of any inventive genius.

"Judge Hall," we said, "informs us that Sir William Johnson purchased of the Six Nations, in 1768, their claim to the lands on the northwest side of the Ohio to the Great Miami.

This does not appear on the treaty." The treaty in question is that of Fort Stanwix. It is printed in full, in the Appendix to Mr. Butler's History. We repeat, the cession spoken of is not there. There were two ways for Judge Hall to meet us on this point. One, by referring to the passage, in which he supposes the conveyance to be made; the other, by denying the printed treaty to be a true copy. He has done neither; and the only reasonable conclusion is, that he sees himself to have fallen into a mistake, which he does not like to acknowledge. Yet it would have been better to acknowledge it, than to fall out with us for good-naturedly, though truly, charging it. — What he does in his embarrassment, is a thing wholly irrelevant to the issue. He quotes Mr. Butler as saying, "this title, *as has been maintained*, was alienated to the British Crown," &c. But if Mr. Butler had averred, not only that the cession had been maintained to have been made, but had been indubitably made (which he does not say), it would have been nothing to the question of accuracy between Judge Hall and ourselves. We suppose that he was led into the erroneous statement by a misapprehension of those very words of Mr. Butler, which he now quotes in his attempt at defence.

Again, we said; "Page 251 represents two grants to Henderson and his company; whereas it appears there was only one." Judge Hall replies, that he has in his possession the original documents, which he will show us, if we will call upon him. We will not fail to do so, the first time that we go to Ohio, if he remains as well disposed towards us as now, and as much inclined to accompany us in our historical researches. Meanwhile, we are quite sure, upon the faith of his statement, that two deeds were given; and we are about equally sure, that, in some way, we are playing at cross purposes with him, upon this point. We presume we may venture the assertion, that in no proper sense of the words, can a proprietor give two successive deeds of an estate, though he may give duplicate copies of the same. If a first grant is entitled to the name of a grant, it conveys; and that which is conveyed is not retained, to be the subject of future conveyance. In the present instance, the lands which were the subject of what Judge Hall calls the second deed to Henderson and his company in 1775, are specifically described by him ("Sketches of the West," Vol. i. p. 251); and they are the same which, by the treaty of Lochaber in South Carolina, October 18th, 1770, had been granted by the Indians to the Crown. In Butler's History (Introduction, p. li.), the domain may be found defined in an extract from that treaty. What kind of document Henderson, five years later, took from

the Indians in relation to it, we cannot conjecture; but it would be wasting words to argue, that the land could not then have been in any proper sense the subject of a transfer from them to his company.

What Judge Hall calls "the next count in the indictment" in our article, relates to the date of the purchase of Louisiana, which we said he had changed from 1803 to 1795, probably confounding it with the Spanish treaty of the latter year. — To this he replies warmly, averring that "there is not a single date of any description on page 31, Vol. II., nor is the purchase of Louisiana stated, on that or any other page of the work, to have occurred in 1795." He had, however, at the place referred to, after speaking of events of the year 1795, proceeded as follows; "It happened that, very shortly after these events, the purchase of Louisiana, by the government of the United States, settled the long agitated question in reference to the navigation of the Mississippi," &c. We supposed, when we read this, that we were reading English; and on that presumption, our criticism appears as natural, as if,— remarking on a writer, who had spoken of the strife of parties at the close of Mr. Adams's administration, and then had added, "shortly after, the election of Mr. Van Buren to the presidency caused a temporary cessation of hostilities,"— we had suggested, that the date of Mr. Van Buren's election in 1836, had been confounded with that of General Jackson, in 1828. Henceforward, however, we stand corrected in the premises; and should we undertake again to criticize Judge Hall, we shall remember not only how "cunning of fence" he is, but how unsafe is the application to him of an argument founded on the usages of language. We understand him now to say, that when he spoke of certain events, as having occurred "shortly after" others, which belong to the early part of 1795, he meant that they took place in 1803. But really, if he is disposed to such a fantastic use of words, he should accompany his writings with an exegetical commentary from some other hand. Else, as historical authorities, the peculiarity of his rhetoric will render his works as unsatisfactory, as would the want of proper information.

Of our fourth assertion, relating to the so-called "Spanish Conspiracy," Judge Hall says, that "it consists of several distinct misapprehensions and misstatements." Of the "several," he simplifies our labor by specifying two; one, that we suppose the merely being addressed by treasonable proposals to be a treasonable act; the other, that we have believed and affirmed, that the proposals made by the Spanish governor were treasonably concealed by some of the persons solicited. In respect to

the first, the fault is with the finder. We have entertained no such thought as he supposes, nor implied that we entertained it, having, on the contrary, expressly rested the suspicion of treasonable purpose on the ground of concealment. As to the second point, when Judge Hall ventures a denial of such concealment, he does it in the face of the most positive testimony. This testimony stands recorded in the proceedings of the Kentucky Legislature, in the year 1806. In that year, an inquiry was moved into the conduct of Benjamin Sebastian, a Judge of Appeals of the State of Kentucky, and a Committee was appointed with power to send for persons and papers. By this examination was the fact brought to light, that Sebastian, while in high official station in Kentucky, had been receiving for years an annual pension of two thousand dollars from the king of Spain. Before the same Committee, Judge Innes disclosed the treasonable offers made to himself and others, nine or ten years before. This concealment of nine or ten years, was, according to Judge Hall, no concealment whatever. He vehemently rebukes us for calling it so. Yet Judge Innes thought otherwise; for he was at no small pains to excuse himself before the Legislature, for not having earlier revealed what had been done.

Our fifth animadversion was, on the description of Kaskaskia by Judge Hall, as "a garrisoned town, when the fort was unoccupied, and the town defended only by militia." He urges, on the contrary, that a town which has a fort is fortified, and one which has militia is garrisoned. Here, again, is but a question respecting the lawful and convenient use of words. If, in the next edition of "Statistics of the West," its author should see fit to qualify Cincinnati and Louisville as "garrisoned towns," this is a free country, and there is no authority to stay him; moreover, both Cincinnati and Louisville have decaying forts, and a militia quite as good as was that of Kaskaskia. But his readers ought to be forewarned, that his use of language is peculiar. There was an ancient who professed, "ficum voco ficum, et ligonem ligonem"; but Judge Hall is not of his school.

As we do not find that he has taken notice of our last observation, upon the anachronism, by which the capture of Vincennes was represented as a cause of the settlement of Louisville, we presume that he admits its correctness, though he hastily speaks of having refuted "each of the several charges of inaccuracy, brought by the North American."

Judge Hall, having found fault with our censure, proceeds to find fault with our praise. After partly discharging our consciences in relation to his slips, we proceeded in our good-will, to say, "these are small matters," and to "recommend the

'Sketches' to our readers as a work full of entertaining anecdote and description." At the inconsistency of this, he is confounded; wondering and chiding, that we should recommend a work as not wanting in entertainment, which we said was wanting in accuracy, and some other merits. But that which is a problem to Judge Hall, was none to Dr. Samuel Johnson. He said, of a book of his day, in language stronger than our benevolence suffered us to use, "though it is sufficiently defective to crush the vanity of its author, it is sufficiently entertaining to invite readers."

Judge Hall, having extended through his preface so much practical proof of what, he says, a volume is generally furnished with a preface to proclaim, viz. that "none are so indifferent as to its fate, as *him* who gave it existence," turns upon us, towards its close, in the stoutest *Hercles' vein*, with what they call, in the schools, an *argumentum ad invidiam*. In the article, which has offended him, we took occasion to speak of the character of the population of the West, and particularly of the Kentucky character; and we gave, substantially, the same account of it, which has been given by various writers. We said it was a character of *impulse*, both in its merits and defects; that, warm, generous, free, and bold, it was also inconsiderate, unconstrained, and headlong. We went so far as distinctly to imply, that the Kentucky genius contained the elements and the promise of a character of the most singular vigor and elevation. But, on the other hand, we spoke of faults to which this forcible genius tended; and, respecting ourselves, and those of whom we were writing, we chose not to speak of those faults vaguely and tamely. All this Judge Hall understands as outrageous denunciation, comparing, in his lively way, a part of the language in question, which happens to come at "the sequel of the article," to "the drop of poison upon the sting of the venomous insect." If we supposed this to be artifice, we should be content to tell him, that he underrates the nobility of nature of the western people, and wildly overrates his own capacity, when he thinks he can excite their displeasure against a discriminating statement of their faults and virtues; and it might help him to understand this, if he would observe the fact, that the article he censures has been quoted with strong commendation in the Kentucky journals. But we are rather fain to regard the erroneous interpretation, which he puts upon us, as but a further proof of that idiosyncrasy of his, on which, in another aspect, we have remarked above. Nothing more is the matter with him, in this instance as in the rest, than that he has crude perceptions of the settled force of language.

5. — 1. *First Report of the Geology of the State of Maine.* By Charles T. Jackson, M. D., Member of the Geological Society of France, &c. &c. Augusta; Smith & Robinson, Printers to the State. 8vo. pp. 128.
2. *First Report on the Geology of the Public Lands in the State of Maine.* By Charles T. Jackson, M. D. Boston; 1837. Published by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts. 8vo. pp. 47.

It certainly augurs well for the future prosperity of this country, that the wisdom of several of our State legislatures is leading them to avail themselves of the labors of their eminent scientific men, in searching out and bringing to light our immense mineral treasures. "Undiscovered knowledge," says Dr. Wayland in his treatise on Political Economy, "is just as rich in the means of human happiness, as discovered knowledge." And "who," adds he, "can tell the benefit which will result to this country, when Geology has revealed to us the riches which at present remain hidden from our view, beneath the surface of the soil?" This, it is gratifying to see, is in process of speedy accomplishment. Massachusetts led the way, and has been followed by Tennessee, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, and the State, in the survey of which Dr. Jackson has lately been employed. His two reports will, we feel assured, be esteemed among the ablest that have appeared on the geology of America, and worthy of the well known talents and attainments of their distinguished author.

A resolve for making "a Geological Survey of the State, upon a basis commensurate with the magnitude and variety of its territory," passed the Legislature of Maine, March 28, 1836, in concurrence with a similar resolve of the Legislature of Massachusetts, passed March 21, 1836, in regard to her public lands in that State. Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, was immediately selected by the executives of both States to conduct the survey; upon the duties of which he entered early in the season, and prosecuted it during the summer and autumn. He was assisted, on the part of Maine, by Dr. T. Purrington of Brunswick, by Mr. James T. Hodge, of Plymouth, for Massachusetts, and by Mr. F. Graeter as draftsman.

The field of discovery was a new one; the labor of making a thorough Geological survey of a territory so extensive, and so much of it covered with dense and trackless forests, was extreme; and we have been pained to learn, that an additional discouragement has been presented in an unexpected and mate-

rial reduction of the salary of the surveyor, already a quite inadequate compensation for such valuable services. Under such circumstances, it is doubly honorable to the gentleman, who had commenced the work in a manner so worthy of himself, and of the cause of science, that he determined to prosecute still, and if possible, to a successful accomplishment, his praiseworthy undertaking.

Only a small portion, of course, of so extensive a territory could be minutely examined in the short space of one season; yet, by a well-directed application of effort, a key has been obtained to the geological features of the whole State, which will greatly aid future observations; while much knowledge, of definite, and immediately available utility, in the discovery of valuable localities of minerals and ores, has been given to the world. The general plan pursued was, to examine the sea-coast of Maine, with its bold and rocky shores, numerous indentations, and lofty mural precipices, making frequent incursions into the land; and then to follow the direction of the boundary line along the St. Croix and St. John, to Madawaska River, thus making a *reconnoissance* of two sides of a square, forming the southern and eastern boundaries of the State. Besides this, a great number of minute surveys were made of important localities. The mention of a few of these may give some idea of the mineral treasures of Maine.

"The largest and most important bed of *iron ore*," says the Report, "is found on the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, at Woodstock. This bed probably traverses our territory, cutting through the township of Hodgdon, and running through an unknown extent of country. This bed is said to be nearly 900 feet wide, and its length is unknown! The ore is the compact red *hæmatite*, and will yield 44 per cent. of pure metallic iron, and 50 per cent. of cast iron. Allowing its specific gravity to be 3.5, and some of it will range still higher, a cubic foot of the ore will weigh 200 pounds. If the ore were wrought to the depth of 100 feet, and 500 feet in length, we should have for the cubic contents, $900 \times 100 \times 500 = 45{,}000{,}000$ cubic feet of ore. This ore yielding 50 per cent. of cast iron, we should have 4,500,000,000 pounds of iron that can be wrought from this bed, within these narrow limits." — *Maine Report*, p. 101.

The existence of this inexhaustible bed of ore was not even dreamed of, till the visit of Dr. Jackson. He was led to it, by seeing some specimens of red slate, covered with black oxide of manganese, which he instantly recognised as the matrix of the hæmatite iron ore. Its situation, on the banks of the St. John's, will render it easily available to commerce, while the smelting of

the ore will create a great demand for charcoal, which will be furnished by the abundant forests on the public lands. Its vicinity, too, to one of our military posts at Houlton, renders it a discovery of national importance, and one which should not be overlooked by government.

Several valuable localities of roofing slate were discovered, the most important of which is that at Brownsville, situated forty miles N. N. W. from Bangor, and within two hundred rods of Pleasant River, a navigable branch of the Penobscot. "This locality," says the Report, "is inexhaustible, and the slate is of an excellent quality, containing no pyrites, and is capable of resisting, as may be seen on its exposed surface, the action of air and water for ages, without undergoing decomposition." By driving a chisel between the layers of the stone, "sheets of a perfectly even surface may be split off with great ease, which are of suitable thickness for roofing, and from two to five feet square." The quarry is on a hill, and the slate may be conveyed by a gentle declivity, on a rail-road, to the river. From data furnished by gentlemen well acquainted with the navigation of the Penobscot, it appears, that it could be landed in Boston, at the cost of eight dollars per ton, while Welsh imperial slates sell at twenty-seven dollars per ton; and this locality, in the opinion of Dr. Jackson, will furnish "an equally good article." "I feel no hesitation in saying," adds he, in his remarks on this subject, "that, in my opinion, Maine is capable of supplying all the United States with good roofing slates."

A species of green marble was discovered at Starboard's Creek and also at Machias, which promises to be of considerable commercial value, in the manufacture of *hydraulic cement*, into which it can be converted by a very simple process.

Black oxide of manganese, a valuable article in commerce, was discovered in several different places; in small quantities, indeed, yet sufficient to warrant the belief of its being found in great abundance. Some indications of tin were detected in specimens of wolfrenn, or ferruginous oxide of tungsten, found at Blue Hill. There are plausible reasons for believing, we learn from the Report, that the bituminous coal formation of New Brunswick, and which Dr. Jackson, in a private survey, formerly traced to Grand Lake, where a mine is now wrought by a company from Boston, extends through a part of the State of Maine. New red sandstone, identical with the sandstone of Nova Scotia, which contains gypsum, salt springs, and coal, has been found in several places, containing in some instances the charred remains of fossil plants, and impressions of fern leaves. A salt spring, which issues from the soil near the junction of this

sandstone with argillaceous limestone rock, was discovered near Lubec, a chemical analysis of the waters of which has been made by Dr. Jackson. At Lubec are several veins of galena, an ore of lead, composed of lead and sulphur, contained in an argillaceous limestone, which are already wrought to some extent.

Limestone and marble are also among the great resources of the State. One of the most abundant localities of limestone is at Thomaston, where the quantity of lime manufactured the last year is estimated at four hundred thousand casks. This is sold at the average price of one dollar per cask.

Dr. Jackson has also devoted considerable attention to the comparative analysis of soils, and made a collection illustrating their geological origin, by which they may be traced back to the rocks from which they originated. The subject is certainly one of much practical interest; and this is, we believe, the only collection that has been made in this country to illustrate it. Numerous drawings and plates, by Mr. Graeter, illustrating the subjects of the Reports, accompany them.

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6. — *Twelve Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion. Delivered in Rome.* By Nicholas Wiseman, D. D., Principal of the English College, and Professor in the University of Rome. Andover; Gould & Newman. 1837. 8vo. pp. 404.

Dr. Wiseman, we are told, in the advertisement to this edition of his Lectures, is the head of the English College at Rome, an institution devoted to the instruction of young men in theology, under the supervision of a cardinal, and receiving the attention of the head of the Romish Church. We are also told, that Dr. Wiseman was born of English parents, in Spain; and though we are not informed concerning the places in which he received his education, or the methods in which he pursued his early studies, it is evident that he is a man of varied learning; and he has shown himself, on another occasion, well acquainted with the writings of some of the most distinguished German authors.

About two fifths of the present work are taken up with the early history of the human race. Beginning without any thesis or theory on the subject, the author plunges deeply into comparative philology; or, to call it by its recent and more learned name, *Ethnography*, that is, the classing of nations by means of the comparative study of languages. He adverts to the limited

views of the linguists of former times, in looking only for a lineal descent of words, where collateral branches might have extended, and in relying upon direct etymological derivation without comparing the affinities of various kindred languages or dialects. Instead of supporting a system, Dr. Wiseman turns himself to facts, and does not begin to philosophize till he thinks that the boundaries of observation have been faithfully explored. When a considerable number of words in two languages nearly resemble each other, notwithstanding there is a great want of resemblance in other words, a strong presumption is furnished that they sprung from a common, primary language.

Every one, who has any fondness for philological pursuits, must receive much gratification from examining the portion of the Lectures of which we are now speaking. Besides the condensed history which the author furnishes of the labors of the learned in this department, in different countries, he holds impartially the scales in which he weighs the opposite opinions concerning the original unity of all language. Among those who have aimed to demonstrate this unity, he singles out with special favor *Alexander Von Humbolt*, *Julius Klaproth*, and *Frederic Schlegel;* the first of whom pronounces the following strong decision as the result of his extensive inquiries; —

"However insulated certain languages may at first appear, however singular their caprices and their idioms, all have an analogy among them; and their numerous relations will be more perceived, in proportion as the philosophical history of nations, and the study of languages, shall be brought to perfection." — p. 68.

The difficulty of tracing the relationship of the new world with the old, by means of comparative philology, is admitted by Dr. Wiseman. Still, the traditions that prevail among the Aborigines, on portions of this continent, relative to the early history of the human race, analogous to those of the Asiatics, go to establish, in his opinion, a common origin. Under the disadvantages of comparing the American unwritten dialects with those of Eastern Asia, it could hardly be expected that fragments enough could be found in the former, of a primitive language, to reconstruct their original speech, and show its identity with the language from which it had so long and so widely diverged.

The oneness of the human race is discussed in these Lectures, at much length; and the aid of learned travellers and scientific physiologists is called in to prove a unity of origin, notwithstanding the marked varieties which have been wrought by time and circumstances. The author does not deny or shun the difficul-

ties of the subject; while he acknowledges that the way in which nature has wrought in producing this variety is mysterious, he maintains that there is no impossibility, that races, apparently so peculiar and so unlike in many particulars, should have sprung from one family.

The following is a brief summary of what the author has attempted in a portion of this subject, which we select, together with the illustrations he has annexed. These are striking and ingenious.

"We have seen it well established; first, that among animals acknowledged to be of one species, there have arisen varieties similar to those in the human race, and not less diverse from one another. Secondly, that nature tends, in the human species, to produce varieties in one race approaching to the characteristics of the others. Thirdly, that sporadic varieties of the most extraordinary sort, may be propagated by descent. Fourthly, that we can find sufficient proofs, in the languages and in the characteristics of larger bodies, or entire nations compared, of their transition from one race to another. Fifthly, that though the origin of the black race is yet involved in mystery, yet are there sufficient facts collected to prove the possibility of its having arisen from another, particularly if, in addition to the action of heat, we admit that of moral causes acting upon the physical organization.

"And here I will remark, that we are often precipitate and unjust, in judging of the past by causes now in action. It is indeed true that nature is constant and regular in her operations; but if, in the short course of our experience, or that of past observers, no variation may have been noted in the uniformity of her workings, it is that the little segment of our duration's cycle, over which we and they have travelled, is but as a straight line, an infinitesimal element, whose curvature can only appear, when referred to a much larger portion of her circumference. That, besides the partial laws with which we are acquainted, there have been others once most active, whose agency is now either suspended or concealed, the study of the world must easily convince us. There were times, within the verge of mythological history, when volcanoes raged in almost every chain of mountains; when lakes dried up, or suddenly appeared, in many valleys; when seas burst over their boundaries and created new islands, or retired from their beds and increased old continents; when, in fine, there was a power of production and arrangement on a great, magnificent scale; when nature seemed employed not merely in the yearly renovation of plants and insects, but in the procreation from age to age of the vaster and more massive elements of her sphere; when her task was not confined to the embroidering the meadows in the spring, or to the paring away of shores by the slow eating action of tides and currents, but when she toiled in the great laboratories of the earth, upheaving mountains, and displacing seas, and thus giving to the world its great indelible features. And how are we to account for this, but by supposing in nature a two-fold

action, one regular from the beginning, and uniform to the end, the other a mysterious, slow-moving power, which, though revolving on the same plane, travels over it with an imperceptible motion, proportioned to the wants of the entire system." — pp. 144, 145.

Geology, another fruitful subject in its relation to the Mosaic history, is handled next to the history of man, in this course of Lectures. The statements here made concerning the conclusions of modern geologists, in regard to the changes on the earth's surface, are valuable in themselves, while they serve to allay the fears of those who have taken alarm, lest the cosmogony of the Old Testament should not only not be verified, but should be even brought into discredit, by means of new discoveries in geological science. We cannot forbear, in this connexion, to extract the pleasing reflections of the author at the close of one of his lectures;

"And surely it must be gratifying thus to see a science, formerly classed, and not, perhaps, unjustly, among the most pernicious to faith, once more become her handmaid; to see her now, after so many years of wandering from theory to theory, or rather, from vision to vision, return once more to the home where she was born, and to the altar at which she made her first simple offerings; no longer, as she first went forth, a wilful, dreamy, empty-handed child, but with a matronly dignity, and a priest-like step, and a bosom full of well-earned gifts, to pile upon its sacred hearth. For it was religion which, as we saw at the commencement of this lecture, gave geology birth, and to the sanctuary she hath once more returned." p. 192.

Of the lectures on the remaining subjects, namely, Early History, Archæology, and Oriental Literature, sacred and profane, we have not room to speak particularly. The treatment of these, as well as of the other great subjects, is marked with frankness on the part of the author, when he is met by difficulties; while he ever takes delight in verifying the scripture histories, by the light shed through the advancement of learning and science, and by the great discoveries to which these have given birth. The history of science and literature here unfolded, in relation to the Scriptures, is applied in its results to the verification of revealed truth, not only as that history is drawn from the friends of religion, but as it is deduced from the writings of those who have carried on their investigations without any reference to the Bible, or any suspicion that the results would be so applied. Thus the antiquary and the orientalist are unawares made tributary to the theologian. The writings too of unbelievers, and even of those opposed to the Scriptures, are in this way employed in defence of religion, contrary to their expectation and their will.

On the whole, we have been highly gratified with these Lectures. They are adapted to convey much instruction. And though the style has not the freedom and ease which we should have expected, if the author had been mainly conversant with English scholars, yet it is perspicuous and pure, and sometimes beautiful. Dr. Wiseman, as we have said, is a Catholic; and we add, so far as we discover his character and disposition from this work, a man of generous and liberal feelings. If he believes in the adage said to have been current in the church to which he belongs, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," he has no fears, on the contrary, that science and learning can, on the whole, or in the end, be converted into weapons of hostility against the Christian faith; for thus far, the more searching they have become, the more have the fears of the timid believer subsided, and the conviction of the ingenuous inquirer been strengthened.

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7. — *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land.* By AN AMERICAN. In Two Volumes. New York; Harper & Brothers. 12mo.

THESE two volumes contain a journal of the author's tour, included within the years 1835 and 1836. From various allusions throughout the book, it may be gathered, that he had previously travelled over the continent of Europe, and visited all the usual objects of taste and curiosity. This portion of his wanderings has evidently been selected for publication, because it extends over a part of the ancient world not often trodden by Christian feet, and yet connected by a thousand interesting associations with Christian thought. Without being a profound classical scholar, the author shows himself to be a man of good education and good sense. Without being an antiquarian or an artist, he shows a just appreciation of the wondrous remains of ancient toil and skill, with which a large part of his course was thickly studded. But the distinguishing merit of his book, is the unaffected truth and liveliness of his descriptions and narratives. He makes his reader see, as he himself saw, the varied and interesting scenes amidst which he travelled. The appearance of the country, the manners of the people, their condition and moral character, are delineated with a graceful ease. We have a series of pictures, rapidly executed, but full of minute and characteristic traits, that show the hand of the sagacious observer. In point of style, these volumes have little in them that can be

objected to. They will sustain an advantageous comparison with the best travels of the day, and, in many important features, are decidedly superior to some of the most celebrated. They are wholly free from the poetical mystification and halo, which give such a vague and foggy aspect to the well-known work of M. de Lamartine. Our author does not allow the delusions of imagination to cheat him of truth and reality. He sets before us things as they are. The pastoral life of the wandering Arab has no charms sufficiently Arcadian to draw his mind away from the blessings of civilization. He tells us of the misery and degradation of the savage state, and opens our eyes, if they were not open before, to the absurdity of those visions of enthusiastic dreamers, who would have us believe that the state of nature, as they strangely miscall the wretched condition of the savage, is a state of primeval innocence and patriarchal simplicity. His language has an easy flow, and a pure English flavor. It reads like the pleasant talk of an intelligent conversationist, who enchains our attention by an unstudied narrative of what he has seen and observed in foreign lands. Like the language of the talker, it is sometimes careless, and even ungrammatical; the sentences are, here and there, a little involved; and now and then we come upon a repetition of what we have met before. Considering the book as a work of art, there are certainly blemishes; but they are few in number, and not very important in character. In fact, they rather heighten the graphic force of the narrative, and give us a still stronger feeling of the truthfulness of the work.

The journal commences with the author's arrival at Alexandria, in Egypt. He visited the ruins of that ancient city, and then took passage up the Nile, to Cairo, in which city he had the honor of being presented to his Highness, the Pacha of Egypt. The description of the pyramids, the sphinxes, and the works of Egyptian art, are lively, though they have nothing new. The incidents of the journey up the Nile are interesting and admirably told. The following description of a storm on the Nile, will probably be a novelty to our readers;

"The wind was blowing down with a fury I have never seen surpassed in a gale at sea, bringing with it the light sands of the desert, and at times covering the river with a thick cloud which prevented my seeing across it. A clearing up for a moment showed a boat of the largest class, heavily laden, and coming down with astonishing velocity; it was like the flight of an enormous bird. She was under bare poles, but small portions of the sail had got loose, and the Arabs were out on the very ends of the long spars getting them in. One of the boatmen, with a rope under his arm, had plunged into the river, and with strong swimming reached the bank, where a hundred men ran to his assistance. Their united strength turned her bows

around, up stream, but nothing could stop her; stern foremost, she dragged the whole posse of Arabs to the bank, and broke away from them perfectly ungovernable; whirling around, her bows pitched into our fleet with a loud crash, tore away several of the boats, and carrying one off, fast locked as in a death-grasp, she resumed her headlong course down the river. They had gone but a few rods, when the stranger pitched her bows under and went down in a moment, bearing her helpless companion also to the bottom. It was the most exciting incident I had seen upon the river. The violence of the wind, the swift movement of the boat, the crash, the wild figures of the Arabs on shore and on board, one in a red dress almost on the top of the long spar, his turban loose and streaming in the wind, all formed a novel and most animating scene. I need scarcely say that no lives were lost, for an Arab, on the bosom of his beloved river, is as safe as in his mud cabin."

We pass over the remainder of this voyage, the description of Thebes, its stupendous temples and avenue of sphinxes, the tramp into the desert in pursuit of an oasis, and many other interesting matters, merely remarking that our traveller reached the cataracts of Upper Egypt, on the borders of Nubia, and that his record of the incidents, that befell him, is exceedingly lively and attractive. On his return to Cairo, he found the great yearly caravan of pilgrims for Mecca assembling, and the Sheik of Akaba was there, on a summons from the Pacha, to protect them through the desert, to his territory. After some negotiation with this distinguished personage, to settle an arrangement for safe conduct from Akaba to Hebron, including a visit to the wonderful city of Petra, he set off on his route to Suez, where he crossed the Red Sea, and immediately plunged into the wilderness of Sinai. His description of the ascent to the summit of the sacred mountain, and of the wild landscape opening on the eye from thence, is a favorable specimen of our author's uncommon skill in that style of composition. Having accomplished this ascent, one of the favorite objects of his journey, he entered upon the "great and terrible desert," which spread from the base of Sinai to the Promised Land. On his arrival at Akaba, he was attacked by a severe illness, but was able in a few days to commence the journey through the desert, having completed the arrangements, before discussed, with the Sheik. The route through the land of Edom, the visit to Petra, the description of the singular remains of that doomed and desolated city, must have an absorbing interest for every reader, who has the smallest curiosity to know the present state of those regions, which were the scenes of Scripture history, and prophetic denunciation. Like other travellers, our author found many things that seemed to him to show the literal fulfilment of the curses uttered by the Hebrew prophets. Without entering further into

the subject, we remark it as a little singular that Keith and others, who insist upon the exact fulfilment of the curse pronounced upon the land of Edom, that no one should "pass through it for ever," have confined themselves to the case of European travellers, forgetting that roaming tribes of Arabs, descendants of the ancient Edomites, have traversed it at will, at all times and in every direction.

Our traveller reached Hebron in safety, and was quartered by the governor upon a Jewish family. He gives us many entertaining and instructive traits of the Jewish population in that place. His journey in the Holy Land, from Hebron to Jerusalem, has less of novelty in it than the portion through which we have already followed him. But what Christian can read without emotion, descriptions of places for ever hallowed by their connexion with the life and sufferings of Jesus?

During his stay in the Holy Land, he visited every interesting spot, consecrated by events in early Christian history; and of all recent travellers to Palestine, we think he furnishes the best picture of the country, the best account of its moral and religious state, the best description of modes of life, and of the ceremonial rites practised by Christian pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre.

We take leave of our entertaining countryman with regret. He has carried us through scenes and countries, which have an imperishable hold upon our imaginations and hearts; and we part from him, as from one who has freshened early and cherished associations, given new life to many solemn and affecting passages of Scripture history, and an impressive view of the ruin and degradation to which those venerable regions have been reduced.

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8. — *Inaugural Address*, by Henry Ruffner, President of Washington College, Va. Delivered on the 22d of February, 1837. Lexington; C. C. Baldwin. 12mo. pp. 24.

Washington College is situated in Lexington, Rockbridge county, about fourteen miles from the Natural Bridge, in Virginia. It enjoys the enviable distinction of having been the object of General Washington's patronage; and the Society of Cincinnati have given a title to one of the professorships. It is placed in the midst of the most magnificent scenery of Virginia, and hallowed by associations with the memory of the greatest man of modern times.

We have read the Address of President Ruffner with a feeling

of unqualified approbation. It unfolds a series of views on college government and college education, remarkable for soundness, clearness, and a certain practical tact, all of which show a vigorous understanding, exercised by much experience in the conduct of affairs. The President writes in a plain, cogent style, making no attempts at showy eloquence, and bringing home to the plainest understanding matter of the greatest import. Instructions of this kind the public stand in great need of. Everybody nowadays considers himself competent to pass judgment on every thing; and education, in which everybody really has a deep concern, has come in for more than its share of extra-judicial judgments. The public mind (if there be such a thing) has been hard pressed with an infinite deal of nothing on this much agitated and little understood subject; and it must be greatly relieved (the existence of the thing being taken, as before, *ex hypothesi*) by the appearance, now and then, of good common sense, like that in the pamphlet before us.

President Ruffner gives, in the latter part of his discourse, a rapid sketch of the various departments of liberal studies. Without being original or profound, (indeed he could not well be either, while skimming over so wide a surface,) he has uttered a great deal of seasonable instruction, which we hope his hearers laid to heart; and we hope, moreover, that our readers will not be deterred by the ordinary type and coarse paper of this pamphlet, from giving it an attentive perusal, wherever they find it.

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9. — *Essay on Education, in which the Subject is treated as a Natural Science, in a Series of Familiar Lectures, with Notes.* By Mrs. Barbara O'Sullivan Addicks. New York. 8vo. pp. 48.

We can as yet form no opinion of the value of this essay, one lecture only being published. But we can judge something of Mrs. Addicks's style of writing and thinking. The remarks in this pamphlet are sprightly and vigorous, though somewhat rambling. There is a little too much about the "pride of hand" for which "the O'Sullivans were always remarkable"; and perhaps the ancient glories of the O'Sullivan-Bears were as well omitted in a discourse upon education. But we like exceedingly the method of showing the adaptation of the bodily organs to the powers of the mind, and the proposed arrangement of topics, to be hereafter discussed. When the plan is completed we may discuss it more at length, than the pamphlet before us affords the means of doing.

10.—1. *Proceedings of the President and Fellows of the Connecticut Medical Society, in Convention, May,* 1837. New Haven; B. L. Hamlen. 8vo. pp. 12.

2. *An Address to the Annual Convention of the Medical Society of Connecticut, Convened at Hartford, May* 10, 1837. By Thomas Miner, M. D., President of the Society. New Haven; B. L. Hamlen. 8vo. pp. 12.

3. *A Report of the New Haven County Medical Society, on the Expediency of repealing that Section of the Medical Laws of this State, which excludes Irregular Practitioners from the Benefits of Law in the Collection of Fees.* New Haven; B. L. Hamlen. 8vo. pp. 16.

The respectability of the Medical profession, and the quiet confidence with which its members are in general regarded, have in a great measure driven out of the minds of men the remembrance of its condition in most parts of the country in former times, and the evils which were in consequence suffered by the community at large. The means, by which changes so great and so beneficial have been accomplished, are forgotten; and in some instances the Medical Societies, by whose agency they have chiefly been effected, have been made the objects of jealousy and reproach. In our sister State of Connecticut, an attempt has been recently made, mainly by the friends of the Thomsonian practice, to obtain a repeal of the statute, which withholds from unlicensed practitioners of medicine the benefit of law in the collection of their fees. Petitions from various parts of the State were presented to the legislature, and the Medical Society was served with a citation, by which it was in a manner compelled to take notice of them.

It is impossible to read the account of the proceedings at the Annual Meeting of the Society, without the feeling that its members were engaged in much higher objects, than devising plans of personal advantage or professional interest. The address of Dr. Miner is an able and dignified performance, well adapted to the occasion, and to his position in the Society, from the Presidency of which he was now retiring, having filled that office for several successive years. It was a suitable time for reminiscences of the former state of the healing art in that community, in comparison with its present flourishing condition.

"In 1792," says Dr. Miner, "when the first legislative act was passed in our favor, there were a few physicians of high eminence, whose talents had been developed by the Revolutionary war, and other events of the day, distributed in perhaps every county of the State. In most of

the *towns*, however, the great majority of the profession were at a very low ebb. All who chose to practise were legal physicians, however indifferent their qualifications. There were instances of men's setting themselves up for physicians, who had not pretended to study more than three months, and some of them had scarcely any other books than Buchan and a dispensatory. If possible, Surgery was generally in a worse state. We had three or four eminent operators, it is true, but it is probable that there were scarcely half a dozen in the whole commonwealth, who were prepared to meet any uncommon case. The department of Obstetrics was lower still, and though much of that business had fallen into the hands of the physicians, yet there was not probably a good practitioner to a county. Chemistry, Botany, and most of the auxiliary branches, were hardly known by name, and had received scarcely any attention from more than three or four physicians in the State. The knowledge of Morbid Anatomy was equally imperfect.

"Further, there being no acknowledged rules of medical police, and of intercourse as respected each other, many of the physicians of that day were perfect Ishmaelites, constantly at variance among themselves, acting without concert, and feeling very little sense of the dignity as well as the importance of the profession. Even several of considerable standing did not blush to avow, that they had their secret nostrums, and openly to resort to the low arts of modern quackery."—pp. 3, 4.

The Address throughout exhibits the philanthropic spirit of its author, in the recommendation of harmony and good feelings among the members of the Society, and of zealous efforts on their part to promote the public benefit. The subject of the peculiar duties of their present position, in reference to the petitions already mentioned, is touched upon by Dr. Miner, but is more fully discussed in the Report of the New Haven County Medical Society, (a constituent part of the State Society,) on the expediency of repealing the laws against irregular practitioners. We regret that our limits will not allow a more extended notice of this able Report. It first shows, in a plain and very satisfactory manner, the necessity of diligent and protracted study and observation, to acquire the skill to manage diseases. It might seem that no argument was needed, to establish what is so obvious; and the Report, in this and several other analogous instances, apologizes for descending to the proof of what ought not to need proof, by showing its necessity under existing circumstances. The proof exhibited however in this case is so conclusive, that it can hardly fail to convince even those, whose capacities are of such a calibre as to require evidence in regard to it. The only weak point we perceive in the argument, is in the supposition that *two years* are a sufficient time for the *minimum* of study. Our friends in Connecticut are, in this particular,

behind the rest of the intelligent portion of the civilized world, in their estimate of the requisites for the commencement of medical practice. We know of no other community, where a license for practice is granted, till after at least three years of study.

The facility of imposition, and the necessity for some protection for those who are not able to distinguish, as the act of Henry VIII. had it, "the uncunnynge from the cunnynge," are exhibited in a series of judicious remarks. The precise character of the provisions best calculated to protect the community from such impositions, may give rise to some difference of opinion. In Connecticut, the chief reliance is upon the prohibition to enforce the payment of fees by law. A similar provision in our own laws, in Massachusetts, was repealed in the Revised Statutes, adopted in 1835, partly at the suggestion, and entirely with the concurrence of physicians, who have given much attention to the subject, because it was thought, that, in this Commonwealth, a more efficient and less objectionable protection is obtained by the rule of the Massachusetts Medical Society, that its Fellows will not consult with, nor in any other manner aid or abet irregular practitioners. What is principally requisite is, that the line of distinction between the educated and the uneducated should be strongly marked.

11.—*Second Report on the State of Education in Bengal. District of Rajshahi.* By W. Adam. Published by Order of the Government. Calcutta; G. H. Huttman. 1836. 8vo. pp. 79, xlviii.

Mr. Adam's Report of July, 1835, which was noticed in a former number of this Journal, presented a sketch of the state of education in all the districts of Bengal. The present Report is confined to a single district, and goes into more accurate and ample details. Mr. Adam has begun his researches at the point, where the investigations of Dr. Buchanan, made about thirty years since, terminated; namely, the district of Rajshahi. The first section gives an account of the subdivisions and population, with the proportion of Mussulmans and Hindoos. — The second contains a detailed sketch of the elementary instruction, under the two divisions of public and private, and arranged in four classes, according to the languages employed in them. In this part, we are furnished with particular statements of the mode of instruction, the extent to which it is carried, the qualifications of teachers, and their remuneration. From these state-

ments it appears, that, though some kind of elementary instruction is very general, yet the standard of attainment is deplorably low. — The third section considers the state of *learned instruction* in this district, under the divisions of Mussulmans and Hindoos. Mr. Adam gives a particular account of all the institutions, endowments, funds, studies, and teachers, belonging to this branch of his inquiry. In the "Schools of general literature," which are thirteen in number, the studies are grammar, lexicology, poetry and the drama, and rhetoric. A list of the books studied in these several branches is furnished. There are also nineteen Schools of Hindoo law, which contain two hundred and forty-five students; two schools of logic, with four students each; and four additional schools of learning, a Vedantic, a Pauranic, a Tantric, and a Medical school. The first of these was but just opened, at the time of Mr. Adam's visit; the second had twenty students, the third twelve, and the fourth seven. The courses of study in each of these schools are stated at length. — The fourth section contains a history of the English school, established at Bauleah, the capital of the district, but now suspended for want of funds. At the time of its suspension, it had a hundred and thirty-four scholars. The course of instruction in this school is also described. — The fifth section furnishes a very curious account of the state of female instruction. — The sixth is devoted to a comparison of the existing means of instruction, with the wants of the juvenile male population, and an estimate of the amount of cultivation possessed by the adult male population. — The seventh and concluding section gives a very interesting sketch of the state of native medical practice in the district. The Appendix is made up of a series of valuable tables, containing a variety of useful statistical information, arranged systematically and expressed in numbers.

We shall look with interest for the continuation of Mr. Adam's zealous labors in the cause of education in the East. They are, of course, more immediately important to the English nation, whose vast possessions in that quarter of the world are directly affected by them; but they have a strong claim upon the attention of all Christendom, inasmuch as they delineate the present condition, and may affect the future destiny of the most ancient races, and the most venerable countries in the world. Showing, as they do, that the most important use may be made of native institutions for the promotion of knowledge, we trust that they are destined to do much towards correcting a species of *Anglomania*, which, there is too good reason to believe, has hitherto given a false direction to the zeal of the friends of education in Hindostan. It is time, that there was less waste of

force, than has been occasioned hitherto by the extraordinary idea, that, to a *congeries* of nations, with a population of a hundred millions, possessing religions, languages, characters, and literatures of their own, moral and intellectual instruction is to be effectually communicated, only or chiefly through the English language, and the Roman character.

12.— *Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs; and the Roads leading Thereto, and the Doings Thereat, &c.* By Peregrine Prolix. Philadelphia; H. S. Tanner. 1837. 12mo. pp. 248.

This writer excels in a light and airy descriptive style. His letters on Pennsylvania were agreeable and popular. This little volume is equally attractive, and gives more new information. The author describes, in a very lively manner, the scenery about the Virginia Springs, and the society and amusements found there. To most of us at the North, this is quite new. We had before some indistinct notion, that these springs in Virginia possessed real or supposed medicinal virtue, and that they were resorted to by travellers from the South and West; but the extent and excellence of the accommodations, the number of the springs, and the varied resources for the health of the body and the amusement of the mind, were, we fancy, less known to the majority of New Englanders, than the Brunnen of Nassau. We are, therefore, particularly indebted to this agreeable writer for showing us the abundant means of health and pleasure, so far as health and pleasure flow from annual visits to fashionable watering-places, which we have near at home. We may anticipate, that the Ancient Dominion will become in a few years the great resort of the gay and brilliant pleasure-hunters, as well as of the austere throng of dyspeptic gentlemen and nervous ladies; of those who know not what to do with themselves, and those who could not do it, if they did; of those who think that something is the matter with them, but are not aware that it is no matter what.

In noticing our author's former work, we said a word or two about his distressing puns. The habit has become more inveterate with him; and, as was to be anticipated, through the dire necessity of the case, the puns have become singly less endurable. To a writer of so much vivacity and real talent, much is to be forgiven, if he does stoop to unworthy ways. But such

conceits as "non *in muddio* tutissimus ibis" put the reader's friendship to the severest test.

13.—*A Discourse pronounced before the American Historical Society, &c.* By the Hon. Levi Woodbury. Washington; Gales & Seaton. 8vo. pp. 67.

We excuse ourselves from copying the enormous title-page of this Discourse. We have read it, however, and the Discourse behind it, notes and all. We would gladly go on and commend it, both for the love we bear to the American Historical Society, and our respect for the powers that be. But it is out of the question. As true men, we can do no such thing. Nor does the Secretary, we presume, learn first from us, that he by no means "stands alone," in the regret expressed in the correspondence, prefixed to the Discourse, "that leisure has not been enjoyed to render it more worthy the kindness evinced by the Society." A gentleman of his standing should have written a better address, or he should have written none, and allowed the Society to cater elsewhere. As to end or aim to it, the former may be found, though the search is long and weary; the latter, we think, cannot be. All is haze and glorification. The matter is substantially a *rifacimento* of that of the Fourth of July orations of twenty years since. The sentences that body forth what of body it has, are long, disjointed, and involved, overlaid with inappropriate epithets and unmeaning metaphors; and the style, on the whole, is infelicitous to that degree, that wherever the choice lay between a compact and tasteful expression, and a clumsy one, the latter would appear to have been scrupulously preferred. Moreover, the Secretary uses vain repetitions, as the school-boys do; so that, take six of the orations mentioned above, and three Treasury Reports, and mix them till they froth, (it will not take long,) and the result might be just such a composition as this. It is certainly speaking within bounds to say, that all the meaning, which is here beaten out to cover more than three scores of pages, might be compressed into three pages, and those not over full of sense.

The last year's address before this Society was by Mr. Secretary Cass. It was learned, forcible, and finished. Compared to that work of a master, how "stale, flat, and unprofitable" is the rigmarole before us. We hope the American Historical Society is not deluded to suppose, that a man is of course a historian and a rhetorician, because he holds high station at the Federal head-

quarters. We hope it does not mean to make itself a conduit for the generally too copious streams of dulness in place. We observe that the official, who endorses the testimony to the present Discourse, as being "eloquent, interesting, and truly American," is appointed to speak for himself at the next annual meeting. The good fates forbid, that he should have applied those epithets in too sober earnest! His signature alone to words so significant, creates a natural uneasiness, lest he should be trying his hand at an imitation; lest he should aim to "be himself the great sublime he draws." But, to the last, we will not cease to hope for him a better deliverance.

NOTE TO ARTICLE IV.

Since the article relating to North Africa was printed, we have learned, with deep regret, that the enterprising traveller, Mr. Davidson, is to be added to the number of those, whose lives have been sacrificed in the attempt to explore the interior of Africa.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, on the 13th of March, the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mr. Davidson, on his way to Tombuctoo, was confirmed by letters of the 15th of February, received at the Foreign Office, from the British Vice-Consul at Mogadore, Mr. Willshire. He is said to have been robbed thirty-two or thirty-three days after having started from Wad Noon, and eight or ten days afterward (supposed to be on the 12th or 13th of December) to have been shot at Sheh Keya, twenty days' journey from Wad Noon, and twenty-seven from Tombuctoo.

The lamented death of this celebrated traveller, long known to the public by the account of his travels in Egypt and the Holy Land, was very feelingly alluded to, at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, by the chairman, J. R. Murchison, Esq. The informant could give no certain account of the fate of Abu Bekr, the companion of Mr. Davidson, but understood him to have gone on with the caravan.

Errata in Article II.

Page 47, line 2,	for	*Hard*-un.	*read*	*Hard*-au.
" " 4,	"	*White*-un.	"	*White*-au.
Page 50, " 5,	"	*Monedow' iah.*	"	*Monedow' eeh.*
" " 7,	"	*Monedo.*	"	*Monedon.*
" " 7,	"	*ah' weah.*	"	*iahsee.*
" " 20,	"	Tahgee atta wun.	"	Tahgee atta bun.
" " 35,	"	Ke atta bun nuh.	"	Kee atta bun een nuh
" "41,43,	"	*Inien.*	"	*Inieu.*
Page 55, " 7,	"	*nebecq.*	"	*nibeeg.*
" " 8,	"	*n' beeg.*	"	*n' beag.*

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The Moral Law of Accumulation. The Substance of Two Discourses, delivered in the First Baptist Meetinghouse in Providence, May 11th, 1837. By Francis Wayland, D. D. Providence. John E. Brown. 8vo. pp. 85.

The Family Preacher; or Domestic Duties illustrated and enforced, in Eight Discourses. By Rev. Rufus William Bailey, of South Carolina. New York. John S. Taylor. 12mo. pp. 158.

Sunday School Results. By the Secretary of the Mass. Sabbath School Society. Written for the M. S. S. S. and revised by the Committee of Publication. Boston. Mass. Sabbath School Society. 18mo. pp. 304.

An Examination of the Pelagian and Arminian Theory of Moral Agency, as recently advocated by Dr. Beecher in his "Views in Theology." By Joseph Harvey, D. D. New York. Ezra Collier. 12mo. pp. 223.

Cobwebs Swept Away, or some Popular Deceptions Exposed. A Sermon Delivered on Fast Day, April 6th, 1837, at the First Church in Newbury. By Leonard Withington, Pastor of said Church, Published by Request. Newburyport. Hiram Tozer. 8vo. pp. 25.

A Service Book, for Sunday Schools. To which is added a Collection of Hymns. Compiled for the use of the Boylston Chapel Sunday School, Charlestown. Boston. B. H. Greene. 18mo. pp. 95.

Causes of Religious Declension; particularly the present Low State of Religion among different Denominations of Christians. By Jeremiah Chaplin, D. D., Pastor of the Baptist Church in Willington, Conn. Hartford. Canfield & Robins. 12mo. pp. 108.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Gleanings in Europe. By an American. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 210 & 233.

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

We have just received from Calcutta the Prospectus of a work of great curiosity; a complete edition, in the original Arabic, of the *Alif Laila*, or Thousand and One Nights, from a manuscript obtained in Egypt, by Major Macan of the English army. The only edition, (we suppose,) now extant, or at least known in Europe, is that printed at Breslau, twelve years ago, from a manuscript obtained by Dr. Habicht, at Tunis. The present edition is to be published in four volumes of 600 pages each, royal octavo, under the superintendence of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. "All equivocal passages will be marked diacritically; an ample Index will be prepared, with a Glossary of the peculiarities found in the work; and a Preface, embodying such information as can be collected, from various sources, regarding the 'Alif Laila' generally, and the present manuscript in particular." We look to the promised investigation of the origin and history of the work, (of which very little is yet certainly known) with great interest; and we observe that the Calcutta literati speak of "two very different editions, or recensions, of these celebrated tales, one long current in Egypt and Arabia, the other among the Moghrebin Arabs of Barbary and Spain," upon the former of which important light is expected to be thrown by the projected publication.

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ART. I. — 1. *Base du Système Métrique Décimal.* — MECHAIN, DELAMBRE, and ARAGO.
2. *Bulletin des Lois.* 1790 *to* 1825.
3. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on Weights and Measures.* 1814.
4. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords, on a Petition from Glasgow, relating to the Weight and Measure Bill.* 1824.
5. *Report of the Commissioners of Weights and Measures.* 1819, 1820, *and* 1821.
6. *Sundry Papers.* By Captain KATER. Transactions of the Royal Society. 1824 to 1830.
7. *Report of the New Standard Scale of the Royal Astronomical Society.* F. BAILY. 1836.
8. *Reports of Mr.* JEFFERSON *and of Mr.* ADAMS. 1793 *to* 1821.
9. *Report, on the Comparison of Weights and Measures, to the Secretary of the Treasury.* By F. R. HASSLER. 1832.

THE weights and measures, used for the simple traffic of original and primitive nations, are always of simple, and probably always of similar origin. The length of the human foot, or of the palm, or a pace, or a span, or the distance from point to point of the extended arms, are measures of

length most likely to occur at the early period of society; while, for capacity, the sewed skin of a domestic animal, and for weight, the weight of an ordinary ripe fruit or handful of grain, would afford a sufficiently accurate medium for the comparison of all exchanges necessary during the rude and pastoral age. But as civilization progresses, and as men become first agricultural, and then commercial, the necessity of fixing these relative values becomes more and more apparent, as well for the purpose of preventing frauds, as to ensure the results of trade, and render revenue, both public and private, certain and appreciable. It would also soon be discovered, that, in all civil commotions, the ordinary relations of value must, to a great extent, become subservient to factious purposes, and in this way abuses against the commonwealth be originated and continued. The Jack Cade of Shakspeare was no contemptible politician, when he ordained that "*there shall be*, in England, seven half-penny loaves *sold for a penny*, and the three-hooped pot shall have *ten hoops*." And in our own times, there have been found politicians of more faith and less conscience, who would have rendered tortuous the paths of public policy, by means not less direct than this.

Among infant nations, the standards of relative value are of course fluctuating and uncertain; the measures of capacity diminishing, in general, in proportion to the distance of the market from the place of manufacture, or of import; and the value of the monetary unit augmenting in an inverse proportion. An attention to fix and preserve these standards is the first evidence that the science of government is beginning to be understood; as, by judiciously controlling them, a nation gives certainty to its action, whether in peace or in war, prevents civil commotion, and can provide against any imposition of the higher upon the poorer classes. At the commencement of governments, when the first object of association is the security of the community, and war, of course, becomes the most honorable occupation, the civil authorities are always negligent of this function, and allow abuses to become fixed to an extent so vicious, as to be remediless, without severely wounding the commercial interest, depreciating the revenue, or hazarding a revolution, and disorganization of the State. And this being the case, we shall always observe, that in nations which have advanced regularly from barbarism to civilization, the era in their annals

marked by the greatest attention to the regulation of standard values, is always that of the greatest prosperity and refinement.

In England, the first serious attention to this subject seems to have been given in the year 1266, (in the reign of Henry III.,) when, "by the consent of the whole realm of England, the measure of our lord, the king, was made; that is to say, that an English penny, called a sterling, round, without clipping, shall weigh thirty-two wheat corns in the midst of the ear; and twenty pence to make an ounce, and twelve ounces one pound, and eight pounds do make a gallon of wine; and eight gallons of wine do make a London bushel, which is the eighth part of a quarter." This statute, which was afterwards copied into that of the thirty-first year of Edward I., (1303,) has been the basis of the present system of weight and measure in England, from which the standards in use among us have been derived. We may learn, from its provisions, without further authority, that at this period coin was taken by weight, and not by tale; a heavy grievance to the common people, when the standard of weight was so ill defined. We may also infer, that the English were still a warlike, something of an agricultural, but not yet beginning to be a manufacturing people; for had they then attained to any degree of the latter quality, the unit of length must at least have been mentioned. It is also evident from this statute, that, at this time, the ale and domestic spirit of the country had not yet become an article of commerce, as the gallon, or measure of liquid, is defined by the weight of wine. There may, to be sure, be some doubt of this, as at that time ale may have been measured by the bushel; the French *boisseau*, from which our word "bushel" is derived, indicating, by its termination, rather a wet than a dry measure.

The measure of length was not defined till the seventeenth year of Edward II. (1324), when it was ordained that "three barley-corns, round and dry, make one inch; twelve inches one foot; three feet a yard," [*ulnam*,] &c. But there was no attempt to connect the measure of length with the measure of capacity, till the thirteenth year of William III. (1701). The statute of that date declares, that "the Winchester bushel shall be round, with a plane bottom, eighteen and a half inches wide throughout, and eight inches deep." By an act of the following reign, a wine gallon, originally the

eighth of a bushel, is declared to be a cylinder, seven inches in diameter and six inches deep, containing two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches.

The history of the introduction of the wine gallon among English measures is an example of the manner in which standards are deteriorated and corrupted, unless preserved by a strict surveillance on the part of the government. We have seen that, by the statute of Henry III., but one gallon is acknowledged throughout the kingdom, and this, too, called a gallon of wine. Yet it was discovered, about the year 1680, that it had long been customary to sell wine by a gallon varying from two hundred and twenty-four to two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches. In this way, the importers of wine paid duties on a gallon of two hundred and seventy-two to two hundred and eighty-two cubic inches, and sold by one of a capacity nearly one fifth less. And so fixed had this abuse become, that a special law was obliged to be passed, in the fifth year of Anne (1705), by which the wine gallon of two hundred and thirty-one inches is, for the first time, recognised as one of the standards of England. The original of the wine gallon, said to have contained about two hundred and twenty-four cubic inches, had been kept at Guildhall by the merchants of London. In relation to the discovery of this heterodox standard of the English vintners, there is something at once ludicrous and grave in the following extract from a report of a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1758.

"Your Committee observing that, by the evidence of the gaugers, the ale and beer gallon contained 282 cubical inches; and finding that, by all the statutes, down to the 5th of Queen Anne, wherever wine measure is mentioned, the legal standard gallon of the Exchequer is referred to, or understood; endeavoured to discover for what reason the wine gallon was reduced 51 cubical inches; viz. from 282 to 231. And upon inquiry of the Commissioners of the Excise, they communicated to your Committee, copies from their books, of a memorial from the Commissioners of Excise and Hearth Money, to the Commissioners of the Treasury, dated the 15th of May, 1688;* setting forth that all beer and ale had been gauged at 282 cubical inches, for the gallon, and other exciseable liquors, according to the supposed wine gallon at 231 cubical inches; but being informed, that the true standard wine gallon, ought to contain only 224 cubical

* Appendix 2. Report from Committee of the Commons. 1814.

inches, they had applied to the Auditor and Chamberlains of the Exchequer, to examine the standard measures in their custody, and, upon examination, they found three standard gallons, one of Henry the Seventh, and two of 1601, which an able artist, employed by them, had found to contain, each 272 cubical inches; that, finding no wine gallon at the Exchequer, they had applied to the Guildhall of the city of London, where they were informed, the true standard of the wine gallon was; and they had found, by the said artist, that the same contained 224 cubical inches only; and they further represent, that the gallons of the other parts of the kingdom, used for wine, had been made and taken from the said Guildhall gallon.

"In consequence of this memorial, the Lords of the Treasury, the 21st of May, 1688, directed an authority to be drawn, for gauging according to the Guildhall gallon, which was accordingly done; but it does not appear that such authority was ever signed.

"After this direction, it appears that several merchants applied, that his majesty would be pleased to empower the merchants to sell as they were gauged, that is, according to 224 cubical inches to the gallon.* And the Commissioners of the Customs not following the new proposed method of gauging, upon the 12th of June, 1688, Sir Thomas Powis his opinion is taken upon it, in which he says, 'that having considered the proposal of the Commissioners of the Excise, concerning the gauging of exciseable liquors, and perused the acts of Parliament relating thereto, he cannot advise the prosecuting the proposal in regard of the hazard attending it; for if the usage of gauging be departed from, he knows not where we shall be, because resort cannot be had to the Exchequer for a standard, to which almost all the statutes refer, for there is none there but what the king will be vastly a loser by; secondly, Guildhall cannot be resorted to for a standard, for no law or statute refers to it.' "

We shall have some idea of the difficulty of preserving the relative value, in a system of standards, derived from the primitive usages of any nation, when we are aware, that in England, between the reigns of Henry III. and George II.,

* From this we should infer, that the merchants were gauged by a gallon of 224 inches. This was not the case. For in a suit brought, in 1699, against Thomas Barker, for having paid duties by the gallon, of 282 inches, instead of the ordinary wine gallon, the defence set up was, that the true standard of the kingdom was the gallon of the Exchequer, whereupon the Attorney-General agreed to withdraw a juror. The failure of this prosecution produced the act of 1705.

thirty-nine distinct statutes had been passed, with the constant purpose of ascertaining and regulating the weights and measures of the kingdom; and yet, that so late as 1758, when the subject was first properly considered in the national legislature, a Committee of the House of Commons gave the following account of the anomalies and discrepancies, existing among the Exchequer standards.

"Your Committee observe, that if the standard bushel is to be taken from that remaining in the Exchequer, then it contains twenty-six cubical inches less than the bushel ought to contain, according to the dimensions, established by the act of King William, which is 2150 cubical inches; and, according to the size of the bushel, the gallon, or eighth part of it, should contain 265½ cubical inches, which is less, by five cubical inches and a half, than the standard gallon of the Exchequer; and the quart ought to contain 66·375 cubical inches, which is near four cubical inches less than the standard quart; the pint should contain 33.1875 cubical inches, whereas the standard pint contains 34·8 cubical inches.

"But as, by law, the bushel ought to contain eight gallons, if the standard gallon of the Exchequer be eight times filled, the contents of the whole will be 2168 cubical inches to the bushel, which is forty-four cubical inches more than the bushel used as a standard at the Exchequer." *

The provisions of many of the statutes, passed within the interval above mentioned, when the science of the country was not sufficiently advanced to come in aid of the civil authority, tended, in most cases, to increase the confusion and uncertainty. As instances of this, we may notice the liberties taken with the standard yard. By the statute of the fifteenth year of Henry VI., the *Aulneger*, or measurer of ells, is directed "to procure, for his own use, a cord twelve yards and twelve inches long, adding a quarter of an inch to each quarter of a yard." This statute marks the era, when the woollen manufacture had begun to be important, the provision being intended to make certain the hitherto vague custom of allowing the breadth of a thumb to each yard of woollen cloth, for shrinking. In the fourth year of Richard III., as if in contravention of this statute of the thumb, it is ordained, that "cloths shall be wetted before they are measured, and not again stretched." But in the tenth year of Anne,

* Appendix 2. Report from Committee of the Commons. 1814.

the elder statute is again followed, and it is enacted, that "each yard is to have an inch added to it, instead of that which is commonly called a thumb's breadth." These laws show the usual progress of legislation on such subjects, the most striking instance and specimen of which is perhaps found in the statute of the thirteenth year of Richard II., where unity of weights and measures is ordained throughout the kingdom, "except it be in the county of Lancaster, because in that county it hath always been used to have greater measure, than in any other part of the realm."

We have taken the example of the English nation, to show the ordinary course of legislation, as to standard values, because it will be found, with differences merely of denomination, to have been the history of similar changes, in every other country; and because the English measures, being synonymous with those in use among us, seemed, on that account, more applicable to a notice of the subject, as it presents itself here. That it is no easy matter to remedy abuses of this nature, will be evident from the fact, that, during six centuries, the English people, having constantly the same aim, to wit, that weight and measure should be uniform, have scarce yet reached their object; and, in attaining to the comparative certainty, which they at present possess, have been obliged to tolerate frauds and vexations, which were only discovered, after they had become fixed by prescription, and past cure; for "there is no custom, regulation, or institute in civil society, so difficult to be altered, as an established system of weights and measures, except, indeed, the language of a country."*

But if the progress of this matter in England should be of interest to us, as exhibiting the gradual changes, which are induced in the standards of an established government, while undisturbed and at peace, the operations in France are of still more interest, as showing what may at once be achieved by a nation, while in the act of changing the form of its civil institutions. In France, a radical change of the system of weight and measure was commenced, a project which could only have been successful during a state of revolution. We may conceive, when the decimal system was first promulgated in France, and the ancient measures declared to be illegal,

* Evidence on the Glasgow petition.

that the mere mention of the toise, the louis, or the livre, would have been a political heresy, to be expiated only on the guillotine. As this was a measure, brought forward by the first national assembly, it was throughout considered as republican in its tendency, and, with few exceptions, gave an immunity to all those concerned in it. The new system therefore acquired a strength from the period in which it was proposed. It gave the young republicans another test, another sacrament in the new ritual. Had an interval of two years elapsed, the success of the experiment in France would, at least, have been questionable. And, in view of these facts, and being aware, from the examples of other nations, how difficult it is to change an establishment, even after it has become confessedly vicious, we should be better able to estimate, in a young country like our own, how important it is, to commence right, and adopt a convenient and well-arranged system at first. It has been said, that the evil arising from incongruity and uncertainty of measures, is "more imaginary than real; more felt by philosophers, than farmers, or others interested in practice; for as the contents of customary measures are generally known to all persons concerned in their use, the prices are regulated accordingly."* We do not believe this. Standard measures may indeed not be necessary to the large corn factors, or farmers, or merchants, in their dealings with each other; but they are not the less indispensable, to protect the lower and middle classes, the consumers in detail, from uncertainties and vexations, which it is the duty of every well-constituted government to avoid and prevent. The English corn factors, however, though they prefer to have in their own country as many different bushels as possible, admit, that in a colony, or a new country, the simpler and more unique the measure, the better.

The attention which had been given to this subject, both in France and in England, induced, at length, a proper consideration of it here. The federal constitution has made it one of the functions of the general government; and the proper establishment to be made was frequently discussed during the presidency of General Washington, and at his special call. At length, upon finding a diversity of standards of the same denomination, throughout the country, it was determined that

* Dr. Kelly's Evidence on the petition from Glasgow.

the standard to be adopted should be a mean of those then in use, and here the subject was suffered to rest for a long time. By repeated examinations and comparisons of the value and origin of the weights and measures, in general use, they were all found to have emanated from the English standards, of which scattered traces were to be found, in different parts of the country. The report of Mr. Adams upon that subject, in 1821, showed how much variety and uncertainty had been introduced by the lapse of time, and the want of proper standards. The great amount of the dealings of the government with its citizens at the custom-houses, and the legal stipulation, that the duties shall be uniform, produced, in 1830, a resolution of the Senate, directing the Treasury department to have a full and accurate comparison made, of all the weights and measures in use among the officers of the revenue. The execution of this comparison was confided to F. R. Hassler, Esq., who, in 1832, made an extensive report upon the subject, which is document 299, of the printed documents of that year. In consequence, Congress, in 1834, directed the Treasury department to have standards constructed for the several custom-houses. These standards are now in progress, under the superintendence of Mr. Hassler. *

Before, however, noticing the origin and execution of these standards, which are of course of more interest to us, than the measures of foreign nations, it may not be amiss to take a brief review of the more recent improvements in construction, and the various legislative acts of the elder countries; and to say something of the manner in which standards were defined and compared, when they first came to be considered by men of science.

In England, the parliamentary investigation of this subject, which lasted from 1758 to 1765, deserves notice more as having first directed the attention of the public to the diversity of standards then in use, and the inefficacy of the numerous laws enacted for their preservation, than for having provided any effectual remedy for the existing evils. The Report of the Committee of 1758 and 1759 is, however, characterized by soundness of view, and distinctness of purpose. They deprecate the existing diversity of standards;

* This paragraph is repeated, from a notice of the subject, in the National Gazette of June 9th, 1836.

and propose, that the yard of the Exchequer, as derived from a copy formerly made by Graham, for the Royal Society, should be made the unit of length; and that the ale gallon be taken as the base, for all measures of capacity. This report, in consequence of the prorogation of Parliament, was not acted upon; though a bill had been introduced, in conformity with its recommendations. The Committee also presented, with their Report, two copies of the yard of the Royal Society, made by Bird, with the extremities of the yard marked by dots on gold pins. One of these was sent to the receipt of the Exchequer, and the other (usually known as the parliamentary standard) delivered to the clerk of the House. This standard was in existence, until the fire of 1834, which destroyed the two houses of parliament. It had, previous to that accident, been accurately compared with the metre, and other measures, in the possession of scientific individuals; so that its value, even after its destruction, may be considered as very well ascertained. At this period, neither the Committee, nor any of the scientific persons, whom they consulted, seem to have thought of the possibility of fixing a standard of length, by comparison with any natural measure, or constant quantity, which could always be determined by some law of physics; but expressly state, that the measure of length "cannot be described in words, but by reference to some determined space, of which a model, or standard, is previously established." The labors of this Committee, though unsanctioned by the legislature, and producing no practical change or improvement, were nevertheless of much use, as showing that while the standards kept at the Exchequer, under the custody of the government, had from misuse and neglect become bent and uncertain, copies of the same pieces made by the Royal Society, for their own use, were still in good preservation, and might be relied on as authentic; thus directing the attention of the nation to their highest scientific institution, as the surest agent both to determine and preserve this species of evidence.

We are inclined to think, though it appears nowhere distinctly among the documents of that period, that the parliamentary investigation of 1758 – 1765 was intended mainly to restore the ale gallon, of two hundred and eighty-two cubic inches, as the standard upon which all the measures of capacity in the kingdom ought of right to be based; and that the

project had grown out of the then commencing rivalry between the ports of Liverpool and London. The Lancashire measures being larger than those of London, and some of the London measures but very recently acknowledged to be legal, commercial jealousy would naturally seize upon this discrepancy, as a matter which might be turned to account. However this may have been, no law was then passed on the subject, and the matter rested till 1814. In the mean time, the French, being at once in a state of revolution and of war, began *de novo*.

The precise state of the French measures, previous to the revolution, does not now appear. That they were uncertain, incongruous, and imperfectly authenticated, may be inferred from the fact, that, under the monarchy, the subject had been repeatedly pressed upon the consideration of the government. Delambre, in his Preliminary Discourse, mentions it as a long existing evil. "The astonishing and scandalous want of uniformity in our measures," says he, "had long been a subject of complaint, with good men. More than once, propositions of reform had been submitted to the government, who had caused them to be examined. But, notwithstanding the favor of the ministers, and particularly of Orry, Controller General of the Finances, these propositions had always been rejected or forgotten."* The subject of a new system was first moved in the National Assembly by Talleyrand. Among the many important functions which this individual has been called upon to discharge, in the course of his long and eventful life, there can, we suppose, be but few, which have produced more important results than this. It gave a new and bloodless field to the energies of the *esprits forts*, which were then beginning to show themselves in France, which was to make her wars useful and illustrate her trophies.

The decree of the National Assembly is of May 8th, 1790; and the Proclamation of the King, of August 22d, of the same year. It ordains an exhibition of the old measures, but contemplates, for the basis of the new system, the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds, in the mean latitude of 45°. This determination the King is desired to make, in conjunction with England, and by a commission, consisting of an equal number of members of the Royal Society of London,

* Base du Système Métrique. Tome I. page 13.

and of the French Academy of Sciences. But, at this time, there was less of friendly feeling between the two countries, than had ever existed before. The English academicians would have regarded with horror, as well as doubt, any result derived from the most palpable premises, which could have been produced by Frenchmen. If report were not so often a romancer, we should have to suppose, that the same aversion obtains to a great extent still. When it was not long since suggested to a distinguished British astronomer, that some of the discrepancies of the trigonometrical survey of England might be reconciled by adopting a different ellipticity for the terrestrial spheriod, the patriotic philosopher is said to have replied; "I know it; but to do so, we must take the ellipticity of the French."

It does not appear distinctly, what measures were taken under the law of 1790. But the project was changed by the decree of the ensuing year, (March 30th, 1791,) which adopts the quarter of the terrestrial meridian, as the base of lineal measure; the ten-millionth part of it to be called the metre. It also directs that, to determine the value of this unit, the arc of the meridian, from Dunkirk to Barcelona, shall be measured. The measures of weight and capacity are connected with the unit of length, by being made the area, or the weight of distilled water at the maximum density, of submultiples of the metre. The Commission, appointed to execute the new measure, comprised a mass of talent, which has rarely, either before or since, been brought to bear on any one project. Borda, Prony, Mechain, La Lande, Delambre, La Place, Lavoisier, and Monge, were all named; the measure of the arc being confided to Mechain and Delambre. This operation was commenced in 1792, and had been prosecuted with zeal and success, for more than a year, when it was interrupted by a decree of the Committee of Public Safety. This decree, which is dated 3d Nivose, An. 3, and authenticated by the signatures of Barras, Robespierre, Billaud Varrenne, Couthon, and Collot d'Herbois, is a singular document, both as showing how, in times of political commotion, the most useful projects are made to share the fates of their patrons, and how necessary it is to control and give occupation to the force, which a revolution always developes. The project of the Academy of Sciences, recommending that the quarter of the meridian should be taken as

the lineal unit, had been adopted by the republicans, as part of the policy, which was intended to destroy all the ancient modes, and names, and usages of the kingdom. The Academy, not wishing to trust the previous measurement, directed a new triangulation over a larger arc. This had been in progress for little more than a year, and had been conducted not only with ability, but with zeal; yet the agitators were afraid, lest it might not give results speedy enough, to answer as food for the public excitement. They therefore suppress the Commission, and decree, as a provisional and proximate measure, that the quarter of the meridian shall consist of 5,132,430 toises, and that the metre, or ten-millionth part of it, shall be three French feet and 11·44 lines. Upon this lineal unit, a system of measures, both of weight and capacity, was instituted, and a temporary agency appointed, to construct the standards necessary for the republic. Had standards been fabricated according to this decree, the French system would have been vicious from the beginning. The object of this manœuvre was, however, not purely scientific, — it was meant to direct public opprobrium upon certain members of the Academy, who were either inimical or temperate; and it was, perhaps, in consequence of this, that certain of them suffered in the severe proscription which followed. The decree is given at length by Delambre. It sequestrates (*destitue*) Borda, Lavoisier, La Place, Coulomb, Brisson, and Delambre, and requires the remaining members of the Commission to put the Committee in possession of "their views, respecting the method of giving the benefit of the new measures to all the citizens as soon as possible, taking advantage of the revolutionary movement." Upon which Delambre gravely remarks; "they thus wished to take advantage of the revolutionary movement; and it was a very good idea; but perhaps it was not impossible to arrive, by other ways, at the same results."

In 1794, on the report of C. A. Prieur, the measure of the arc was resumed by the former superintendents; and, as a general Commission on weights and measures, there were appointed Berthollet, Borda, Brisson, Coulomb, Delambre, Haüy, La Grange, La Place, Mechain, Monge, Prony, and Vaudermonde. The measure of the arc was completed in 1797, giving the length of the quarter of the meridian at 5130740 toises, and that of the metre, 443″·295936 French

ligus, or 39·382755 English inches. As this metre differed from the provisional measure, adopted in 1793, the latter was revoked and declared illegal, and new standards were directed to be executed, in conformity with the new determination. These were introduced gradually into department after department, until the year 1804, when they were in general use throughout the kingdom. They continued undisturbed till 1812, when Napoleon, either because he thought the decimal system too republican to suit the empire, or because it actually occasioned some complaints, by an imperial decree of 1812, ordained that the double metre should be called the toise, one third of a metre the foot, and twelve decimetres the ell. The bushel was made a fourth of the hectolitre, and the pound equal to five hundred grammes. During the revolution, an entire new system had been carried out with a high hand; but when the fever began to subside, Messieurs les Français were found prone to say twenty metres, instead of two decimetres. They discovered, that, in arithmetic as in love, it is necessary to prefer binary combinations; and the names of the old system returned in functions of the new.

In the mean time, however, the new system had become too firmly established, to be shaken even by an imperial decree. The toise, and other imperial measures, are rarely mentioned in France; and even on the promulgation of the decree, the Minister of the Interior (Montalivet) found it necessary to make stated answers to nine several objections against any change of denomination, which had been simultaneously forwarded to his bureau, from different parts of the kingdom. There is some sophistry in the responses of the minister, as we may infer from the following instances. "The names given to measures, in conformity with the newly adopted principles, did not, perhaps, harmonize with the character of the language, by reason of their length, their too great similarity, and the uniformity of their terminations." And again, it is rather a slander on the intelligence of the great nation, to say; "this division, very favorable, no doubt, to the processes of calculation, offers no advantage to the people, who are not accustomed to calculate, and ought not to be compelled to do so." *

There are some peculiarities of the French standards,

* Circular of the Minister of the Interior. July 10, 1812.

which it may be of interest briefly to notice. It has been customary, in most countries, to have standards, and the measures for common use, made of brass, as being a compound less liable to oxidation than others. It has, however, this objection; that as the compounds which may be designated as brass are very numerous, and of different expansibilities, standards made of this metal would be uncertain and not comparable. To avoid this objection, the republican standards were made of simple metals; of platinum, and of iron. Indeed, so attentive were they to this condition, that though the original metre and killogramme be of platinum, yet on discovering, that, from the mode of manufacturing this metal, its density must be devious, and of course its expansion different in different pieces, they preferred the metre of iron as the more certain. The standard temperature had also been taken usually, at the mean temperature of the climate; in England it is 62°. of Fahrenheit. The French made their standard temperature, that of melting ice, which is a fixed point of the thermometer; and for weight and capacity, they adopted the weight or quantity of distilled water, at its maximum density. The English, in their new standards, seem to have thought the advantage of a simple metal, and a temperature independent of the graduation of the thermometer, not worth consideration. Indeed, for their standards of weight and capacity, they have taken a metal of three or more components, which Captain Kater recommends, in one place, because it is nearly the color of gold; and, in another, because it is less liable to oxidization in the climate of England.

The greatest service, however, which the French have done to the world in this matter, is, in having connected the units of measure of weight and capacity by certain relations, which can always be identified, making the unit of capacity the cube of an aliquot part of the lineal unit, and the unit of weight, the weight of a cube of distilled water, (also an aliquot part of the lineal unit,) at its maximum density. They have succeeded in fixing and bringing into use, the best system of weights and measures yet known. The metre, throughout the continent, is already the medium of comparison between the lineal measures of different nations, verifying the hopes of its projectors, that it might, in time, come to be an universal measure. The original metre

and kilogramme in platinum were delivered in 1799, upon which a decree, signed by Sièyes, Bonaparte, and Roger Ducos, directs that a medal shall be struck to commemorate the event, having on its principal face, the inscription, "À tous les temps, à tous les peuples;" and on the reverse, "République Française, An. VIII." The Consuls are dead, and two of them well nigh forgotten. The republic, and the empire which followed it, are no more. But the new domain, gained to science by their patronage, has been preserved, and given even to them a more imperishable monument, than fields or kingdoms, whether lost or won.

In England, from 1760 to 1814, the inattention of the government had been supplied by private exertion. Sir George Evelyn Shuckburg had devoted his time and resources to the subject of fixing standards. He procured from the late celebrated artist Troughton, a scale by which he made comparisons of the several lineal measures, then known in England. This scale, together with others made by the same artist, has since been much referred to, in establishing the relative values of different standards made in earlier times. Sir George Shuckburg extended his researches further, to determining the weight of fluids, and also the length of the pendulum of seconds. And though, as might have been expected, the results of his experiments have since been discovered to be inaccurate, owing to the neglect of certain influences, which were then held to be inappreciable, still they attracted public attention to the subject, and prepared the way for more perfect determinations.

The parliament resumed the consideration of the subject in 1814, with the advantage of all the experience, which private enterprise had acquired for them, and which the progress of the new system had developed in France. They began by inquiring for an uniform standard in nature; some measure which could always be detected, or known by some universal law, independent of any piece or model, by which it might have at any time been defined. To this end, a Committee of the House of Commons examined Prof. Playfair and Dr. Wollaston, who agreed that the pendulum, vibrating seconds in any given latitude, would be the best standard of lineal measure, and that any other unit, which the usage of earlier times might have made it advisable to adopt, could always be identified by its relation to this. The

opinion of these two distinguished men shows, that, at this period, the requisite attention had not yet been given to this subject in England, as subsequent researches have made to appear. It has been found that it is no easy matter to determine the precise length of the pendulum, vibrating seconds in any latitude; and also that difference of formation, and irregularity, either in the shape of the surface, or its density, have perceptible influence. And even admitting the length of the second pendulum in the same latitude, to be a constant quantity, and that its relation to the yard be known, the yard, if lost, would not be recoverable from the pendulum, as one is not an aliquot part of the other. Had the English, therefore, meant to verify their yard by the pendulum of seconds, it would have been advisable to make the yard $\frac{12}{13}$ of the pendulum, which would have lengthened it about 0·12768 of an inch.

The Committee of 1814 recommend, that the parliamentary standard of 1758 be adopted as the lineal unit, and the Troy pound as the weight from which all others are to be derived. They advance divers reasons for this recommendation; the first being, that Troy weight is really London weight, that metropolis having been sometime known as Troy-Novant. They further recommend the Troy pound, because it has always been used among goldsmiths, at the mint, and by the faculty of medicine. They further propose that the avoirdupois pound be made equal to seven thousand troy grains, and that both weights be fixed, by making a thousand ounces avoirdupois equal to the weight of a cubic foot of water, at the temperature of $56\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit; the gallon to be made equal to ten pounds avoirdupois of distilled water, at the same temperature.

In furtherance of these views, the Prince Regent, in 1819, appointed a Commission consisting of Sir Joseph Banks, Sir George Clerc, Davies Gilbert, Dr. Wollaston, Dr. T. Young, and Captain Kater, to take the project into consideration. Previous to this, Captain Kater had made experiments on the length of the pendulum in the latitude of London, and had compared the metre with the standard of 1760. The result of these gave the metre 39·37079 English inches, and the second pendulum in the latitude of London, at the level of the sea, 39·13842 English inches, of the parliamentary standard. The Commissioners, in their first

Report, advise the adoption of the yard used by General Roy, in the trigonometrical survey of England. But, subsequently, having discovered, very unexpectedly, that this was not properly authenticated, they propose the parliamentary standard. This standard, imperfectly constructed at first, had been so much deteriorated by frequent use, that the points determining its length, resembled under the microscope "the miniature craters of small volcanoes," and no two persons could agree in bisecting them with sufficient accuracy to make correspondent results.

The standards proposed by the Commissioners for measures of capacity, would seem not to be defined with the necessary accuracy. They recommend, "that the ale and corn gallon be restored to their original equality, by taking, for the statutable common gallon of the British empire, a mean value, such that a gallon of common water may weigh ten pounds avoirdupois in ordinary circumstances, its contents being nearly 277·3 cubic inches."* These values were approved, and a law passed in 1824, directing the construction of models in conformity with them, the final adjustment of which was intrusted to Captain Kater. We have an account of these standards, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1826. There appears, however, to have been some *gaucherie* in their final adjustment, as may be inferred from the paper of Captain Kater, in the Transactions for 1830; "On the Error in Standards, arising from the Thickness of the Bar, on which they are traced." In 1834, the Bird standard was destroyed by fire; not, however, till Captain Kater's copies had been investigated by Bailly and others, who were engaged in making a new standard for the Astronomical Society. Mr. Bailly's paper, published in the Memoirs of the Astronomical Society for 1836, gives a minute description of this standard, of which several copies have been made; and also a detail of its value, as compared with the most important of its contemporaries. This standard is of a peculiar construction, which it may be well enough to describe. It is a cylindrical tube 0·19 of an inch thick, and with an exterior diameter of 1·12 inches. The cylinder is, however, not solid, but consists of two tubes, each of the thickness of ·05 of an inch, drawn into an exterior tube of the thickness

* Third Report of the Commissioners of Weights and Measures.

of 0·1 of an inch. The tube is sixty-three inches in length, and has a brass plug in each end. It is supported on two rollers, at a quarter of its length from each end, to equilibrate the weight and allow free expansion. The graduation is made on platinum pins, on four lines, at equal distances from each other, on the surface of the tube, so that there are four different standards united; the middle yard of the scale being taken as the true one.

This construction was probably adopted, on account of the difficulty found in supporting flat bars in the same plane. But it is questionable, whether a greater evil is not produced, than the one which it was intended to remedy. For though the tube, being supported at a fourth of its length from each end, be nearly in equilibrio, this does not prevent flexure, and the *flèche* will be greater, in proportion to the time during which the apparatus shall be left in the same position. When the brass plugs were taken out of the ends of the tube, its length was reduced 0·88 of the micrometer, or 0·00044 of an inch. But whatever rank this standard may take, the history of the preservation of the measure, which it is intended to represent, proves conclusively, that the custody of such matters is always appropriately intrusted to learned societies, in preference to the ordinary functionaries of the government. The English standards, kept at the Exchequer, were all vicious and uncertain; and it is only through the agency of the Royal Society, patronizing the labors of Graham, Bird, Troughton, Simms, and other distinguished artists, that the original English yard can be traced approximately, even as far back as 1750. This consideration should not be lost sight of in this country. The copies of standards, given to custom-house officers for use, will not long remain perfect; and it will be only by intrusting them to the keeping of universities, or learned societies, that we can expect to have them preserved. It is to be regretted, that the English standard yard is not that of the trigonometrical survey. If this had been the case, the union of the French with the English survey, which has recently been effected, would have given the ratio of the different measures on some line common to both operations.

The metre is at present the common measure of Europe. The celebrated Bessel has, for some time, been employed in constructing the standard for Prussia. To detail, however,

all the similar operations, in different countries, would extend this paper beyond its proper limit. We will, therefore, briefly state what has been done among us.

Though, for a long time, the several recommendations from the Executive had pressed upon Congress the necessity of remedying the inconveniences, already produced by so long a neglect, yet it was not till 1830, that, by a resolution of the Senate, the Treasury department was authorized to have an accurate comparison made, of all the weights and measures then in use at the several receipts of revenue. The President appointed Professor Hassler to this duty, who, having collected, not only from the different custom-houses, but from other quarters, all the measures which were attainable, instituted and completed an elaborate comparison, the results of which are stated in the Report of 1832.

The measures of length, sent from different places, did not deserve the name of standards. A brass yard, cut to length, from the office of the Secretary of State of New York, and a scale of forty inches, by Gilbert, from the University of Virginia, were the most authentic. But this defect was supplied by standards, procured from the state, Treasury, and Engineer departments, and from the *appareil*, procured in 1815, for the survey of the coast. Copies of the English yard and ell by Thomas Jones, two iron toises by Canivet, nine metres, of iron, platinum, and brass, (one being an original, delivered by the Committee of Weights and Measures, and another standarded by Arago,) were procured from these sources. But the most important measure, was a brass scale of Troughton, of eighty-two inches in length, with an arrangement for comparison, which was made for the survey of the coast. Indeed, without this scale, or one of a similar construction, the accurate comparison of the other measures could not have been made at all. This scale is also of more value, as by it we are made certain, that the yard, adopted as a standard, is, as nearly as possible, identical with the British imperial standard, which is intended to be a copy of the standard of 1750. In addition to this, one of the pieces contains the distance of 51·2 inches, from the scale of Shuckburg, and another, a copy of the yard of 1750, laid off by Troughton, on platinum dots. The details of the comparison are of much interest, as showing the extreme accuracy attainable, by the

scientific means of the present day. We will merely state the final results of the comparison of the metres, in inches of this scale, at the temperature of 32 Fahrenheit.

Platinum metre,	39·38042103 inches.
Iron metres,	39·3808643
	39·3807828
	39·3799120
Brass metres,	39·37981476
	39·3795982
	39·3804469

These determinations differ imperceptibly from those of other metres, made with the English scales. And, in the present state of science, it is more the object to determine the relative value of the several pieces, than to attempt precise copies of any. Indeed, the modes of comparing are superior to those of construction, as will be evident from the following statement of Mr. Bailly, of the relation between several of the recent standards. The last made standard of the Astronomical Society, is longer than the

Imperial standard,	0·000377 of an inch.
Copy made for Russia,	0·000456
Copy made for Denmark,	0·000125
Scale of Shuckburg,	0·000058

Of the weights furnished from the custom-houses, the resulting pounds differed, in the extremes, two hundred and forty-six troy grains; but in general, did not vary more than five grains from the standard. They were compared with a set of grain weights of Troughton, furnished for the coast survey in 1815. These grain weights were compared with a pound troy, made by Troughton, and brought to this country by Mr. Hassler, in 1805, and agreed with it. This pound troy, of 1805, was found, however, to differ from the pound troy of the United States' Mint, which had been standarded by Captain Kater, in 1828, being 2·38 grains lighter. It had been discovered previously, by Sir George Shuckburg, that the standard troy pound of 1758 weighed 5763·817 Troughton grains; and it is now ascertained that the pound of the United States' Mint has lost weight for about 1·2 grains by use. These English weights were also compared with the kilogram and other foreign weights. The

details are of much interest; but to notice them even summarily would overpass our limits. The main results are these;

Troy pound of 1758 (by Sir G. Shuckburg) in Troughton grains,	5763·73
Troy pound of United States' Mint (F. R. Hassler)	5762·38
Kilogram original, (F. R. Hassler)	15439·619
Kilogram original, (certified by Minister of the Interior)	15432·719

In making these comparisons, there being no means of procuring, without great loss of time, balances of sufficient delicacy, Mr. Hassler used water and mercurial balances, on the principle of the hydrometer, which are more sensible, and have no friction.

The measures of capacity collected, were more discrepant than those of length or of weight. Of forty-eight bushels, sent from the different custom-houses, the extremes were found to differ in contents, four hundred and thirty-three cubic inches. Yet the indiscriminate mean of the whole gave two thousand one hundred and fifty-three cubic inches, differing only 2·18 inches from the English Winchester bushel, from which they had, doubtless, been first derived. The following were the nearest, and the most remote, from the original.

	Contents.	*Weight.*
Bushel from Bath, (Me.)	1925· cub. inches.	74·2
Portsmouth,	2153·74	77·12
Newburyport,	2150·52	
New York,	2152·36	78·13
Georgetown,	2152.60	
Cherry Stone,	2225.48	83.4

On the completion of this comparison, the government adopted for the different kinds of standards, the following bases; viz. the unit called the yard to be the mean thirty-six inches, from the scale of Troughton; the troy pound of the mint, to be the basis for determining the unit of weight; the British Winchester bushel, of 2150·4 cubic inches, equal to 77·6274 pounds avoirdupois of distilled water, at the maximum density, to be the unit of dry measure; and the English wine gallon, of two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches, equal to 8·339 pounds avoirdupois of distilled water,

at the maximum density, the unit for liquid measure. This establishment was the last official act of Mr. Ingham, as Secretary of the Treasury.

Professor Hassler has used brass as the metal for all the standards of this country; the reason given being, that, as the copies for common use would naturally be made of this compound, (it being the cheapest and least liable to oxidation,) it was proper that the original should be of the same material, as affording a more perfect comparison. In speaking of this, he says;

"The adoption of brass as the metal for all standards, uniformly, is rather a consequence of old habits which gave it the preference, as the cheapest metal, not subject to prompt and very evident oxidation. Its compound nature might introduce differences in the ratio of its expansion by temperature, which, absolutely and scientifically speaking, would be a defect: but this variation is proved, by experience, to be too minute to have any effect upon the practical application to standards, within the limits of magnitude they generally have." — *Document* 299, p. 16.

There may be some question as to the propriety of this decision. But, in order to ensure the greatest uniformity, all the brass, used for the standards, has been made by the same process; the zinc having been obtained by distillation, and the copper exactly saturated by cementation. The brass, therefore, of the standards, is perfect free brass, tough, hard, and of uniform density.

For the standards of length, Mr. Hassler has adopted the form, in which the French toises were frequently made, "a measure cut to length with a matrix," the two fitting so closely, as to present a fine cut line, under the microscope. This form has the peculiar advantage, of showing always, from the looseness of the filling and consequent broadness of the contingent surfaces, any deterioration or misuse, which the standard may have suffered; while, when perfect, it unites all the properties of the *mètre au bout*, with those of the *mètre au trait*. It is, however, proportionably difficult in execution. The weights are frustums of cones, with knobs at their upper ends, and having the edges of their bases turned thin, to admit of a more delicate adjustment. The measures of capacity are cylinders of turned brass, with ground glass covers. Weights and measures of length have

already been standarded for the six principal custom-houses, and the remainder are in a state of forwardness.

On a review of the whole progress of this matter in the United States, we may, perhaps, find reason to congratulate ourselves that it was not undertaken at an earlier period, as, in that case, it is more than probable that the execution would not have been effected on a scale commensurate either with the object itself, or the science of the time. When we know, that balances are now constructed sensible to the hundredth of a grain, and that the microscopic comparison of measures of length is carried to the fifth decimal of the inch, and are aware that in a standard of near half an inch thick, Captain Kater discovered palpable differences, from drawing fine Wollaston wire under different portions of the bar, thereby producing different degrees of flexure, the difficulty and responsibility of a proper execution of measures, must be very evident. Had it been attempted at an earlier day, there would have been danger that we should have contented ourselves with a gross approximation, which would in a few years have required revision. As corroborative of this, we have been told, from undoubted authority, that when a new system of weights and measures was first thought of in this country, it was proposed by the chief of one of the departments, to intrust its execution to the director of the mint; it being at the same time well known, that of the latest gold coinage of the country, scarcely two pieces can be found of similar weight, or not differing by a quantity discernible in a broker's balance. The silver coinage is still more unequal, as all chemists, who have been in the habit of using the small pieces for weight, can testify.

We are also now better aware, from the minute accounts of such projects in the elder countries, of the means necessary to be taken for the preservation of the original and prime standards. If they should be kept as the English Exchequer standards were long kept, they will soon be uncertain and indeterminable. If, on the contrary, they be preserved as the French standards have always been, among the most important archives of the state, and never shown or touched except by men of science, they will be always of certain reference, and fully answer the object of their construction.

ART. II. — *Delle Navigazioni et Viaggj*, raccolte da M. GIOVAM-BATTISTA RAMUSIO, IV. vol., fol. ; Venezia, appresso i Giunti ; (tom. iii. MDLXV., MDCVI.)

GIOVANNI VERRAZZANO, the details of whose life, so far as they can be gathered, will form the subject of the present paper, was born of Pier Andrea da Verrazzano and Fiammetta Capelli, both citizens of Florence. Conjecture, as to his history, commences with his infancy ; and it is only by a process of probable reasoning, that we can arrive at any conclusion even with regard to the year of his birth. The line of his ancestry is better known, and has been traced with a certain degree of evidence to an early part of the Middle Ages. Nor will it be uninteresting to add, that the family continued to our own day, having become extinct in the person of the Cavalier Andrea da Verrazzano, who died at Florence in the year 1819.

A highly probable conjecture of Pelli places his birth about the year 1485.* That his education was not neglected, is evident from his subsequent career ; nor would it be going too far to say, that it must have corresponded in some respects to the rank and pretensions of a family, which counted among its ancestors some of the most distinguished men of the republic. However this may be, it would seem certain that the passion for adventure, to which he is indebted for his reputation, was manifested at an early period of his life. He resided several years at Cairo ; but at what epoch, and for what purpose, cannot now be ascertained with certainty, although there can be but little doubt, that it was in the course of those commercial speculations, which led the Italians to establish themselves wherever these aims could be prosecuted to advantage. Whether also his travels in Egypt and in Syria were excursions made for the gratification of his curiosity, or in quest of gain ; and whether they had any connexion with his residence at Cairo, or were undertaken at a previous or at a subsequent period, are questions, which, in order to refrain from venturing too far beyond the legitimate bounds of histor-

* " Non essendo nato Giovanni nel 1480, al tempo dell' ultimo catasto, per non vedervisi in quello dato in *portata* dal Padre col restante della *famiglia*, e per crederlo in età capace di grandi imprese nel 1524, si potrà ragionevolmente dire nato circa il 1485." — *Elogj degli Illust. Toscani.* Tom. II. No. 30.

ical conjecture, we are constrained to pass over in silence. It is evident, however, from several allusions and comparisons in his letter to Francis, that, whatever may have been the nature of his travels by land, he had made more than one voyage in the Mediterranean ; and the rank to which he had attained in the service of France, as early as the year 1523, would naturally lead us to suppose, that these voyages had been attended with a certain share of success and distinction. How else can we account for his having been chosen, in an age that abounded with bold and skilful adventurers, to direct the first effort made by France in the career of maritime discovery ?

But such has been the fortune of Verrazzano, that here, where light first begins to break in upon his history, we find ourselves involved in a new question, with which the carelessness of a modern historian has encumbered a path already sufficiently intricate and obscure.

It has been confidently asserted, that Verrazzano made three voyages of discovery in the service of France. The first is said to have taken place in 1523 ; and the second in the following year. Of the third we shall have occasion to speak more fully in the sequel of our paper.

The supposition of the first voyage is founded upon the opening paragraph of his celebrated letter to the king of France. The author of this supposition is Charlevoix, who, as he quotes from Ramusio, would not seem to have derived his information from any other text of the letter of Verrazzano, than the copy which we still read in the collection of that editor. In this, according to the French historian, Verrazzano, supposing Francis to have been already informed of the success and the details of his voyage, simply states, that he had sailed from the port of Dieppe with four vessels, which he had succeeded in bringing back in safety to the same port ; from whence, continues Charlevoix, he started once more, in the month of January, 1525, upon a predatory excursion against the Spanish.*

* See Charlevoix, T. I. p. 41. We would here correct a slight error, which has inadvertently dropped from the pen of Mr. Bancroft. This gentleman says, (Hist. of the U. States, Vol. I. p. 17,) that "the Italian [Verrazzano] parting from a fleet, which had pursued a gainful commerce in the ports of Spain," &c. Verrazzano's own words are ; "*Avrà V. M. inteso il discorso facemmo con quelle armate in guerra per li lidi di Spagna,*" &c.; Charlevoix, "*pour aller en course.*" This of course was not commerce, nor would the war which was then raging between their respective monarchs, admit of any amicable intercourse between France and Spain.

If, however, we turn to the letter of Verrazzano, we shall find that it reads very differently from the account thus given of it. He says, that, after the tempest which he had encountered on the northern coast, he had not written to the king concerning the vessels sent out upon discovery, supposing him to have been already informed of the manner, in which he had been impelled by the violence of the winds to take shelter in Brittany, with only two ships, the Dolphin and the Normandy; that he had there made the necessary repairs; that he had then made a predatory excursion along the coast of Spain; and, finally, that by a new arrangement, of which, also, he supposes the king to have been already informed, he had resolved to continue the first voyage with the Dolphin alone.

It will here be seen that Verrazzano, so far from saying any thing of his having returned to Dieppe, explicitly states, that he had been driven by the wind into a port of Brittany. The assertion of Charlevoix, therefore, that Verrazzano had successfully led his fleet back to Dieppe, is a flat contradiction of the passage which he cites. Thus the proof of the first voyage of Verrazzano is reduced to the first line of the paragraph in question, and the words *seguire la prima navigazione* ("continue the first voyage"), at the close of the same paragraph. After an attentive consideration of the whole passage, we have been unable to discover any thing in the language of it, which can justify the opinion of Charlevoix. Tiraboschi, with his usual acuteness, suggests that the voyage given out by the French historian as completed, may have been undertaken merely, and interrupted by the tempest alluded to in the paragraph which we have cited.* This suggestion, to which Tiraboschi was led by his critical sagacity alone, is confirmed by a passage in the letter of Carli,† who says, that when Verrazzano was driven back by the tempest, he was abandoned by one of his Florentine companions. The explanation of the whole paragraph is thus rendered natural and easy; and we are justified in concluding that the voyage actually accomplished by Verrazzano was, inasmuch as discovery was concerned, the continuation of an undertaking, whose commencement

* "Ma forse il primo fu solo tentato ed impedito dalla burrasca." Tiraboschi, Tom. VII. par. 1, p. 261.

† For an account of this letter, see the note on page 307.

dated further back than his departure from near the island of Madeira.*

We are at length upon sure ground. Verrazzano has told his own story, and with that unaffected simplicity which never fails to command belief. He sailed from a desert rock, near the island of Madeira, on the 17th of January, 1524, in the ship Dolphin, provisioned for eight months, well armed, and provided with those articles which experience had shown to be of value in an intercourse with the natives of the west. The Dolphin is described as but a caravel in burden; but this was an age in which the success of bold enterprises seems to have been calculated rather by the character of the men who conducted them, than by the fitness and extent of the means employed for their accomplishment.

Starting with the favor of a light but constant wind, he stretched boldly to the westward, with a slight northerly inclination in his course, and in the first twenty-five days had already sailed eight hundred leagues. On the 24th of February, he was assailed by a violent tempest, which his crowded caravel could hardly have weathered, unless guided by a bold and experienced mariner. For twenty-five days more he held his way with unwavering constancy, although evidently less favored by the wind, for in all this time he accomplished but half the distance of his first run. At length he came within sight of land, a long line of low coast stretching to the southward as far as eye could reach, and lighted by the blaze of innumerable fires. His first impulse was to land; and, after a fruitless search for some convenient harbour, he cast anchor off the shore, and landed in his boat. As he drew nigh to the beach, the timid natives hastily fled, stopping, however, from time to time, to gaze with expressions of savage wonder at their strange visitants. Curiosity soon got the bet-

* We subjoin the original paragraph, for the satisfaction of such of our readers, as may wish to examine the point for themselves. "Da poi la fortuna passata nelle spiagge settentrionali, Serenissimo Signore, non scrissi a vostra serenissima e cristianissima Maestà, quello che era seguito delli quattro legni, che quella mandò per lo oceano ad iscoprir nuove terre, pensando di tutto sia stata certificata come dalle impetuose forze de' venti fummo costretti, con sola la nave Normand ae Delfina afflitti, ricorrere in Brettagna, dove restaurati, avrà V. S. M. inteso il discorso facemmo con quelle armate in guerra per li lidi di Spagna, di poi la nuova disposizione con sola la Delfina in seguire la prima navigazione, dalla quale essendo ritornato, darò adviso a V. S. M. di quello abbiamo trovato."

We have followed in this extract the Magliabecchian manuscript. See note, p. 306.

ter of their apprehensions ; and, encouraged by the signs and gestures of the seamen, they returned towards them with demonstrations of wild delight, amazed at their dress and aspect, and eagerly pressing forward to point out the best place for landing. Nor was there less in the appearance of the natives, to excite the admiration of the Europeans. Naked, except at the waist, which was covered with skins and girdles of grass, interwoven with the tails of various animals, and at the head, which some wore decked with garlands of feathers, the darkness of their skins and of their thick hair seems to have set off, to the eyes of Verrazzano, their fine forms and striking features. He was strongly reminded of the East ; and traced out a resemblance between the natives of the two countries, which subsequent observations have partially confirmed. This first interview was confined to expressions of mutual wonder, and nothing occurred on either side to interrupt the harmony of the parties.

Pursuing his course northward, he continued to note with care every thing that the nature of his situation allowed him to observe. Not far from his first landing-place, he remarked another tribe, which, as near as he could judge, resembled the former in situation and appearance. The shore was covered with a fine sand, which formed a beach of nearly fifteen feet in breadth, and broken by small hillocks. Further on, the coast was indented with inlets and arms of the sea, and assumed, as he continued to advance, a richer and more winning aspect. Broad fields spread their verdant treasures before him ; and woods, more or less dense, displayed the variegated foliage of our American forests. He seems to have been overpowered with the beauty of the scene, and at a loss for words to describe it. "Think not," says he, "that they are like the Crimean forests, or the solitudes of Scythia, or the rigid coasts of the North, but adorned with palm trees, and cypress, and laurel, and species unknown to Europe, which breathe forth from afar the sweetest of odors." Nor is it surprising that his kindling imagination should have filled them with spices and aromatic liquors, and discovered traces of gold in the very color of the soil. The lakes and ponds of fresh water gave a new charm to the scenery, and his eye was caught with the wild fowl of various species that hovered around them. A mild and temperate climate, a serene sky, rarely and transiently tainted with vapors, and constantly re-

freshed by gentle western breezes, complete the enchanting picture which he has drawn of this region ; while a smooth sea, with a clear and tenacious bottom, seemed to combine security for the mariner with all the charms that attract the landsman.

The coast now verged more decidedly to the west. Yet no harbour was to be seen, and in order to obtain a supply of fresh water, of which he began to feel the want, Verrazzano was constrained to make one more attempt to land in his boat. He approached the shore, but could not reach it ; for the waves, rolling in with unbroken fury upon the open beach, rendered all access impracticable. To add to his embarrassment, the natives had assembled upon the beach, and seemed to invite him to land, with amicable gestures and expressions of curiosity and amazement. In order to make some reply to these friendly demonstrations, he ordered one of his men to swim as nigh to the shore as he dared, and endeavour to convey to the natives some of the toys which he thought would prove most acceptable to them. The sailor succeeded in conveying his precious burden to those for whom it was destined ; but, in endeavouring to return to the boat, was overpowered by the breakers and thrown breathless upon the sand. No sooner did the natives perceive his danger, than, hastening to his assistance, they drew him from the water, and raising him by the arms and legs, carried him higher up the beach. At this moment he recovered from his swoon, and becoming aware of his situation, began to cry aloud for help. To this the savages replied with cries no less vehement, and which probably would not have gone far towards removing his fears, if their actions had not speedily given him the best warrant of their good intentions. Placing him gently upon the ground, at the foot of a small hillock, they seemed for a moment to be lost in admiration of the whiteness and delicacy of his skin. A fire was soon kindled ; and, while his terror-stricken companions were every moment expecting to see him devoured under their very eyes, the kind-hearted natives proceeded to warm and restore him by its blaze. The impression which this act made upon Verrazzano and his crew may be easily imagined. We wish we could say, that it was properly rewarded. But many admire what they could never perform, and civilized man seems to have devised laws for his own guidance, of which he is unwilling to extend the advantage to barbarians.

Fifty leagues further to the North, Verrazzano again landed, and succeeded in penetrating nearly two leagues into the interior, with about twenty of his crew. The natives had fled to their forests ; but two, a young woman and an old one, less fortunate than the rest, were overtaken by the Europeans. The beginning of the interview was friendly, the latter offering them food, which was gladly accepted by the elder, but contemptuously rejected by her companion. The kidnapping of savages was too common an event to excite even a passing remorse in the mind of a seaman of that age ; and the occasion thus presented, too tempting to be neglected. They seized, therefore, upon the girl, and taking at the same time a boy of about eight years, who was hanging at the back of the old woman, began to retrace their steps towards the sea. Fortunately for the young savage, they were at a distance from the boat, and their way lay through woods, which increased both the danger and difficulty of their return. Nor was the girl disposed to submit tranquilly to her captors, but by the violence of her cries, and by her vigorous resistance, showed them, that it is often easier to attempt, than to accomplish an injustice. At last, wearied with the fruitless struggle, and perhaps not wholly free from the apprehension of danger from the natives, they released her and contented themselves with their less troublesome, though less valued prize, the boy.*

The remarks which Verrazzano made upon this part of the coast, and which were collected during the three days that his ship lay at anchor off the shore, give a favorable idea of his habits of observation, although they contain nothing which would now be thought worth preserving. We shall venture, however, to follow him on his visit to the harbours of New York and Newport.

A northwesterly course, which he pursued without variation for a hundred leagues, sailing only during the day and casting anchor at night, soon brought him to the shores of New Jersey. He here came upon a beautiful spot, situated among hills, through which a vast river rolled its waters towards the ocean. There was water enough, at its mouth, for a ship of any burden ; but he resolved to try the passage first in his boat. Rowing cautiously forward, he was soon

*This boy reached France in safety, as appears from the letter of Carli ; but we know not what became of him afterwards.

met by the natives, who, far from giving any signs of fear, advanced towards him with joyful gestures and shouts of admiration. Numbers also were hastening over from the opposite shore, and eagerly pressing forward to catch a sight of the strangers. But, in the midst of this novel scene, the wind, suddenly rising, began to blow with great violence ; and before he had penetrated beyond half a league into the *beautiful lake* (*bellissimo lago*), which seemed so inviting, he was compelled to return to his ship, and, weighing anchor, take his course eastward.

He passed Block Island, which struck him by its resemblance to the Island of Rhodes. This is the only spot which he speaks of as having named. He called it Louisa, in honor of the mother of his patron. Fifteen leagues more brought him to the harbour of Newport. He had not yet entered the port, when his vessel was surrounded by nearly thirty canoes, filled with wondering savages. At first, none ventured to approach the ship ; but, stopping at the distance of about fifty paces, they sat gazing in silent admiration at the strange objects, which had thus risen like magic before them. Then of a sudden, giving vent to their feelings, they broke out into a long shout of joy. The seamen, on the other hand, did all they could to win their confidence, and soon succeeded in alluring them sufficiently near, to catch the beads and bells and such like toys, which were thrown to them. At sight of these, every apprehension vanished, and, smiling as they contemplated them, they drew nigh and entered the ship. Among them were two kings, whose forms, if we may trust Verrazzano, were of the finest mould. One seemed to be about forty, the other, twenty-four years of age. The elder was arrayed in a robe of deer skins, skilfully wrought with rich embroidery. His head was bare, with the hair carefully tied behind. His neck was adorned with a large chain, set off with various-colored stones. The dress of the younger was nearly the same. The appearance of the people corresponded to the fine make of their sovereigns. Their complexion was remarkably clear ; their features regular ; their hair long, and dressed with no ordinary degree of care ; their eyes black and lively ; their whole aspect pleasing, and bearing a striking resemblance to that cast of countenance, which distinguishes the busts of the ancients. In short, to borrow the language of the discoverer, " they were the most beautiful

and genteel mannered people he had met with in all his voyage." Nor do the females seem to have appeared less lovely and winning, and, though viewed only at a distance, to have made a less favorable impression upon our mariners. Like the men, they were in part naked, and in part attired in highly ornamented skins. Their hair was studiously decked with ornamental braids, which were left free to fall upon the breast. Some wore rich skins upon their arms, and a certain distinction of dress seems to have been observed by those of different ages and conditions; for the more advanced in years wore their hair like the females of Syria and of Egypt, and those who were married were distinguished by variously formed pendants in their ears. The natives seem moreover to have been fully sensible of the charms of their females; for, although repeatedly asked and even urged to allow them to enter the ship, they could never be prevailed upon to consent, or trust them within reach of the Europeans. So that, while the males were amusing themselves on board, their wives and daughters were constrained to wait for them in their canoes, and could only gratify their curiosity by a distant view.

During a stay of more than fifteen days, Verrazzano continued his observations upon the country and its inhabitants. With regard to the latter, besides the qualities of which we have already spoken, he was particularly struck with their total ignorance of the value of gold, and the preference which they gave to beads and toys over more costly and useful objects. He made several excursions up Narragansett Bay, and examined it with considerable attention. To those who have traced the windings of its lovely shores, his rapturous descriptions will hardly seem exaggerated; and, although the Indian canoe no longer sports upon its waters, and the woods which shaded its main land and islands have given place to the corn-field and the neat cottage of the husbandman, yet the eyes that have dwelt on them through the first years of life, will scarcely fail to recognise, even in their present form, the original outlines of his glowing picture.

His voyage was now drawing to a close. On the 6th of May, he bade adieu to the friendly natives of Rhode Island, and, coasting along towards the north, explored, without landing, an extent of two hundred leagues. The spot, where he now cast anchor, seemed the reverse of all those which he had hitherto visited. The woods were dense, and filled with

the trees of a colder climate; the soil barren, or barely yielding a scanty supply of roots. The inhabitants, also, clothed in the skins of wolves and bears, seemed to share in the rugged nature of the land in which they dwelt. They repulsed every attempt at friendly intercourse, and held no further communication with the ship than was necessary, in order to secure the exchange of some of their own commodities for the hooks and knives and sharpened steel of the strangers. Nor did they go to the ship or suffer the seamen to land to carry on their bargain; but, standing upon the rocks, they passed the articles of exchange backwards and forwards by a long cord, and, as soon as the trade was completed, hastened back to their woods. In spite of this threatening reception, Verrazzano landed, penetrated several miles into the country, examined some of the huts of the natives, and succeeded in forming some idea of their condition and manner of life. On his return, they followed close upon his track, discharging their arrows, and venting their hostility in wild cries of impotent rage.

Leaving this inhospitable shore, the intrepid navigator still continued onward, following the line of the coast, till within nearly the fiftieth degree of northern latitude. Thirty-two islands, all lying near to the shore, were discovered in the course of fifty leagues. The ports and passages, formed by their juxtaposition, reminded him of the Adriatic along the coast of Dalmatia. His provisions now began to fail, and a broad space of unknown sea still separated him from France. The object of his voyage had been in a great measure accomplished. He had discovered above seven hundred leagues of a new world, and held sufficient communication with the inhabitants to enable him to form some idea of their state and character. Yielding to these considerations, he bore away for Europe. His passage was prosperous; and he entered the port of Dieppe early in the month of July, 1524, about five months and a half from the day of his departure from the rock near Madeira.

He now hastened to transmit to the king a full narrative of his voyage. This forms the celebrated letter to Francis First, the only authentic document concerning Verrazzano, which has reached us. And Ramusio, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of it, says, that, even in his time, nothing else relative to him could be found, all having perished during the

last fatal wars of Florence. Enough, however, is contained in this letter, to give a general idea of the character of the writer, and enable us to form a tolerable estimate of his qualifications for the hazardous career in which he was engaged.

That he was possessed of the first and most important of these, firmness and modest courage, is sufficiently evident from the whole tenor of his narrative. And the tone of this production is so peculiar and so strikingly characteristic, that the author, without once speaking of himself, and without seeking, either directly or indirectly, to give weight to his own acts and opinions, leaves upon the mind of the reader a distinct and lively impression of the superiority of the individual, whose exploits he is studying. He was occasionally led away by the prevailing passion of the age, and predisposed to discover qualities in the soil and nature of the countries he discovered, which were not always warranted by the actual appearance of them; yet there is a general air of exactness in his remarks, and a tact in seizing upon the most striking features in the aspect as well of the country as of its inhabitants, which would justify us in attributing to him no common powers of observation. He makes no attempts at combining his scattered remarks into a systematic description,—that species of combination which affords the best proof of a philosophic mind, when supported by a broad basis of facts, and of a superficial one, when that basis is neglected. There are only one or two instances, also, where he indulges in the habit, so common to travellers, of making use of that which they see and hear, in order to discover a thousand things which they can neither see nor hear; of perverting those analogies, which are so sure when applied to nature, and so uncertain when applied to man, unless the application be accompanied by a perfect knowledge of all the circumstances which vary and modify our nature in every form of society. He writes as a European, and consequently employs terms, that are not always adapted to the state of society which he describes. His kings are represented as surrounded by their gentlemen of attendance; the queen, by her ladies. These, however, are but words, and their import is corrected by the whole tenor of the passages in which they are found. He evidently aims at nothing more, than a plain and faithful description of what he had done and seen.

The letter closes with a cosmographical exposition of his

voyage. From this we learn with what views he actually set out, and in what manner he had reasoned upon those wonderful discoveries which had produced so complete a revolution in the science of geography. The discovery of a passage to Cathay was the end that he proposed to accomplish; and, though he was already convinced, that Europe and Asia were separated towards the west by a vast tract of intervening land, yet he felt equally sure that some strait must necessarily open a passage through it to India. He enters upon this disquisition with the zeal of a man confident in the soundness of his theories; and, as the voyage which he had completed was but a prelude to the greater undertakings which he had projected, he endeavours, by the exactness and fulness of his reasoning, to inspire his patron with the same feelings. The minute details and observations, of a character more strictly professional, had been carefully noted in another work, to which he refers for a fuller view of his nautical system. This work has unfortunately shared in the fate of all that belonged to Verrazzano, either having perished with its author, or being lost among the confused miscellanies of some French or Italian library.

The return of the successful navigator was hailed with the warmest expressions of joy. All hopes of again seeing him had long been given over; and many had lamented, and still more had blamed, the temerity, which had exposed him to a wretched death among the frozen waters of the Northern ocean. But no sooner was it known, that he had not only arrived in safety, but had actually succeeded in discovering an extensive tract of land, till then unknown even to the boldest navigators of the age, than he was greeted as a man of the highest powers, and worthy to be classed with the first members of his profession. The cupidity of commerce, also, was suddenly awakened. The result of his interview with the king was looked for with the greatest anxiety. Scarce any doubt was entertained concerning the success of his representations, or that he would be immediately despatched to prosecute his undertaking, with means better proportioned to its magnitude and importance. The merchants of Lyons were already revelling in visions of the wealth, that was to pour in upon them from these new sources.

Whether, however, another voyage ever took place, or whether the plans of Verrazzano and his friends were

thwarted by some sudden change in the feelings of Francis, or by the disasters which followed the fatal battle of Pavia, are questions around which historians have drawn so thick a veil of doubts and contradictions, that it would be impossible to fix upon any opinion, that should appear equally satisfactory to all classes of readers. But, as all our knowledge of the rest of the life of Verrazzano is wholly dependent upon the solution of this question, we shall endeavour to state, as clearly and succinctly as is compatible with the nature of the subject, the principal points at issue, and the result of our own inquiries.

Ramusio, a contemporary of Verrazzano, to whose care, as has already been said, we are indebted for the preservation of the only authentic document that we possess concerning him, positively asserts, that he set out a second time, in order to pursue his discoveries in the west.* The course and details of this voyage are not given; but in Ramusio's time it was generally believed, that Verrazzano, upon landing on the coast, was overpowered by the natives, and eaten within sight of his companions. The scene of this horrid event is not known; but the ship must have returned, or how could the fatal tidings have reached France? Such was the contemporary belief concerning the death of Verrazzano. The fate of Magellan and that of Cortoreal add not a little to its probability.

This statement is contradicted by Charlevoix, who, however, rejects only one part of it, the tragic end of Verrazzano.† He acknowledges that a second voyage was undertaken; but says that nothing more was ever heard of the ship or of its crew. He gives it out also as certain, that the mysterious fate of Verrazzano long deterred the French from making any new attempts in the career which he had opened.

The next story is that advanced by the author of the Chronological Essay on the History of Florida.‡ This writer asserts, but upon what grounds it would be difficult to guess, that Verrazzano was taken by the Baskians in 1524, carried by them first to Seville, thence to Madrid, and there hanged.

* Ramusio, Tom. III. p. 438. † Charlevoix, Tom. I. *ut supra.*

‡ This work we have not seen, but quote from Tiraboschi. Vol. VII. p. 262. His quotation also appears to have been taken at second hand; but it is acknowledged that the author brings no proof in confirmation of his assertion, a circumstance, which, in treating of facts so remote, and so variously related, would of itself be sufficient to cast strong suspicious upon his testimony.

The most serious objection to the account given by Ramusio was advanced by Tiraboschi, in the short account of the life of Verrazzano, which he has inserted in the seventh volume of his History of Italian Literature. It is founded upon a passage in one of the letters of Hannibal Caro, which had until then escaped the attention of all who had engaged in this obscure subject. The letter is addressed from Castro to the members of the household of Monsignor de' Gaddi; and contains a humorous account of a journey which Caro was then making.* Addressing the different members of the family in turn, he proceeds thus; "As for you, Verrazzano, a discoverer of new worlds and their wonders, I cannot as yet tell you any thing worthy of your map, for we have not thus far passed through any country, which had not been already discovered by you or by your brother." From this remarkable passage, Tiraboschi conjectures, that Giovanni himself, and not his brother, a person wholly unknown to the writers of the age, was the person addressed; that, having been badly rewarded for his services to France, he had been constrained to seek a sustenance by taking service in the family of Bishop Gaddi; and that consequently the statement of Ramusio, is incorrect; or that the second voyage of which he speaks, took place much later than was generally supposed. He adds, however, that the uncertainty which hangs over the life of Verrazzano is so great, as to render it impossible to come to any satisfactory conclusion.

Mr. Bancroft seems to have adopted the former of Tiraboschi's conjectures.† The passage, from an early work of

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*"Delle Lettere Familiari del com. Annibal Caro." Venetia, 1587, appresso Bernardo Giunti. Tom. I. pp. 6, 7.

†"History of the United States, Vol. I. p. 20. In a note to the same page, Mr. Bancroft quotes a passage from Tiraboschi, (Vol. VII. pp. 261, 262,) referring to a cosmographical narration of Verrazzano, preserved in manuscript in the Strozzi Library at Florence, and expresses a wish that a copy may be obtained for the collections of the New York Historical Society. The Strozzi Library is no longer in existence; but the manuscripts of that collection passed into the hands of the Tuscan government, and were divided between the Magliabecchian and Laurentian libraries of Florence. The historical documents were deposited in the former. Among them was the cosmographical narration of Verrazzano, mentioned by Tiraboschi, upon the authority, as we should suppose, of Pelli. It is contained in a volume of Miscellanies, marked "Class XIII. Cod. 89. Verraz."; and forms the concluding portion of the letter to Francis the First, which is copied at length in the same volume. It is written in the common running hand of the sixteenth century, (*carrattere*

Hakluyt, which he quotes from the recent Memoirs of Cabot, would seem to give grounds for a new supposition. But, as we have not been any more fortunate than Mr. Bancroft, in

corsivo,) tolerably distinct, but badly pointed. The whole volume, which is composed of miscellaneous pieces, chiefly relating to contemporary history, is evidently the work of the same hand.

Upon collating this manuscript with that part of the letter which was published by Ramusio, we were struck with the differences in language, which run through every paragraph of the two texts. In substance there is no important difference, except in one instance, where by an evident blunder of the transcriber *bianchissimo* is put for *bronzina*. There is something so peculiar in the style of this letter, as it reads in the manuscript of the Magliabecchian, that it is impossible to account for its variations from Ramusio, except by supposing that this editor worked the whole piece over anew, correcting the errors of language upon his own authority.* These errors indeed are numerous, and the whole exhibits a strange mixture of Latinisms and absolute barbarisms, with pure Tuscan words and phrases. The general cast of it, however, is simple and not unpleasing. The obscurity of many of the sentences is in a great measure owing to false pointing.

The cosmographical description forms the last three pages of the letter. It was doubtless intentionally omitted by Ramusio, though it would be difficult to say why. Some of the readings are apparently corrupt; nor, ignorant as we are of nautical science, was it in our power to correct them. There are also some slight mistakes, which must be attributed to the transcriber.

A letter, which follows that of Verrazzano, gives, as it seems to us, a sufficient explanation of the origin of this manuscript. It was written by a young Florentine, named Fernando Carli, and is addressed from Lyons to his father in Florence. It mentions the arrival of Verrazzano at Dieppe, and contains several circumstances about him, which throw a new though still a feeble light upon some parts of his history, hitherto wholly unknown. It is by the discovery of this letter, that we have been enabled to form a sketch of him, somewhat more complete than any which has ever yet been given.

The history of both manuscripts is probably as follows. Carli wrote to his father, thinking, as he himself tells us, that the news of Verrazzano's return would give great satisfaction to many of their friends in Florence. He added at the same time, and this also we learn from his own words, a copy of Verrazzano's letter to the king. Both his letter and his copy of Verrazzano's were intended to be shown to his Florentine acquaintances. Copies, as is usual in such cases, were taken of them; and to us it seems evident that, from some one of these, the copy in the Magliabecchian manuscript was derived. The appearance of this last, which was prepared for, if not by, some individual fond of collecting miscellaneous documents, is a sufficient corroboration of our statement.

The libraries of Florence contain nothing further relative to Verrazzano. We have examined the Magliabecchian, the Laurentian, the Palatine, and that of the Academy of Fine Arts.

Neither could we discover any thing concerning him, among the printed works of the Riccardian. The arrangement of the miscellaneous manuscripts in this last, of which there is no index, made it impossible to ascertain any thing with regard to their contents, without carrying our

* He did so also with the translation of Marco Polo. See Apostolo Zeno, Annot. alla Bib. Ital. del Fontanini. Tom. II. p. 300; ed. di Parma. 1804.

our attempts to get a sight of this work of Hakluyt, it is not in our power to judge how much credit may be due to it, or how far it may be reconcilable with the account of Ramusio.

Each of these statements will doubtless seem more or less probable to different readers, according to their particular manner of weighing historical evidence. There are difficulties in all, which no process can reconcile, and which, whatever view we take of the subject, can hardly be gotten over. Yet on the other hand, so many circumstances seem to concur in favor of one statement and against all the others, that it is almost impossible to refrain from leaning decidedly towards it.

The author of the Chronological Essay upon the History of Florida has not, as far as we have been able to ascertain, found a single follower. It may be said of Charlevoix, that the whole of that part of his work which relates to Verrazzano, is exceedingly inaccurate and fanciful. He not only misrepresents his language, but, with the letter to Francis before him, gives a wrong date to the voyage, placing it a year later than it really took place, and making Verrazzano guilty of the extravagance of addressing himself to Francis for encouragement, at a time when that monarch was a prisoner in the hands of the Spanish, uncertain and anxious for his own fate. Neither does he pretend to tell us why, or by what authority, he so boldly rejects the narrative of Ramusio. He even attributes the interruption of the French voyages of discovery to the terror inspired by the fate of Verrazzano ;

researches further than circumstances would warrant. The private libraries to which we have had access are equally deficient in all notices of this unfortunate man ; and Ramusio was doubtless in the right, when he said, that all but the letter to Francis had been lost.

As the family of Verrazzano has but recently become extinct, it was natural to suppose, that the best chance for discovering something more complete, or more positive, concerning the existence of other documents, would be by ascertaining what was contained in the family library. This we were enabled to do, by the kindness of the gentleman by whom it was arranged previous to its being sold, and whose passion for bibliography had led him to examine every part of it with minute attention. All, however, that was found in it relative to Giovanni, was a manuscript bound up in the family copy of Ramusio, and a few loose papers. These last add nothing to what was already known. The former was purchased by Captain Napier, R. N., and is now in England. We presume that it is nothing more than a copy of the abovementioned cosmographical description, or perhaps of the whole letter, from the Magliabecchian manuscript. Should the present paper chance to meet the eye of Captain Napier, we trust that his well-known passion for Italian history will lead him to favor the public with a description of his manuscript, if, contrary to what we have reason to believe, it contains any notices as yet unpublished.

and, although this forms one of those pretty chains of cause and effect, with which some historians are fond of adorning their pages, yet for those who are disposed to believe it, it may not be useless to observe, that this part, at least, applies equally well to Ramusio's account of the common belief of his age.

The passage, which we have cited from the letters of Caro, is, as far as we know, the only argument that can be reasonably urged against the current tradition. But even this admits of an explanation; nor do we see the necessity of adopting the conjecture of Tiraboschi, although his authority be of the highest order.

In the first place, the second conjecture of this acute critic, namely, that the last voyage of Verrazzano was subsequent to his residence in Rome, may be easily reconciled with the account given by Ramusio, who does not attempt to fix the date of this voyage. This, however, we must confess, seems highly improbable; nor would it be so easy to account for the long silence in which Verrazzano was lost, during the thirteen years which had elapsed between his first voyage and the writing of Caro's letter. It seems far more probable, that he was immediately despatched upon his second expedition, while the enthusiam excited by the first was still warm, and before Francis had advanced into Italy upon his unfortunate attack on the Duchy of Milan. Verrazzano returned to France in July; we learn by the letter of Carli, that he was expected at Lyons in August; Francis entered Italy near the beginning of October, and his progress there was successful up to the 24th of February, in the following year, (1525,) on which day he was defeated and made prisoner in the battle of Pavia.* Thus there was time enough to have fitted out a small fleet, long before this last event; nor was any thing more natural for a monarch like Francis, than to continue, during the exuberance of spirits produced by his own success, a career of adventure which promised such happy results to his kingdom. The representations also of the merchants of Lyons, who, as we learn from the letter of Carli, were anxious to open, by means of Verrazzano, a communication with the lands which he had discovered, must have had some weight with the King, even if success had not always been, with Fran-

* Robertson, "Charles V." Book IV. Guicciardini, Lib. XV. Cap. 5.

cis, a sufficient motive for engaging in enterprises far more hazardous and difficult. Nor was the honor, which would redound to him from the subjection of distant territories, a slight consideration with one so full of the conceits of ancient chivalry; nor the hope of sharing or eclipsing, in this new world, the glory of the Emperor, whose throne received such lustre from his vast possessions in the west, a prospect likely to escape the attention of a sovereign, whose whole life was one long contest with his hated rival. In short, there are, in the personal character of Francis and his subjects, and in the state of his affairs at the return of Verrazzano, so many reasons why the second voyage should have been immediately undertaken, that we know not how to refuse our belief to the contemporary writers who say that it was.

The chief difficulty that remains, consists in the appellation of "discoverer" as applied to the brother of Verrazzano. But this is not so great, as would at first appear. In whatever way we read the passage, both as it stands in the edition cited by Tiraboschi and in the one before us, we must extend the honor of the title to both of the brothers. Giovanni was undoubtedly the most celebrated; and, as in the case of the Cabots, the glory of one member of the family may have thrown a shade over that of the other. But we can see no reason for supposing, upon the ground taken by Tiraboschi,* that no other than Giovanni can be here spoken of, when the appellation which should distinguish him is applied indiscriminately to both. Nor does it seem a slight confirmation of this view, that the active life, hitherto led by Giovanni, would hardly have admitted of his settling down in quiet indolence, among the attendants of a churchman, while the spirit of adventure was still in vigor in almost every part of Europe; although, on the contrary, the knowledge of the horrid fate of a brother would naturally account for the abandonment of his profession by the individual, whose residence at Rome is placed beyond all doubt by the testimony of Caro.

It would be superfluous to add, that we feel strongly dis-

* "Che non siano state scoperte da voi *o* da vostro fratello." If the *o* were changed into *e*, Tiraboschi's conclusion would seem to be a necessary consequence of the passage; but, as it now reads, and we have consulted more than one edition, it seems evident, that each of the brothers is meant to be spoken of, as an original discoverer. That the name of the person addressed should stand first, is but a common form of epistolary courtesy.

posed to accept the statement of Ramusio. Apart from its claims to belief as the current contemporary tradition, it should be observed, that it is not given with that appearance of indecision, with which a candid historian qualifies the narration of uncertain events, but with that simple exactness with which we repeat a notorious and well-authenticated fact. When, moreover, we consider the zeal, with which Ramusio devoted the greater part of a long life to the subject of maritime discovery; the opportunities which he enjoyed of deriving his information from personal friends of Verrazzano; his extensive correspondence with some of the most distinguished navigators, as well as with many of the first literary men of the age; and that his celebrated collection was made at no greater distance than Padua, where nothing short of the grossest negligence could have kept him in ignorance of the existence of Verrazzano, at Rome, but a few years previous, and in the family of a well-known prelate; the evidence in favor of his correctness seems to be placed beyond all doubt.

Yet, in spite of the concurrence of so many circumstances, there are still doubts, arising from various trifling incidents connected with the history of Verrazzano, which constrain us to confess, that, while grasping at conviction, we have obtained nothing but uncertain, though perhaps probable conjectures. All that we know with certainty, is, that one great action distinguished him from the mass of adventurers, in an age which had produced a Columbus and a Cabot; while doubt and mystery have enveloped the rest of his career, leaving us uncertain whether we should lament the untimely fate which gave him a prey to the barbarous appetite of cannibals, or execrate the ingratitude which compelled him to sacrifice to a struggle with the daily necessities of life, a mind formed for daring and successful adventure.

ART. III. — *Miriam, a Dramatic Poem.* Boston ; Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 124.

THE most natural form of speech is that of dialogue. In real life, the drama is earlier than the oration or the poem. Men talked together by twos and by threes, long before they had occasion to sing songs or to address senates. They invented language for the service and pleasure of every-day life, thinking of nothing further than its use in making love and managing their children and servants. When in later days society had grown, and art and refinement crept in, this homely instrument was taken up and applied to a wider purpose ; it was employed to express trains of careful thought, curious inventions of fancy, the deep solitary musings of thoughtful genius, and the burning inspiration of the bard and the patriot. To this end, it of necessity somewhat changed its character ; it became less colloquial, and more formal, stately, and graceful. Still more did it become so, when, instead of being spoken to the ear, it came to be written down in painful characters for the eye ; when what had been " winged words " grew stationary, and instead of flying to the mind through the indolent ear, waited in grave black forms, upon a dead page, to be sought for by the inquisitive eye. Thus the active, sparkling, witty dialogue, with which man began his life on earth, passed into the prosy speech, the grave treatise, the methodical dissertation, the measured poem.

All these, being not the natural but the artificial use of a natural instrument, were of course liable to all the infirmities of human art, and among others, to the special one of being heavy and tedious. The man in conversation, who harangues instead of talking, has departed from the primitive type of humanity, and become a bore ; and when one of his harangues, or any similar production, deprived of the life imparted to it by the countenance, voice, and occasion, has been made a fixture by the pen or the printing-press, the chance is that it has grown to be tenfold more tedious, and baffles the most patient attention. Nothing, but use, could tolerate this mechanical method of receiving ideas. To the unaccustomed, it is but a rude, bungling, unsatisfactory imitation of the easy and cheerful primitive speech. A grown man, though he should master the alphabet and the spelling-book, will hardly learn to enjoy

reading. He can listen with delight to animated conversation, he can bend an unfatigued attention to even a profound discussion, and bear his part in it with the readiness of a vigorous intellect; but over an oration in print, or even an amusing tale, his mind wanders, and he falls asleep. Custom has not rendered easy to him the unnatural process of receiving thought through the eye, instead of the ear. Thousands, we doubt not, who listened with enthusiasm to the recitation of old Homer's poems, would have accounted the perusal of them on parchment, as dull as it is to the idlest sophomore of these degenerate days.

Hence it might be expected, that written composition would seek those forms, which should most nearly resemble the primitive forms of familiar intercourse. Accordingly we find at all times a large tendency toward the dialogue. Even historical narrative originally, as in the Old Testament and in the classical writers, was greatly dramatic. At all times there have been sober men, who have thought to make philosophy attractive, by putting it into the mouths of interlocutors. Plato and Cicero of old, Fenelon and Littleton, Southey and Landor in later days, have relieved the gravity of discussion and the formality of set treatises, by a certain approach to the more natural and lively method of conversation. Modern novels are for the most part dramatic in their whole structure; and the drama itself never has ceased to offer an attractive model of composition, even to those who have no thought of an actual representation on the stage. The poets have especially adopted this method, and in many instances with illustrious success. Milton, perhaps, never excelled his own "Comus" and "Sampson"; and within the present generation, many gifted authors have given this fashion to their ripest and most beautiful inventions. Wilson has done nothing of truer genius or more affecting interest, than his "City of the Plague." Mrs. Hemans has thrown all the exquisite power of her most impassioned manner into her "Siege of Valencia." Milman, with less passion, but with much of the splendor of elaborate art, has written his fine dramas on sacred subjects. Byron took the dramatic form, after trying all others, and adhered to it with enthusiasm, making it the medium of some of the noblest as well as most exceptionable creations of his great mind. Very recently, two writers have made their first public essay in this department; the one presenting in "Philip Van

Artevelde," the most extended, and, in some points of view, the most ambitious work of the kind in our language, the other bringing forward in "Ion," the most finished imitation of the classic model. And finally, in this country, we have, in the "Percy's Masque" and "Hadad" of Hillhouse, finished specimens of graceful and powerful art. To this list, we should add the great works of Joanna Baillie, as the most remarkable of all, if it were not that she designed them for representation, and accordingly framed them as acting plays, rather than as dramatic poems. Unsuccessful as they have been in the former character, in the latter they will be read as long as poetry and truth find admirers.

There must be some peculiar advantages attendant on this form of composition, or it would not thus engage the labors of the gifted, in the face of its obvious difficulties. No doubt the associations of romance and feeling with the drama, with its gigantic works in past times and its fairy illusions in childhood, have done something to effect this result. No doubt the natural interest, that pertains to conversation, has done something. There is much in the circumstance that the reader is introduced to persons, rather than things, to things only as they affect persons, and to persons themselves *in propriâ personâ*, if it be not a bull to say so, and not in description or narrative. He sees, hears, becomes acquainted with them; he does not merely hear about them. The author, too, finds facilities for invention in the circumstance, that, speaking in the place of others, and not in his own person, he is compelled frequently to vary his position, to look on all matters from different points of view, and, instead of being confined to that one set of feelings, associations, and opinions which belong to himself, to express those which are suitable to many. He thus in fact multiplies himself; opens many veins of thought, and gathers innumerable suggestions of fancy, from which he would be wholly debarred if writing in monologue. The field of the drama thus becomes one of inexhaustible fertility. Imagination, personating now one and now another, looking on nature, on man, and on the incidents of the scene, first with the feelings of one party and then with those of another, gathers novelty and riches at every step of the progress.

This however implies the power of throwing aside one's identity, and casting himself into the place of another. This great power of the imagination is perfectly possessed by few,

and every degree of imperfection unfits for the work. Here, therefore, lies the chief impediment to success. The author is tempted at every turn to forget his assumed character and to speak in his own tongue; thus to destroy the verisimilitude by causing the persons of the scene to recite descriptions or sentiments, beautiful in themselves and well suited to the author, but inappropriate to the character and situation. Few have the self denial, requisite to blot out some of their happiest passages, simply because they are inappropriate. Authors are, in this, too like the pretty actress, who makes herself ridiculous by the rich elegance of dress, with which she acts the part of the bar-maid, sacrificing to her own appearance the propriety of the piece. We can hardly take up a drama, without finding occasion to smile at this folly. Perhaps no one is wholly free from it. It is the easy vice of the dramatist, occasionally to be guilty of which, is less to be accounted a proof of weakness, than to be free from it a proof of power.

But in this particular, as well as in some others, we allow a latitude to a dramatic poem, which would not be tolerated in an actual play. The latter is subject to all the severe rules, which pertain to the class of works to which it belongs. The former, partaking only partially the characteristics of that class, is free from the rigid observance of many of its laws, and is to be judged, in reference to them, leniently and generously. The poet is to be allowed to peep through the characters more frequently; since he does not profess to make them act in their own persons, but to use them simply as instruments for the utterance of his poetry. A dramatic poem is poetry in the form of dialogue; a regular tragedy, is dialogue in the form of poetry. Poetry is the essence of the one, with the drama for its accident; the drama is the essence of the other, with poetry for its accident. In the latter, the imitation of real life, and the proprieties of character and occasion, are far more rigidly demanded than in the former; scenical representation and delusion being its aim, while the aim of the other is poetical representation alone. Hence the dramatic poem allows greater freedom, is less tramelled and limited, is more excursive, admits of licenses in ornament, in description, in rhetoric, in digression, which would be inadmissible in what was intended for the actual stage. Highly wrought passages of picturesque illustration,

sentiment elaborately drawn out and exquisitely finished, extended philosophical reflections and gorgeous imagery, all find an appropriate place in the one, but are incongruous in the other. Such passages often occur in the works of the dramatists; but they are felt to be blemishes, however beautiful in themselves, because unnatural and misplaced, and are blotted out from the prompter's edition.

The writer of the work before us has hinted, in one word of her preface, at the distinction which thus exists between a regular tragedy and a dramatic poem. She has a fair claim to be judged accordingly. Thus judged, the reader meets with no disappointment. He finds what the title leads him to expect, — a poem, not a drama; not destitute of dramatic effect, but not sacrificing to it any free expression of sentiment or feeling, which any form of the poetic art would admit. Not that there are digressions, which need to be apologized for; on the contrary, the poem flows on steadily, with unusual singleness of aim, from beginning to end. The story is one, simple and unembarrassed; with just personages enough to carry it clearly through, and each performing with directness and force precisely the office which falls to him in bringing about the catastrophe. There is great skill and merit in this. It is so different from the violent strainings after effect, and the spasmodic inventions of situations and surprises, and the exclamatory and clap-trap contortions, by which some have thought to make a display of power, that we have been quite *refreshed*, we would say, if we dared use that word; — at any rate, the quiet progress of the story, without any parade of power, is a sure indication of true power, which does its work with simplicity and self-ignorance. We are inclined to apply to the author, what Stuart the artist said of a young painter; "That young man does not know how well he has executed this."

Another circumstance which has given us great pleasure, we will remark on here, before proceeding to an examination of the poem. It has been composed without any reference to the arbitrary forms of dramatic literature, such as the traditionary division into five acts. It is a continuous composition, from beginning to end, possessing, as a poem in any other form would do, all the freedom that belongs to the natural attitude of the subject; its native proportions being unaffected by the operation of any artificial standard. If one propose to himself a regular tragedy, he must of course comply with the laws of

regular tragedy; and it is certainly a noble thing, to see a masterly genius walk gracefully through that difficult work, wearing his fetters as if they were ornaments. But if one propose only a poem to be read, not acted, there seems to be no good reason for his encumbering himself with those conventional impediments, in addition to the inherent difficulties of the style he has chosen. No one but a truly Shakspearian genius could do this, without finding himself compelled to distort the features and falsify the proportions of his subject. He would find his characters assuming constrained attitudes, and the drapery lying in stiff and formal folds.

> "Lesbia wears a robe of gold,—
> But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
> Not a charm of beauty's mould
> Presumes to stay where nature placed it."

The effect is as unfortunate on the reader as on the writer. There is kept constantly before his mind's eye the actual stage, with its scenes, and side-doors, and tricks for effect; so that his imagination is called away from the real places and living personages, to the mockery of the painted machine, and the mimicry of the actors. He is compelled to see every thing, as it is described to him in its relation to a certain building, contrived to show off an imitation, and not as a delineation of things and persons actually existing under the blue heavens. We cannot but think, that, in this way, the theatre has exercised an unhappy influence on more than one of the fine arts; that painters and sculptors have been betrayed into copying the copies of nature which had affected them on the stage, instead of drawing and carving from nature itself. Their imaginations have thus been put in a false position, and the result has been a false conception of the scene, and a false expression of character. When we saw the celebrated group of Niobe, in the Gallery at Florence, we were irresistibly struck with this idea. That group is a copy from the stage. It is a group from the ballet. Instead of the simple, overwhelming, unconscious passion, which must have marked every feature and attitude of the hopeless family at such a terrible moment, the artist has given the studied posture, the careful arrangement of drapery, the conscious face designing and striving to look the true expression, which belong to the trade of professed actors; fine, it may be, as efforts of art, but still *art*, not nature. If there had been no stage to mis-

lead the artist, he would probably have attained greater simplicity and truth. How many of the painters have been misled in the same way! Raphael shows his superiority in nothing more, than in his capacity to rise above the influence of this artificial model, and look at all times to the truth and simplicity of Nature.

If there be any ground for this remark in the case of these other arts, it is easy to see how liable to injury must be the imagination of the poet, when brought into immediate contact with the technicalities of the stage. It is hardly possible for him to rid himself of the idea. He will be considering, in spite of himself, how a passage will sound in recitation, and how his several personages will speak, look, enter, stand, move, and depart. This will necessarily falsify, to some extent, his conceptions and his descriptions. Its effect is distinctly seen in the case of those who write with most knowledge of what is called stage business; — Knowles, for example, who, though not without talent, always writes as the poet of actors, not of real men. Something of its effect may be traced even on those who write not for the stage, but only retain the prescribed form of dramatic composition. This is not easily pointed out in specific instances, but is felt by the reader in a certain air of constraint and *unreality*, which pervades the scenes.

We would therefore have the poet who writes for the closet only, cast aside altogether the technical forms of dramatic composition; we would not even have him put *exit* and *exeunt omnes* in his margin, because, little words as they are, they contain the whole idea of a painted scene, and grimacing actors, and clapping or hissing auditors. We would have nothing which can remind one of the existence of a theatre, any more than in Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, or Southey's Roderic. Why, when the poet has been striving to raise up in the minds of his readers, the vision of actual Rome or Jerusalem, and to absorb them in the real fortunes of Titus or David, why destroy the whole illusion by reminding them of the boards and the curtain? It is dealing worse with them than with the poor lunatic in Horace's famous instance;

> Pol! me occidistis, amici,
> Non servastis, (ait,) cui sic extorta voluptas,
> Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

We are indignant at being thus cheated, — thrust down to the poor artifice of gas lights and painted canvas, when we were enjoying the bright skies of Palestine, or the brilliant glories of Greece, — compelled to exchange the image of some immortal hero, at whose fortunes our hearts were beating, for that of some strutting mimic, whose demeanour is but a parody on heroism, he "imitates nature so abominably."

The author of "Miriam" has wholly shunned this evil. She has made a poem which presents to her readers the very persons and places, not their theatrical substitutes, and arranges the whole course of action by the inherent probabilities of the case, not by the convenience of the manager and the prompter. There is nothing throughout the work to remind us of those worthy personages, any more than in "Paradise Lost"; less than in the "Siege of Valencia," or even "Philip Van Artevelde." We say this in commendation. We do not remember, indeed, any work which, in its plan, approaches so nearly to what we conceive to be the true model of the dramatic poem.

The plot has the merit of great singleness, and moves forward steadily and unencumbered from the first line to the last. It never flags in progress or in interest. It is one, whose situations, incidents, and characters offer excellent opportunities for high and tender poetry, and deep tragical effect. It is fixed in the period when Christianity is struggling up into life, amidst the opposition of the world and the terrors of death. The power, the philosophy, the interests of society are arrayed on the one side, and a small band of pure and gentle enthusiasts and self-devoted philanthropists, on the other. The contrast is the finest imaginable for a true poet; for one, who understands human nature, and can sympathize with human glory, looking down contemptuously on the new sect, and who understands Christianity also, deeply, thoroughly, in its interior life, its power, tenderness, force of suffering; uniting the courage and fortitude of a Roman soldier with the gentleness and tears of a timid woman. There are scenes to be drawn here, depicting these characters, and their mutual struggles and conflicts, — when the one party saw its ancient faith falling, and the other its new and immortal faith rising, and each was nerved to combat unto death, — such as fiction never yet has surpassed; scenes to be rightly drawn by the man who shall unite Shakspeare and Milton in his

own person. Milman has not reached the mark. Some things he has done well, but he is stately, brilliant, passionless; with more of rhetoric than emotion, an artist more than a poet. Bulwer has attempted somewhat, but has simply committed profanation. Nothing can be more untrue than his portrait of the Christian Olinthus, a coarse, vulgar fanatic. In that sketch we trace no knowledge of the Christian character, no appreciation of its peculiar traits, no sympathy in its exquisite virtue.

The work is yet to be done; a glorious work for some pure genius. Miriam is an approach toward it, in some points successful. The loveliness and strength of that heroine is a Christian combination; it gives a bright glimpse of that spiritual beauty, which the heart images to itself, when it thinks of heavenly virtue arrayed in woman's form; but it does not wholly satisfy, it does not present the full-orbed glory. Nevertheless she is a beautiful imagination, and worthily fulfils her part, which is one of no easy and every-day trial. An exile from Judea, because of the Christian faith, she is dwelling with her father, and a brother younger than herself, in the great capital of the world. There her extraordinary beauty attracts the admiration and love of Paulus, a young Roman nobleman; and notwithstanding the difference of faith, the attachment becomes mutual, and their hearts are pledged. But the devoted and scrupulous Christian sees, with pain, that her lover has no respect for the pure faith; she seeks in vain to convert him from his false and fatal idolatry; he turns a deaf ear to her arguments and her persuasions. When all hope of winning his soul to the doctrine she loves is over, and she perceives that on the chief of all subjects, that of the most absorbing, most abiding, most essential interest, they could have no sympathy of feeling, and could hold no communion of speech or action, she feels that it would be wrong to continue the connexion; she could enjoy no true happiness, nor well pursue the highest objects of life, in union with one who denied and despised all that she accounted most holy and dear. She struggles with her heart, and schools her affections to submit to a renunciation which is to her the taking up the cross. Her feeble frame is shattered by the effort, and she perceives her health sinking beneath the sacrifice; yet, she steadfastly pursues her purpose, and resolves to part from Paulus for ever. She appoints a

meeting with him for this purpose, at twilight, in her father's garden. Where and how they have met before, so as to form and ripen their attachment, without any suspicion on the part of her father and brother, or their so much as knowing of her acquaintance with Paulus, is not made to appear. All this happened before the present story begins, and there are previous circumstances enough to be explained without the addition of this.

The appointed evening has arrived. It so happens, that on this same evening, Thraseno and Euphas, her father and brother, are called away to attend the funeral rites of an aged friend, who had suddenly died. The poem opens with their preparation to depart on the melancholy errand. Just as they are about leaving the garden, Miriam enters to prepare for her meeting with Paulus. Her agitation of mind, naturally appearing on her countenance, attracts immediate attention, and leads to the most affectionate inquiries from Thraseno and Euphas. She attempts to parry their question, and gives them no further satisfaction than can be found in the following reply :

MIRIAM.

"My father! I am ill.
A weight is on my spirits, and I feel
The fountain of existence drying up,
Shrinking I know not where, like waters lost
Amid the desert sands. Nay! grow not pale!
I *have* felt thus, and thought each secret spring
Of life was failing fast within me. *Then*
In saddest willingness I could have died.
There have been hours I would have quitted you,
And all that life hath dear and beautiful,
Without one wish to linger in its smiles:
My summons would have call'd a weary soul
Out of a heavy bondage. But this day
A better hope hath dawn'd upon my mind.
A high and pure resolve is nourish'd there,
And even now it sheds upon my breast
That holy peace it hath not known so long.
This night — aye! in a few brief hours, perchance,
It will know calm once more — (or break at once!)
[*Aside.*" — pp. 4, 5.

This of course is unsatisfactory; they complain of her mysteriousness; they wound her feelings, by hinting some

dark suspicions. She pleads with them, and at length persuades them to leave her, silenced, but not satisfied. As an introduction to the story, this portion is finely wrought, skilfully opening the character and situation of the parties, and exciting the interest in relation to them, on which the whole fable turns.

Thraseno and Euphas are scarcely gone, when Paulus enters, overflowing with light-hearted gayety, and bursting into expressions of confidence and love. He soon stops, however, checked and alarmed by the expression of her altered countenance. The explanation takes place, and a scene ensues, partly of stormy passion and partly of tender expostulations, which is interrupted in the midst by the sudden return of Euphas. The funeral party has been surprised by a band of Roman soldiers, some slain, and some borne away to prison. Among the latter was Thraseno ; but Euphas, escaping, returns unexpectedly, and surprises his sister in her secret conference with her lover. This awakens his violent indignation, which he expresses to her in severe language, and then assaults Paulus, who easily succeeds in repelling the passionate but weak boy, and would pacify him by offering his services toward effecting the release of his father, when a body of Christians arrives on the spot. They are armed for the emergency, and Euphas, pointing out to them Paulas as the son of that Piso, their chief persecutor, by whose command their friends have just been seized, they prepare to take immediate revenge by putting him to death. This is the point on which the catastrophe hangs, and it is essential to the developement of the plot. It is, however, so entirely an improbable circumstance, so contrary to the spirit of the religion which was then meekly enduring wrong, and whose servants did not fight, nor resist the evil that was offered them, but submitted themselves to Him who judgeth righteously, that it cannot but be regarded as a fatal oversight in the plan. It is impossible to conceive of the Christians, as going armed in the city of Rome, for the purpose of resisting their persecutors by force, much less putting to death in cold blood, and in mere revenge, a young man, who accidentally has fallen in their power. Allowing it however for the sake of the tale, we have at once a nodus of affairs, comprising every element of the most exciting and affecting interest. No situation could be finer for the purposes of a pathetic and tragical *dénouement.*

It is agreed, that Paulus shall remain in the power of the Christians, while Euphas goes to the palace of Piso and seeks his father's release. It has been proposed by Paulus himself, who is to be put to death, if Thraseno be not restored to his home, by daybreak of the ensuing morning. Miriam, who had fainted in the agitation of her feelings, no sooner hears of her brother's departure on so dangerous and, as it seems to her, hopeless an errand, than she bursts away and follows him. Here ends the first of the three scenes which constitute the poem, having occupied nearly one half of the whole.

We are next introduced to the palace of Piso, and find Euphas pleading his cause before the hard-hearted Roman, whose cool, contemptuous manner toward the defenceless boy, when merely urging his suit on the ground of humanity, is excellently united with the fierceness of his passions, when made acquainted with the danger of his son and the attendant circumstances. Euphas performs his part with great adroitness, exhibiting a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, that well belong to a smart and passionate lad of sixteen. A portion of this scene we give at length, as a specimen of the work.

EUPHAS.

"I have not yet said all.

PISO.

Not all? Why, that is stranger still. Methought
Thou hadst run through each supplicating phrase
Our language knows; and in good truth, although
The gods themselves are scarce more wont than I
To hear the voice of prayer and agony,
Yet will I own mine ear hath never drunk
Tones and entreaties eloquent as thine.
Thou hast said much, fair lad, and said it well,
And said it all, — in vain. — Dost hear?

EUPHAS.

I do.

PISO.

Why! thou art wondrous calm!

EUPHAS.

Thou man of blood!
I have not yet said all!

PISO.

But by the gods,
Thou hast! for I will hear no more this night.
To-morrow, if I 'm in an idle mood,
I 'll hear thee, — on the cross!

EUPHAS.

I read thine eye,
That doth not honor me with wrath or scorn,
But marks me with a proud, cold weariness.
Yet will I utter, — what shall bid that eye
Flash fire!

PISO.

Poor fool! I marvel I have spent
Ev'n thus much time upon thee. Take him hence!
Where are the daring slaves who marshall'd thee?

EUPHAS.

Where is thy son?

PISO.

My son; — my son? saidst thou?

EUPHAS.

Aye! — where is *he?* thine only son? — Paulus,
I think, the name he *nobly* bears.

PISO.

Gone forth
Upon some reckless revel, haply; I know not.
Seekest thou time, that with such idle quest——

EUPHAS.

I seek thy vulnerable spot. If now
I fail! — Know'st thou not aught — whither — or how —

PISO.

I tell thee, no! Read me thy riddle, boy!
The night wears on, and busy hours are mine
Ere to my couch —

EUPHAS.

The couch unvisited
By sleep this night! Oh, were it not for those
Whose lives hang on this chance, I could relent.
How can I aim so near a father's heart?

PISO.

This tardiness and would-be mystery
Portend a mighty tale. Look it *be* such.
Why! what a knitted brow and troubled eye!
Say on, and hence!

EUPHAS.

Enough! — Thou hast a son,
Whose life hangs on a word, — a syllable, —
Breath'd from thy lips!

PISO.

Well! excellent! go on.

EUPHAS.

He is a hostage 'mid an armed band,
A pledge thou canst not sport with, for the lives
We came to beg. Give me my father back,
My father and his friends from yonder cells,
And thou shalt have thy haughty son unscath'd
By Christian swords! But if *they* bleed ——

PISO.

Say on,
I would hear all.

EUPHAS.

If to th' appointed spot
They come not all, — age, youth, and woman, — all, —
Ere the red sun shall look aslant the hills
With its first beam, he dies!

PISO.

And is this all?

EUPHAS.

Aye. Now have I said much, — and well, — and not,
Perchance, in vain!

PISO.

Lad, were there but one chance
Thou e'er might'st profit by the kind advice,
I would exhort thee, when again thou seek'st
To save thy life by trick and cunning tale,
Make thou thy story *probable!* — Dost hear?"

* * * * *

PISO.

"*Can* it be true? I feel
A cold and sudden shudd'ring in my veins.

Tell me once more, — I know 't is mockery, —
Yet would I hear thy tale again, false boy!
My son, thou say'st ——

EUPHAS.

Circled with Christian swords,
Stands waiting thy behest! for those, whose friends
This night have fallen within thy fatal grasp,
Now hold thine own proud darling fast in bonds,
Where rescue or protecting power of thine
Cannot avail him aught. *Revenge* thou may'st,
But canst not save him, — but by sparing those
Whom thou didst purpose for a cruel death.

PISO.

And where, — in what dark nook ——

EUPHAS.

Nay, tyrant! but
Thou canst not dream that I will answer thee.

PISO.

I will send forth my soldiers, — they shall search, —
It may be false, — but they shall overrun
Palace and hut, and search each hiding-place
In all this mighty city, till my son
Be found!

EUPHAS.

When he *is* found, that son will be, ——
Knowest thou what? Remember, — at sunrise!

PISO.

Now by the great god Mars! but thou shalt die
For this, be thy tale false or true. Till now
I never felt these firm knees tremble. — Speak!
How fell my noble Paulus in the gripe
Of yonder rav'ning wolves.

EUPHAS.

How came he there?
Alas! — that question hath a dagger's point.
Man! I would rather die than answer it!"

After a time, however, he informs Piso of his son's love for Miriam, on which he exclaims in anger,

"He shall die, the base degenerate boy."

* * * * *

"Now am I free!
My son hangs not upon my palsied arm,
Checking the half-dealt blow!

EUPHAS.

Dost thou exult?
Oh heaven! to think such spirits are! — Piso!
Wilt thou indeed forget ——

PISO.

Strange error thine
To tell this secret, boy! — I loved my son,
And loved nought else on earth. In him alone
Centred the wild, blind fondness of a heart
All adamant, except for him! and thou, —
Thou, foolish youth, hast made me hate and scorn
Him whom my pride and love ——— Knowest thou not
Thou hast but sealed thy fate? His life had been
More precious to me than the air I breathe;
And cheerfully I would have yielded up
A thousand Christian dogs from yonder dens
To save one hair upon his head. But now —
A Christian maid! — Were there none other? — Gods!
Shame and a shameful death be his! — and thine!

EUPHAS.

It is the will of God. My hopes burnt dim
Ev'n from the first, and are extinguish'd now.
The thirst of blood hath rudely chok'd at last
The one affection which thy dark breast knew,
And thou art *man* no more. Let me but die
First of thy victims." — pp. 57 – 68.

At this juncture Miriam enters, and diverts the whole current of Piso's feelings, by the wonderful resemblance of her person to that of the fair Jewess whom he had passionately loved in his youth, and has never ceased to lament. In some beautiful lines, he is made to address her as the spirit of that early love. In fact, it turns out that Miriam is her daughter, and the softened Roman consents to grant their petition.

Every thing seems now arranged, and a favorable issue certain. But on looking at the list of prisoners whose release is claimed, the eye of Piso falls on the name of Thraseno. He remembers his successful rival in early love, for whom he has

ever since cherished a deadly hatred; his fiercest passions are roused, and he refuses to give up this opportunity of revenge. We must gratify ourselves, with citing a portion of the paragraphs in which Miriam expostulates with him.

PISO.

"Maiden, be warned! All this
I know. It moves me not.

MIRIAM.

Nay, one thing more
Thou knowest not. There is on all this earth, —
Full as it is of young and gentle hearts, —
One man alone that loves a wretch like thee;
And he, thou say'st, must die! All other eyes
Do greet thee with a cold or wrathful look,
Or, in the baseness of their fear, shun thine;
And he whose loving glance alone spake peace,
Thou say'st must die in youth! Thou know'st not yet
The deep and bitter sense of loneliness,
The throes and achings of a childless heart,
Which yet will all be thine! Thou know'st not yet
What 't is to wander 'mid thy spacious halls,
And find them desolate! wildly to start
From thy deep musings at the distant sound
Of voice or step like his, and sink back sick, —
Aye! sick at heart, — with dark remembrances!
To dream thou seest him as in years gone by,
When, in his bright and joyous infancy,
His laughing eyes amid thick curls sought thine,
And his soft arms were twined around thy neck,
And his twin rosebud lips just lisp'd thy name, —
Yet feel in agony 't is but a dream!
Thou know'st not yet what 't is to lead the van
Of armies hurrying on to victory,
Yet, in the pomp and glory of that hour,
Sadly to miss the well-known snowy plume,
Whereon thine eyes were ever proudly fixed
In battle-field! — to sit, at deep midnight,
Alone within thy tent, — all shuddering, —
When, as the curtain'd door lets in the breeze,
Thy fancy conjures up the gleaming arms
And bright young hero-face of him who once
Had been most welcome there!" — pp. 86, 87.

Piso, after some struggle, seems to yield, and the brother and sister depart in joy.

The poem now returns to Paulus, who has been meanwhile waiting the result, and who in a long soliloquy expresses the anxious and desponding state of his mind. As it grows light toward the morning, Euphas and Miriam return with the joyful announcement of the success of their errand, and Miriam, finding that life is fast ebbing within her, takes affectionate leave of her lover, ere he returns to his father. Presently the prisoners are seen approaching ; —

EUPHAS.

"What may it mean?
Miriam, see you the faces of the group?

MIRIAM.

Oh no! Whate'er I gaze upon is robed
In strange and lurid light. The grave's dim hues
Are gathering fast o'er earth. — Art thou not pale?

EUPHAS.

It may be. Fear and doubt are on my soul.
Paulus, look thou! — yon troop come not, methinks,
Like prisoners let loose, like victims snatch'd
From agony and death! No buoyancy
Is in their steps, — no song upon their lips, —
No triumph on their brows! They pause! — closer
They draw their feeble ranks!

PAULUS.

Grief and dismay
Are with that group.

EUPHAS.

Oh God! I see him not!
My father is not there!" — pp. 115, 116.

The tyrant has kept his promise to the ear, but broken it to the hope. The body of the father is restored to the children, but its life had been sacrificed. Paulus, in horror, rejects his parent and his religion ; and while the dirge is sung over the body of the martyr, the spirit of his exhausted and suffering daughter takes its flight from earth.

It is not necessary to add any thing to what we have said of the merit of the plan. It is evidently great ; and our readers may judge from the extracts we have made, that it has

been well executed. The characters are well sustained, and several passages are marked by high dramatic power. Indeed, the work is so unquestionably a successful effort of distinguished talent, that we have little more to do, than give an account of it, and express our satisfaction at its publication, accompanied with the hope, that the fair author will continue to amuse her leisure, in a manner so honorable to herself and so acceptable to the public. There can be no doubt, that forms of still more perfect beauty lie deep in the quarry of her thought, and need only the skilful hand of toil to fashion them into being.

In the exercise of a minute criticism, we might undoubtedly point out many minor blemishes, but to do so would rather be making much of our own small acuteness, than benefiting the author or the readers. Nothing is easier than to detect maculæ. It is but to darken the eye, and they may be seen on the sun. It is essential, however, to that fair and manly criticism, which seeks to advance the true interests of letters, that works of taste should be impartially examined and impartially spoken of. Absolute perfection belongs to no work, and therefore indiscriminate applause is foolish and false. It is as unjust to the cause of letters and as unfair to a generous-minded author, as indiscriminate condemnation. "No wise man," says Jeremy Taylor, "can well endure to be praised by him that knows not how to dispraise and reprove." We would therefore make our commendation worth something, by a few friendly strictures.

The most obvious fault is that which has been already noticed, which we need not specify again. That which has next attracted our attention is one of frequent occurrence, and which we hardly know how to mention, without appearing to say what is inconsistent with some former remarks. We think that the author has sometimes overstepped the limits of the legitimate distinction between a drama and a dramatic poem, and forgotten too much the consideration of the perfect suitableness of a passage to the person who speaks it. There are instances, in which the sympathy of the reader with the character speaking is from this cause broken. The second paragraph in the poem presents an example. If it had been written in the person of the author, it would have been an appropriate description; but in the mouth of Thraseno it is oratorical to a fault. The same is to be said of the words in

which he next replies to Miriam, and of those which Miriam uses in evading his urgent attempt to learn her secret.

MIRIAM.

" Urge me not now. I cannot, — cannot *yet.*
Have I not told you that a starlike gleam
Was rising on my darken'd mind? *When Hope*
Shall sit upon the tossing waves of thought,
As broods the halcyon on the troubled deep,
Then, if my spirit be not blighted, wreck'd,
Crush'd, — by the storm, I will unfold my griefs.
But until then, — and long it will not be ! —
Yet in that brief, brief time my soul must bear
A fiercer, deadlier struggle still ! " — pp. 7, 8.

We feel the same objection to the following, which we quote, notwithstanding, for its great beauty.

MIRIAM.

" A ripe and goodly sheaf hath gently fall'n.
Let peace be in the good man's obsequies ;
I will not carry there a troubled soul.

THRASENO.

Where wouldst thou seek for peace or quietness
If not beside the altar of thy God ?

MIRIAM.

Within these mighty walls of sceptred Rome
A thousand temples rise unto her gods,
Bearing their lofty domes unto the skies,
Grac'd with the proudest pomp of earth ; their shrines
Glittering with gems, their stately colonnades,
Their dreams of genius wrought into bright forms,
Instinct with grace and godlike majesty,
Their ever-smoking altars, white-robed priests,
And all the pride of gorgeous sacrifice.
And yet these things are nought. Rome's prayers ascend
To greet th' unconscious skies, in the blue void
Lost like the floating breath of frankincense,
And find no hearing or acceptance there.
And yet there *is* an Eye that ever marks
Where its own people pay their simple vows,
Though to the rocks, the caves, the wilderness,
Scourg'd by a stern and ever-watchful foe !
There *is* an Ear that hears the voice of prayer

Rising from lonely spots where Christians meet,
Although it stir not more the sleeping air
Than the soft waterfall, or forest breeze.
Think'st thou, my father, this benignant God
Will close his ear, and turn in wrath away
From the poor sinful creature of his hand,
Who breathes in solitude her humble prayer?
Think'st thou he will not hear me, should I kneel
Here in the dust beneath his starry sky,
And strive to raise my voiceless thoughts to Him,
Making an altar of my broken heart?" — pp. 9, 10.

This certainly is a style which belongs to the author, and is quite ill placed when put into the mouth of the heroine. It is the trying alternative of either rejecting things like this, which come gushing from the poet's fancy, or of inserting them at the hazard of injuring the verisimilitude of the scene, that makes the narrative a far safer and freer path than the dramatic. As far as we can discern, indeed, the narrative has all the advantages which may be claimed for the dramatic, (advantages which arise chiefly from the rapid intercourse of the persons,) and together with them, all those which spring from the author's mind being untrammelled in the choice of description and the selection of imagery. Any thing which the subject suggests, and which cannot be given with propriety to any of the characters of the piece, may always be safely said in the person of the author. There is one especial convenience as regards description, of which we have been often reminded in reading these pages; the description, namely, of the countenances and attitudes of the speakers, often so important to be known, in order to the full interpretation of their words. This used to be given, before these days of refinement, in brief prose sentences of italic type; but that fashion was laughed at and driven out, and now no one dares to put down the most necessary hint of the sort, though it should illuminate a page. In narrative composition this difficulty does not exist; wherein lies a great advantage. How finely does Scott, the most dramatic of authors, avail himself of this advantage throughout his works. Thus, for example, after the melancholy song, in the third canto of "Marmion";—

"The air was sad, — but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plained as if disgrace and ill
And shameful death were near.

He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not;" &c.

Then presently, after a few reflections, —

"For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And smiling to Fitz-Eustace said, —" &c.

Now none of this, striking and important as it is, could have had place in a purely dramatic work, and much of the vividness and pathos of the scene must have been lost. In the poem before us, we meet with frequent instances of embarrassment and constraint, arising, as it would seem, from the want of some such vent to the imagination of the writer, when she would convey to her readers the precise picture which she was looking at. In such cases, what could she do? She must either repress her desire, and so "die unheard, with a most voiceless thought," which a poet dislikes of all things; or she must venture on some expedient of doubtful propriety. Accordingly we have many instances like the following.

"How! there 's a light within thy lofty glance,
A flush upon thy cheek, a settled calm
Upon thy lip and brow!" —p. 22.

"I bear all this!
I mark the frightful paleness of thy cheek,
The wild and wandering glances of thine eye." —p. 51.

"In my mighty wrath
I have no words, — no frenzy now. 'T is deep,
Too deep for outward show." —p. 66.

Such descriptions evidently belong to the author, not to the speaker. On the page in which the last occurs, is another similar to it, which betrays a secret of the writing-desk. Piso, still supposing Miriam to be a spirit, asks, in reply to a remark of hers, who had sent her to him?

MIRIAM.

"The Christian's God;
The God thou knowest not.

PISO.

Thou art of earth!
I see the rose-tint on thy pallid cheek,
Which was not there at first; it kindles fast!
Say on. Although I dare not meet that eye,
I hear thee.

MIRIAM.

He hath given me strength,
And led me through the broad lone streets." — p. 72.

It is clear that the whole of Piso's exclamation, which we have put in italics, is an after-thought of the author, — thrust into the midst of Miriam's reply, after the work was finished. As it stands, the metre is false; the line

"I hear thee. He hath given me strength,"

is short by two syllables. Undoubtedly it originally stood,

"The God thou know'st not, *He* hath given me strength."

This is a complete line. But the author, anxious to give to the reader the whole vision as it lay before her, interposed the description of Miriam's appearance, without thinking to count the syllables. This is not the only inadvertence in respect to metre. An instance may be seen in one of the lines quoted on our preceding page. Another occurs on page 59.

EUPHAS.

"Hers is a face thou never wilt behold.

PISO.

I will.
On her, — on her shall fall my worst revenge."

The first of these lines is full, without the two next words. The matter would be properly adjusted by placing "I will" in the stead of the first "on her" in the third line.

The passages already quoted are sufficient to enable our readers to judge of the style in which this work is composed. It seems to us to flow with sufficient ease, to have a good cadence and emphasis, and to be ornamented and varied with good taste. If in any thing to be complained of, it is its diffuseness; it wants the compactness of phrase, the terseness and point, which should be aimed at by one who seeks the highest excellence. We observe no resemblance in any other respect, to the luxurious exuberance of Mrs. Hemans's diction, who had a way entirely her own of saying every thing in peri-

phrasis, and yet rarely giving ground for complaint. She is a dangerous model. No one could imitate her without being ruined. The writer before us is no imitator ; but if she has ever observed how often Mrs. Hemans nearly spoils a fine passage by verbosity, and is saved from spoiling it only by a fascinating felicity of manner, which none other can emulate, she will understand how hazardous in any hands is the tendency to verboseness. Southey, with all his flow of elegance and power, does not escape the charge of languor and frequent heaviness through diffuseness. It is the fault which prevents "Roderic" from being the first modern poem. "Miriam" is equally faulty in this particular ; but the author of "Miriam" is still young, and is not, like the great Laureate, too self-complacent to learn. Let her condense, let her blot, let her imitate her great predecessor the Sybil, and increase the value of her leaves by diminishing their number.

Recurring again to the thought with which we began, we suppose that it may help to account for the otherwise singular fact, that in an age when the low state of the drama is a theme of universal remark, the dramatic form has yet been adopted by a number of the first writers of the age. Nothing, we hear it said, can revive the acted drama ; yet many of the finest modern poems covet its dress. This proves how strong is the natural interest in dialogue, and in the expression of character and feeling from the lips of individuals themselves. We believe, however, that this form has not been as popular with readers as with writers. We cannot discover that the dramas of Byron fall below his best works, on the whole ; we are not quite sure that those of Mrs. Hemans are not greatly the first of her productions ; and scarcely a voice in the literary world is found to dissent from the opinion, which assigns to Joanna Baillie a place in the very upper seat of modern poets. Yet her "Plays on the Passions" are not extensively read; Mrs. Hemans's popularity rests on her small pieces; and it has been the fashion to regard Byron's attempts at the drama as failures. Is this to be attributed to the dramatic form of these works? And if so, is it not because their character and pretensions are misapprehended? because the image of the stage and the scenery too much obtrudes itself on the mind, and causes them to be judged by a wrong standard, — by fitness for representation, rather than by appropriateness to the characters and passions which belong to the subject ? If so, —

and we cannot doubt that it is so, — it is of importance that the true purposes and characteristics of the dramatic poem should be better known. When read with a right expectation, and measured by the just standard, it must come to be appreciated according to its merits. Then, the poems which we have named will ascend to their rightful place in the general estimation; then the two works of our own countryman Hillhouse, ("The Masque of Percy" and "Hadad") will be called up from their hiding-places, and it will be acknowledged that they are among the high efforts of the age; the former, a model of the elegant, flowing, and expressive manner which combines a rich ornament with a perfect simplicity, and shows the power of the poet without sacrificing the probability of the scene; the latter, less easy and graceful, but of a stern and lofty power, and a mixture of the awful and the tender, well becoming its solemn and mysterious scenes. Then, too, the question will be asked, — nay, we ask it now, — Why are we not visited again by his classic muse?

Meantime, we indulge the hope, that both writers and readers will learn to refer themselves less to the stage and more to the real scenes of life, and that beautiful and holy delineations of character, conceived in the sacred meditations of exalted genius, will be set forth in such freedom from all conventional forms, as to save them from the pollution of the actual theatre. This will be equivalent to the introduction of a new class of literary composition; equally favorable, as far as we can see, for all that is most lofty and affecting in tragedy, while allowing greater liberty to the fancy of the author, and a wider range of illustration and verse.

Art. IV. — *A New and Copious Lexicon of the Latin Language; compiled chiefly from the "Magnum Totius Latinitatis Lexicon" of Facciolati and Forcellini, and the German Works of Scheller and Luenemann.* Edited by F. P. Leverett. Boston; J. H. Wilkins & R. B. Carter. 1836. 8vo. pp. 1004.

It may seem to some of our readers hardly credible, that at this late period a new Latin Dictionary was needed in the English language. Classical literature has been so long and

so much cultivated in the parent country, that the most natural conclusion, to one who has not attended to this subject, certainly is, that whatever can be necessary or convenient in teaching or learning the Latin language, must have been long since provided. But the truth is, — how this fact can be accounted for is not now the question, — that in this department of literature, there has been among the English a great and manifest deficiency. While several nations on the continent of Europe have had Latin lexicons highly improved, and affording most, if not all, the information to be expected from such sources, English scholars, to a great extent, have been obliged to avail themselves of foreign assistance; and where this was not possible, they have had nothing to rely on, in addition to the aid of instructers and their own observation in the course of their reading, but such help as could be derived from the Dictionary of Ainsworth.

The progress of Latin lexicography in modern Europe has not been rapid. The *Catholicon* of John of Genoa, the earliest printed work in this department, first appeared in 1460. It was published, as appears from its date, in the infancy of the typographical art; and is supposed on good authority to have proceeded from the press of Faust, who among the Germans is believed to have been the inventor of the art of printing. The name of Faust, however, does not appear in the volume. The author of this lexicon finished his work in 1286, and was probably aided in his labors by the use of the older vocabularies, particularly that of Papias, a Lombard, who flourished in the eleventh century, and also that of Ugo or Uguccio, an ecclesiastic of Pisa, and afterwards archbishop of Ferrara, who lived about a century later. The supposition of an earlier edition of the *Catholicon* than this of 1460, struck from carved blocks of wood, has not sufficient authority. This work was, without doubt, very imperfect, and appears to have been marked with no considerable erudition. The explanation of words relating to theology was somewhat better than that of others, as might be supposed from the profession of those employed in its composition. With all its defects, however, it was not wholly destitute of merit, and passed through several editions, both in Italy and France.

Omitting several names of less note, we would mention John Reuchlin or Capnio, a German, and Nicholas Perottus,

archbishop of Siponto, as numbered among those, who in the fifteenth century deserved well of Latin lexicography. But one of the most known of the early Latin dictionaries was that of Calepin. The author was a monk, and took his name from a small town called Calepio, in the territory of Venice as it then existed. Calepin made liberal use of the labors of his predecessors in the preparation of his work, but, as at first published in 1502, it was of no great value. Succeeding scholars corrected some of its errors, and supplied some of its defects, and numerous editions of this dictionary followed each other. Among those who labored to improve the lexicon of Calepin, are found the names of Joh. Passeratius, Jac. Montanus, Lud. de la Cerda, Conrad. Gesner, and Budæus.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, this department of Latin literature received a valuable addition in the well-known *Lexicon Ciceronianum* of Nizolius. This work, as improved by its successive editors, especially by Facciolati, exhibits in a form easily accessible the great body of Ciceronian Latinity, and, though substantially incorporated into later dictionaries, is still of great use to the student. It was less, however, the object of Nizolius to define the meaning of words, than to furnish forms of expression, and a general phraseological storehouse. But the claims of lexicography were not wholly disregarded. The author arranged the phrases, which he had collected, under distinct heads, though not always with a just discrimination; and this Thesaurus was an important accession to Latin literature, considered merely as a dictionary.

Robert Stephens, who was so highly distinguished both as a scholar and a printer, first published his *Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ* in 1531. This was a work of great labor and value. The author issued a second edition in 1536, and a third in 1543, with large improvements.

In the year 1571, was published at Leipsic the first edition of the *Thesaurus Linguæ Scholasticæ* of Basil Faber. This author, in the composition of his work, departed in a great measure from the track of his predecessors. It was not his aim to furnish a vocabulary of the Latin language, with a bare explication of the meaning of words, but to enter more largely, than had hitherto been done, into the regions of poetry and criticism, and to exhibit in addition an extensive

view of idioms, peculiar constructions, and elegant phraseology. Hence his quotations from the Roman authors, both in prose and verse, are numerous and extended, and often selected with judgment and taste. Illustrations of mythology, geography, and history, constitute an important part of the work, and at the time of its appearance must have rendered it peculiarly valuable. The Thesaurus of Faber was improved by succeeding editors, and especially by Joh. Matt. Gesner, whose edition appeared at Leipsic in 1726.

Johannes de Garlandia, who flourished in the eleventh century, was the first Englishman who turned his attention to compiling a Latin dictionary, and his *Synonyma et Æquivoca* was first published at Cologne, in 1490, and soon after in London. About half a century after, Thomas Elyot published his *Bibliotheca*. Elyot was succeeded by numerous authors in the same department, among whom the most noted were Thomas Cowper, Francis and Thomas Holyoake, and Adam Littleton. This last-named lexicographer acquired the most reputation by his labors ; and his work, especially as improved in the Latin dictionary published at Cambridge in 1693, has very considerable value. The editors of this last work, among other aids, had at their disposal a manuscript collection of authorities from Roman authors, in three volumes, folio, by John Milton.

In the year 1735, a corrected and enlarged edition of the dictionary of Robert Stephens was published in London. In preparing this work for the press, the editors aimed to combine with the Thesaurus of Stephens some of the peculiar excellences of Faber. Their efforts were in a good degree successful ; and the publication of the London edition of Stephens brought this branch of lexicography to such a state, that, with the increased means of literary labor, and the new zeal which was manifest in every species of improvement, its subsequent more rapid advance towards perfection might be easily anticipated.

In the mean time, as the only Latin dictionary common in the English schools was that of Coles, which was full of errors and defects, proposals were made in 1714 to Mr. Robert Ainsworth, who enjoyed a high reputation for his knowledge of the Latin language, to prepare a new dictionary, which should better answer the public demand. This he undertook ; and after having labored, with some interruptions,

for more than twenty years, in 1736 he published his *Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ Compendiarius.* The English-Latin Part was a great improvement on any thing of the kind which had preceded it. In the Second Part of the work, where the Latin precedes the English, the arrangement of the definitions was new. Each meaning was numbered, and the authorities, which were placed in a body after the English definitions, were numbered in the same manner for the ease of reference. This was thought an important improvement; but it may be justly questioned, whether the use of this disposition of the authorities is not rather apparent than real. The eye, perhaps, may pass more readily from one part of a definition to another, so far as the English is concerned; but if the authorities on which the definitions rest are to be consulted, a course almost always useful, and sometimes necessary to the student, there is an obvious source of embarrassment. And it will probably be found, likewise, that students, in consequence of this separation, often fail to consult the authorities as they ought, and to receive that advantage from them which they are designed to afford. This Dictionary of Ainsworth was very favorably received; but with some excellences it had likewise its faults. Succeeding editors have somewhat improved it; but on comparing in various places the late London stereotype edition with that of 1736, the changes appear to be few. Some errors have been corrected, and some deficiences supplied, but the work is essentially what it was at first.

In the year 1715, a new Latin Lexicon was begun at Padua, chiefly at the suggestion, and under the superintendence and advice of Jac. Facciolati the head of the University. Facciolati was advantageously known by his labors in the promotion of Latin literature, particularly by his edition of the *Lexicon Ciceronianum* of Nizolius. He was likewise distinguished as one of the best writers in the Latin language among the moderns. To execute this work, he employed Egidio Forcellini, who had been his pupil, and who appears to have been every way qualified for the undertaking to which he was invited. At first the views of these scholars extended no further than to an enlarged edition of Calepin. This they finished in about four years; but, in the course of the work, they had become so sensible of the inherent and irremediable faults of Calepin, that they determined to begin a Latin lexicon,

in some respects, on a new plan, and which should be independent of all that had preceded it, in the selection of words, in the definitions, and the arrangement of the senses. To the accomplishment of this great literary project Forcellini applied himself with uncommon assiduity, and in 1761 the Lexicon was completed. It was first published in 1771, several years after the death of the author. The names of Facciolati and Forcellini are united in this work, but it ought in justice to be stated, that the principal merit of its execution belongs to the latter. Facciolati himself says in reference to it, "Vix ego in plerasque voces quippiam contuli præter consilium, in multas autem ne consilium quidem."

The plan of this dictionary was digested with great care and judgment. The ancient authors in the Latin language were classed according to several chronological periods; as the purity of their style is found to correspond, in a great measure, to the age in which they flourished. The first period, extending from the time of the earliest Latin writers to the death of Augustus, and constituting the golden age of Latin literature, furnishes the great body of authorities on which the explication of words is grounded; later authors being referred to, in general, only as they in some way illustrate the earlier class, or afford some new meaning. In this way the rank of words and idioms as to their purity, and, for the most part, as to their propriety and elegance, is easily settled. To illustrate this portion of the work in part, reference may be made to the word *ala*, *a wing*. Here the combinations "movere alas," and "quatere alas," are quoted from Virgil; but "explicare alas" is referred to Martial, and "expandere alas" to the elder Pliny. "Quatere alas" is found likewise in Pliny; but Virgil is properly named as authority for this expression, as being an earlier writer.

It may be here remarked, that it ought by no means to be concluded, because phrases, idioms, or words occur in writers of a late date, that they were not current in the best age of the language. It is clearly possible, that many of them might have been, and without doubt some of them were, used in the lost works of Cicero, Sallust, Livy, and others of the same literary period. In a fragment of one of Cicero's orations, recovered by Mai, is the word *lenities*, which had before been placed in glossaries only. If the reading of this fragment is admitted to be genuine, *lenities* can no longer be

considered a word of suspicious or base origin ; and, from the manner in which it is employed, this word was manifestly in common and reputable use. In a fragment of Cicero's treatise "de Republicâ," first published by the same editor, is the word *convenicium*, which, at the time of the discovery of this fragment, had been long lost from the language. But the consideration stated above can have no influence on the composition of a dictionary, which must of necessity be constructed of materials actually existing.

The next important principle, settled by Forcellini in the composition of his Lexicon, respected the classification of meanings and their arrangement. This branch of the subject had been treated by preceding lexicographers with much less care than its importance demands. Very different meanings had often been confounded, and distinctions often introduced, where there was really no difference. The labors of the author here were attended with distinguished success. It would be perhaps too much to say, that he is never in error. The difficulties in the way of a clear and unobjectionable classification of meanings are in some cases nearly or quite insurmountable ; but that he improved greatly on all who preceded him, is undeniable. In the arrangement of the meanings, that is placed first, which from the use of a word among authors of the first class, appears to have been the earliest, and from which there is the most ready and easy transition to other meanings ; and these again are made to follow each other on the same principle. All parts of a definition, therefore, illustrate each other; and, from a comparison of the whole, the real force and import of a word can hardly be mistaken.

As to the definitions, very little is made to depend on an accumulation of synonyms, a method which often obscures rather than elucidates a signification. Definitions are given for the most part in descriptive language, so precise and definite, that, with the subjoined examples, the reader is satisfied, that he has every thing before him necessary to a full understanding of the case in question. Robert Stephens, in the first edition of his lexicon, defined the words in the French language. In the second and third editions, the French was excluded, and Latin was introduced. One reason for this change was to procure for his work a more general currency. Forcellini has given first the corresponding Italian word, then the Greek, and, after these, the full definition in Latin. Care is

likewise taken, in the selection of authorities, that the different constructions of a word with others should be exhibited, so far as such constructions affect the sense.

The metaphorical senses are also distinguished from the literal. Names of the gods in ancient mythology, names of persons current in the history of the fabulous and heroic ages, and names of places, rivers, mountains, and whatever else relates to the same early period, are inserted with the proper references to the authors, from whom the information is derived. Besides the classes of words already mentioned, others of no authority, or for the most part barbarous, are thrown into an appendix. Such is the general plan of the Latin Lexicon of Facciolati and Forcellini, which hardly admits of improvement; and the execution in every part shows extensive learning, great accuracy, diligence, and sound judgment. That, in a work so extensive, every part should be executed with equal success, is not to be expected. The most, however, that succeeding editors have accomplished, is to supply a few omissions; and this lexicon deserves to be reckoned among the most perfect works of the kind, which have ever been composed.

While this dictionary of Forcellini was in progress, a new Latin lexicon was undertaken in Germany, by John Matth. Gesner. His scheme was, to make the London edition of Stephens the basis of his work. In making improvements in this, he professes to have removed many excrescences, to have corrected numerous errors, and to have made large additions. This lexicon was published in 1749, and was a most valuable contribution to lexicography. Not being an independent work, as the author chose to make few alterations in the plan of Stephens, it has less uniformity of execution, than the Lexicon of Forcellini. The different senses of a word are not always philosophically arranged; and authorities are sometimes furnished in disproportionate numbers. The definitions are in Latin, and generally clear and full. As a storehouse of the varieties of Latin phraseology, the Thesaurus of Gesner is of the highest value to the student of Latin literature.

A work was still wanting in this department, of a more popular character; and accordingly, in 1783, J. Im. G. Scheller published his copious German-Latin and Latin-German Lexicon, which, as a universal dictionary of the Latin language for the use of students generally, has some advantages over

Gesner. The arrangement of words is throughout alphabetical. In the Thesaurus of Gesner, the order of derivation is observed. The definitions are in the German language, and the authorities are selected with admirable judgment, both for confirming the significations assigned to the words, and illustrating the varieties of grammatical construction. Many of these passages are translated, especially where any difficulty can be supposed to exist. To the arrangement of the different meanings of words Scheller has paid unusual attention, and the whole work is digested throughout on a uniform plan. This Lexicon was received in Germany with great approbation. Two editions of it were published by the author; the third, which appeared in 1804, soon after the death of Scheller, had been revised by him. No stronger proof is needed of its excellence, than the fact, that for more than half a century, as a Thesaurus, it has not been superseded in Germany. An abridgment of it has long been used in schools, and a valuable manual Latin lexicon, chiefly derived from Scheller, has been published by Luenemann. An English translation of Scheller has been lately printed at Oxford; but, so far as we have had opportunity to examine it, we have not formed a high opinion of its merits.

In the year 1799, an edition of Scheller was published in Holland, which had been prepared under the direction of Rhunken. Scheller, in the same manner as Gesner and Forcellini, made his work a general lexicon of the language. The Leyden edition, by the advice of Rhunken, was limited to the proper classic authors, or such as have some reputation for purity in the choice of words. The reasons assigned for this course are not altogether satisfactory. Words used by authors of little note actually occur, and the student needs some explication of them. At least it may be useful to know on what authority such words rest; and, if the writer who has first used them is named and characterized, as is done by Forcellini, there is little danger, that a dictionary so constructed will give currency to barbarisms.

To furnish any further details of the progress of Latin lexicography on the continent of Europe, is unnecessary for our object, which is to bring distinctly into view the abundant means of improving our Latin-English dictionaries, which have been accumulating during the last century. The Dictionary of Ainsworth, as before stated, was published first in 1736. The author, therefore, could have received no assistance from the

materials collected by Gesner, Forcellini, Scheller, and others of a later date. Even the London edition of Robert Stephens was published in 1735, and could have been of no material use to Ainsworth. Indeed, this edition of Stephens is not mentioned in Ainsworth's Preface. That Ainsworth's Dictionary, therefore, should fail to satisfy the requirements of the present time, might be expected as a matter of course. Yet, strange as it may seem, Ainsworth's Dictionary is almost the only one found in our schools. The student first becomes acquainted with the abridgment, while learning the elements of the Latin language ; and, if he ever has the good fortune to attain to any thing better, it is too often only the same work in its original form.

A Latin Thesaurus was, indeed, prepared by Dr. Adam of Edinburgh, the author of the well-known Latin Grammar ; but owing, if we are correctly informed, to some difficulty in making arrangements for its publication, between the proprietors of the manuscript and the booksellers, it has never been put to press. An abridgment of this work was published by the author in 1805, varied in different parts so as to afford specimens of several dictionaries for different classes of scholars, which he was then preparing. In 1814, several years after the death of Dr. Adam, there appeared a second edition of this abridgment, prepared on a uniform plan. This dictionary was very useful to the student in reading the common school classics, but it was never very extensively circulated, and is now, it is believed, entirely out of print. Ainsworth's, therefore, being, in fact, the only work in this department, to which our students generally have had access, it may not be a useless undertaking to examine a little more particularly into its real character. From the facts above stated, we might infer without danger of mistake, that this lexicon would be found in many respects deficient ; yet an actual exhibition of what some of these deficiences are, may be more satisfactory, and show more clearly the necessity of some new work, than any general conclusion from the time and circumstances in which the author wrote.

For this purpose we will take, not the original edition of 1736, but the last London stereotype edition ; as this is the one which the student is most likely to find in the shops, and the editor professes to have revised the whole. It is indispensable in the dictionary of any language, that it should

exhibit all the meanings of the words in that language, properly illustrated; that these meanings should be clearly distinct; and that they should be so arranged, where it can be done, as to demonstrate their mutual dependence. To see what Ainsworth's Dictionary is, in these several particulars, we will look at a few words under the letter D, not selected as differing from the rest of the work, but as affording a fair specimen of its general execution.

Damno. This word has five different meanings assigned to it by Ainsworth. The first is, *to condemn, to dislike*; and the authority for this signification is a passage from the Pharsalia of Lucan: "Miles damnat causamque ducemque." The meaning of "damnat" here is, *greatly disapproves of, regards with strong aversion and displeasure.* This is obviously a figurative use of the word, and is, therefore, most injudiciously placed as its leading signification. That this is not the original, but a derived sense of the word, appears highly probable from the fact, that *damno*, signifying strong disapprobation or dislike, is not found in Cicero, and other writers of the same age; but, with this meaning, it first comes to our knowledge in Lucan, Quintilian, Pliny, and Statius. It is a metaphorical sense of the word, derived from its proper signification, *to condemn or sentence judicially*; that is, to pronounce one *subject to loss or damage, as a penalty.* This is its most common meaning in Cicero, and is plainly that from which all its other meanings are derived. The second meaning assigned to this word by Ainsworth is, *to devote to, or consign over*, a sense, which the word has, and which proceeded obviously from what we have stated to be its leading signification. But, placed as it is after a metaphorical meaning, it is left indistinct and obscure. The third sense of this word, according to Ainsworth, is, *to cast in a suit at law.* For this signification he quotes Tacitus as authority, though it is found in earlier writers, and is closely connected with what appears to be the original sense of the word, and should have been brought near it, that, in this way, its proper force might be easily apprehended. It deserves to be remarked here, that what Forcellini with obvious correctness assigns to this verb as its leading sense, is not even mentioned by Ainsworth. The nearest he approaches to it, is in the signification *to cast in a suit at law*, "sub judice damnare," that is, *to procure the condemnation of some one;* but *to condemn judicially* by

the direct action of the judge, is a meaning which he has not ascribed to *damno*. Other plain objections lie against the explication of this word, as it stands in Ainsworth. But we pass to

Damnum. The different significations of this word are very imperfectly exhibited. Its meaning as a *penalty*, and a *confiscation of property*, is not mentioned.

Daps. Ainsworth makes the leading signification of this word, *a feast upon a sacrifice*. Forcellini, with apparent reason, has given this order of its meanings, *food*, *a feast*, *a banquet*, *food offered to the gods*, *an offering*, &c.

Decerno. The first meaning of this word, according to Ainsworth, is *to discern by the eye*. *Cernere* with *oculis* expressed, or necessarily implied, signifies *to distinguish clearly by the sight*, though Ainsworth has not marked this use of the word. That *decernere* in its proper sense, has any reference to the eye, does not appear from the example which Ainsworth has adduced. His authority is from a fragment of the Amphitruo of Plautus. "Qui nequeas nostrorum uter sit Amphitruo decernere." But, "decernere" means here not to distinguish by the sight only, but to determine in any way. This appears clearly by reference to the circumstances of Jupiter and Amphitruo in the play, to whom this language applies; and this is the explanation given of the passage by Forcellini.

Decerto. To this word Ainsworth has assigned two meanings. 1st, *to contend*, *to strive*, *to dispute*, and, 2d, *to try it out by words or blows*. Here there appears to be a distinction without a difference. For the second meaning the authority of Statius is quoted. "Agmina bello decertare putes." To say nothing here of the impropriety of selecting Statius, when examples in point in earlier writers are so numerous, the passage cited may answer to show the use of the word where *blows* are concerned, but fails as to *words*. If the connexion of "bello" with "decertare" is a sufficient reason for ascribing a new meaning to the word, then several other significations should have been added, on account of adjuncts, which are now passed over in silence.

Decido. The first meaning of this verb in its active sense, according to Ainsworth, is, *to cut out;* and his proof is a passage of Plautus, "Decide mihi collum." But Forcellini remarks more correctly of this verb, "De iis fere dicitur,

quæ si abscindantur deorsum cadunt." The meaning is, *to cut from, or off.* This is clear from the passage in Plautus, to which reference is made.

> "Decide collum, si falsum 'st, uti loquor;
> Vel, ut scias me amare, cape cultrum, seca
> Digitum vel aurem, vel tu nasum vel labrum;" etc.

The interchange of the verb "seco" with "decido" makes the meaning clear. The second meaning of this verb, in Ainsworth, is, *to determine, to conclude;* and the third meaning, *to decide a business*, without any apparent distinction, and the authorities adduced show that there is none.

We find very frequently in Ainsworth, a difference of meaning assigned to a word, where the only distinction is, that the word is found in some new connexion, but expressing the same general ideas. Thus,

Defugio. The first sense given to this verb is *to shun, or avoid*, and the second, *to refuse to accept of.* But, "aditum eorum sermonemque defugiunt," which is quoted from Cæsar, as an example of the first use, and "administrationem reipublicæ defugere," from the same author, as an example of the second, show no variation in the signification of the verb; there is simply a variation in the adjunct. Or, if it should be maintained that there is ground here for a distinction, this verb, on the same principle, should have still a new sense in the phrase "contentiones defugere" of Cicero, and still another in the "assentationem defugere" of Pliny. But all these uses of the word are very properly brought under the same division by Forcellini. The fault now remarked upon is so common in Ainsworth, that to point out more instances of it seems unnecessary. It may be seen on every page, and in the explanation of almost every word, where there is any considerable detail.

Another very great defect in Ainsworth's Dictionary is, that very little information is afforded by it, of the mode in which any one word is connected with others to express various relations. This fault is radical, as will be at once discovered by every student, who shall endeavour to ascertain from this work the extent to which words are combined, to express the same or a different idea. Nor is this of importance alone, as respects settling points of Latinity, but often as to the meaning of a writer. This deficiency in Ainsworth, to which

allusion is now made, may be seen in all parts of the work. Thus, to recur to some of the words already brought under review. Under "damno," the student will find no example of the construction of this word with others, to show the cause for which any one is condemned. But in Forcellini he will see, that Cicero, among other modes of expression, has "damnare aliquem sceleris," "quempiam aliquo crimine," "damnari nomine sceleris," "de pecuniis repetundis," and that Ovid uses the phrase "damnare in aliquâ re," and Suetonius, "ob aliquam rem." As to the manner of expressing the punishment to which any one is condemned, nothing can be learned from Ainsworth, except that the dative case is used. But it is equally important to know, that there is authority for saying, "damnare ad opus," *to condemn to hard labor*, "damnare ad metallum," *to condemn to the mines*, &c. These are some of the deficiencies alluded to, which occur under the word "damno."

Decerto. From what Ainsworth has furnished to illustrate the construction of this word, all that could be inferred is, that the phrase "inter se decertare," corresponds to the English, *to contend among themselves*, and "bello decertare," *to contend in war*. But the student wishes to know, how the place of contention is connected with the verb, and will find in Forcellini the combination, "in suis finibus decertare." He will likewise see, that to contend *against*, is "decertare contra vim"; to contend *for* or *concerning*, is, "decertare de imperio"; to contend *with*, that is, *against* some one, "decertare cum aliquo," "cum duobus ducibus"; and that to contend with an instrument is exemplified by "armis decertare." Deficiencies of this kind may be found in Ainsworth, by opening the book anywhere at random. For example,

Introitus. Here, "introitus portûs," *the entrance of the harbour*, and "introitus defensionis," the *entrance on the defence*, illustrate the connexion of this word with others in the genitive case; but the forms, "introitus Smyrnam," "introitus in urbem," equally necessary to be known, are not noticed.

Invictus. Here may be found "invictus a labore," and "corpus ad vulnera invictum," but not "crocodilus contra omnes ictus invicta," quite as important as either of the others.

But a not less radical defect of Ainsworth, as a guide to

Latinity, is the partial exhibition, which it affords, of the extent to which words are used in connexion with others. We have been speaking of the manner in which words are united in construction; the inquiry now is, in what company words should be found. Here languages greatly vary. The analogies followed in different forms of speech are so diverse, that to infer from one to another, in deciding questions of propriety of expression, is always hazardous, and will generally lead into error. The most ludicrous mistakes in the use of a foreign language, arise from this source. In Latin, "conscendere equum," or, "in equum," is *to mount a horse;* but we find likewise "conscendere æthera," "conscendere montem," and "in montem," "conscendere vitis ramos," "conscendere tribunal," "conscendere navem" and "in navem," "conscendere æquor," &c. Now there is no verb in the English language, which can with propriety be employed in translating all the preceding phrases. In each case, we have the means of a sufficiently exact version, but must make several changes of the verb, as in the English combinations different analogies have been followed from those in the Latin. This is a part of every language not vernacular to the student, very difficult to be made familiar. The student is perpetually liable to be drawn away by the application of some word in his own language, which is entirely discordant with the usage of the language which he is learning. Among the means of overcoming this difficulty, there is none more effectual, than a full and correct dictionary. To this there should be a constant reference; the various connexions of words should be traced, the extent of their applications ascertained; and frequent and careful reading will familiarize the whole.

That the Dictionary of Ainsworth is entirely inadequate as a guide to the student in this part of the Latin language, will be manifest on a slight examination. If we recur to the word "conscendere," in Ainsworth, several of the uses above noted will not be found. He has not inserted "conscendere æthera," "vitis ramos," or "æquor," neither of which could be shown with certainty to be correct, from any analogy furnished by the phrases actually quoted. The same deficiency will be found on every page of the work. Thus, to look at one more word,

Dejicere. The following are important applications of this

verb, which are omitted by Ainsworth. "Dejicere se per munitiones" (Cic.), *to rush violently through*, &c. "Præsidium Claternâ dejecit Hirtius" (Cæs.), *dislodged, drove out a garrison.* It is applied likewise to *ships driven by the wind*, "naves ad inferiorem partem insulæ dejicerentur" (Cæs.); to the *casting of lots*, "dejicere sortes" (Cæs.); to *riding rapidly* from higher to lower ground, "dicto prope citius equum in viam Claudius dejecit" (Liv.); to *sacrificing* of victims, "Thetidi juvencam dejicit" (Val. Max.); to *killing*, "Catillus Iolam dejicit" (Virg.); to *turning aside* the eyes, "pueri oculos de isto nunquam dejicere" (Cic.); to *warding off*, "verbera depulsurum, cruciatumque a corpore dejecturum arbitrabatur" (Cic.); to *prevailing upon one to give up* an opinion, "aliquem de sententiâ dejicere" (Cic.). It is unnecessary to add more instances here, as it must be plain, that Ainsworth has failed to give even a tolerable view of the use and meaning of this word.

If the reader should wish to examine Ainsworth further in this part of his work, let him look at the verb *delabor*, and see whether any thing there adduced sufficiently authorizes "flumen delabens Etruscum in mare" (Hor.); "delabi in insidias" (Aur. Vict.); "delabi in morbum" (Cic.); "delabi in suspiciones" (Cic.); "delabi in sermonem" (Cic.); "delabi ad æquitatem" (Cic.), &c. He can look likewise at the verb *deleo*, and apply any thing which he shall find, to such phrases as these, "delere omnem improbitatem" (Cic.); "delere religionem" (Cic.); "delere omne bellum" (Cor. Nep.); and at the verb *depello*, and at these examples of its use, "famem sitimque depellere" (Cic.); "nubila cœlo depellere" (Tibull.); "depellere servitutem a civibus" (Cic.); "magnâ spe depellere" (Liv.); "depelli sententiâ" (Cic.), and many others.

This want in Ainsworth of a full exhibition of the actual use of words in connexion with others, deserves particularly to be noticed in cases, where a word has been transferred to our own language with little variation. In all such instances, the student, by following the analogies of his own language, is peculiarly exposed to mistakes. Examples of this kind are very frequent. "Terras devorant aquæ" (Plin.). For "devorant," we might use in English, *ingulf*, or *swallow up*, but hardly *devour*; yet Latin use sanctions "devorant." The same author says, "terra devoravit Cybotum, altissimum montem, cum oppido Curite." Here, again, English usage would

condemn the word *devour*, and the student needs to see an example of this kind, to assure him that it is authorized in Latin. The verb "impingere" has numerous acceptations which our English word *impinge* has not, many of which are not noticed by Ainsworth. Plautus says, "pugnum in os impingere," "impingere alicui beneficium," "impingere suavium alicui." Our word *inculcate*, is a poor index to the uses of the Latin "inculco." Among other important omissions by Ainsworth, is the use of this word by Cicero, "verba Græca inculcantes." The Latin verb "infligere," also, has uses not analogous to *inflict* in English, which are not mentioned by Ainsworth, as "navis inflicta vadis" (Virg.); "usuras infligere" (Pandect.). The same defect is in all parts of the volume.

In all languages, many words have what is called an absolute sense. A word, from being often connected with another, when the discourse is about a particular subject, comes finally to convey the idea intended alone; or the word at first associated with it is so easily understood, that it is omitted without inconvenience. We say of a man, who has failed to pay his debts, or to continue his mercantile business for want of means, that he has *failed*. This word is said to be used in an absolute sense. A dictionary of a foreign language, which does not furnish a full list of such words, — and they are numerous in all forms of speech, — is deficient in an essential point. There are numerous cases of this use of words in the Latin language, which are not noted in Ainsworth's Dictionary. Thus, that "descendere equo" means to *dismount*, we learn from Ainsworth; but we are not told, that "descendere" is used in the same sense, absolutely, that is, without "equo." "Despondere" with "animum," signifies to *lose heart* or *courage*, to *despair*; it is used likewise in the same sense absolutely. Cornelius Nepos employs the expressions "detrahere de famâ alicujus," "de gloriâ cujuspiam"; he says likewise "multum ei detraxit, quod alienæ erat civitatis," where "detraxit" is used in the absolute form. Cæsar uses this language, "ad littora cursum dirigere," *to direct the course to the shore*. Seneca says, "ad Nesida direxi," where the verb is used absolutely; "cursum" or "navem" being omitted. We say likewise in English, he *steered* for some port.

Another fault in Ainsworth is, that he has failed, in many

instances, to distinguish properly the metaphorical sense of words. Thus, "in singulos severitas imperatoris destringitur." (Sen.) "Non ego mordaci destrinxi carmine quenquam." (Ov.) The verb "destringere" is used in these instances, figuratively, but is not so marked by Ainsworth. We read in Cicero, "sunt alii plures, fortasse; sed memoriâ meâ dilabuntur." The verb here is not distinguished by Ainsworth, as used in a figurative sense. We find in Nepos, "a fortunâ datam occasionem liberandæ Græciæ dimittere." The metaphorical sense of "dimittere," Ainsworth has not marked. We read in Virgil, "disjice compositam pacem, sere crimina belli," and in Livy, "hæc consilia ducis disjecit"; but here again Ainsworth has failed to distinguish the figurative use of the verb. We might proceed in this way through the volume. It may, indeed, be said, that the departure from the literal sense of the verbs, in the passages above cited, is so easily seen, that to mark it would have been superfluous, and that this whole subject may be properly left to him who consults the dictionary. But difficulties in the signification of words often depend on slight transitions of the sense, and in no case more frequently, than where there is a departure from the literal sense of a word to that which is metaphorical. Hence the necessity, that the metaphorical use of words should be noted.

The Dictionary of Ainsworth is likewise very imperfect, as an exhibition of the grammatical structure of the Latin language. A grammar of any language, especially such as are in the hands of most students, is necessarily limited to general principles, or brief details. It is in the lexicon, that we expect to find unfolded the actual construction of each word, as well in its ordinary use, as in its anomalies. This is more particularly to be expected in a language no longer spoken, and which, like the Latin, is contained in a well-known body of authors. The facts can here be ascertained, and it is in the dictionary that they should be fully exhibited. Ainsworth, compared in this respect with either of the principal Latin lexicographers since his time, particularly with Forcellini and Scheller, will be found extremely imperfect. A reference to a few particulars will establish this point.

Whether words admit "ut," "quod," "quominus," or the accusative with the infinitive after them, the student can hardly recollect, in every instance, from his own reading;

his grammar will not satisfy him in all cases ; and it is to his dictionary, that he should be able to apply with confidence for the necessary information. For an example, we will turn to the verb "objicio." The proper construction of other verbs after this, is determined at once by reference to Forcellini. Cicero says to Verres, "non tibi objicio *quod* hominem omni argento spoliasti," and in a letter to Atticus, "surgit pulchellus puer ; objicit mihi, *me* ad Baias *fuisse*." There are no examples like these in Ainsworth. That the accusative and infinitive is a proper construction after "opinio," may be seen in Ainsworth ; that "ut" and the subjunctive, is likewise used, the student must look for proof in some other place. We find in Livy, "parum est *quod* veterrimas provincias meas, Siciliam et Sardiniam, adimis," and, in Pliny, "parum est, *ut* in curiam venias, nisi et convocas." There are no such examples in Ainsworth, to illustrate the use of "parum." "Prohibeo" is followed by "ne," "quominus," "quin," and by the accusative and infinitive, but in Ainsworth there are no authorities. "Propono" is followed by "ut" and the subjunctive, and by the accusative and infinitive, but this does not appear in Ainsworth. It should be added here, that Forcellini seems not to have aimed at perfection in this part of his work. Occasional omissions may be found, which succeeding editors have not supplied.

Another part of Latin construction, which Ainsworth has failed to illustrate sufficiently, is the admission of the infinitive after verbs and some other words. The grammars, at least most of them, do not furnish in all cases the requisite information ; and the resource of the student should be his dictionary. Thus, whether "imbibo" admits an infinitive after it, cannot be determined from Ainsworth. In Forcellini, we have the following quotation from Cæsar. "Quod si facere noluerit, atque imbiberit ejusmodi rationibus illum ad suas conditiones *perducere*." The infinitive also follows "dignor," both in prose writers and poets, but it does not appear from Ainsworth. This defect pervades the whole work.

Ainsworth's Dictionary also is very unsatisfactory in the account which it contains of the particles. Forcellini, though very full in this part of his work, is less complete than the student will sometimes desire ; to the English edition, therefore, of this dictionary, the valuable treatise of Tursellin has been properly added.

But the editor of the stereotype edition of Ainsworth says; "It is in the table of proper names, that our improvements have been most numerous and important." He points out various errors in this table, as at first composed, and speaks of the "unremitting vigilance, that will be found to have been exerted," in reviewing this part of the work.

Some reference to this table, therefore, in its improved state, will afford a fair criterion of the value of this editor's labors. He professes to have struck out much, which in the original edition was superfluous and unnecessary. "We saw no reason," he says, "why our index should include a register of Actæon's hounds, or Pluto's horses; of the victims of the epic heroes, or of the nymphs in the train of Cyrene." The obvious conclusion from this statement is, that the names here referred to are erased. Yet of Actæon's hounds, the names of eight or nine are retained; and it does not at once appear, why the rest of the pack are excluded. A part, as Melampus, *Blackfoot;* Leucon, *White;* Aello, *Tempest*, have been expunged; while others, as Dorceus, *Quicksight;* Oribasus, *Ranger;* Asbolus, *Blackshag*, are allowed to retain their places, without any reason assigned for this distinction. Pluto's horses, Orphnæus, Æthon, Nycteus, and Alastor, hold their places in the last edition as in the first. Cyrene's attendant nymphs have not disappeared, nor have Diana's been removed from their former station, against whose right, however, to be enrolled in this vocabulary, the editor does not object; though a rule, which would exclude the retinue of one of these goddesses, should seem to bear equally hard on that of the other.

As to the victims of the epic heroes, Theron, we are told, in the last as in the first edition, "was a stout Latin slain by Æneas." Alcanor, who was engaged in the same contest in which Theron was killed, and had the honor of being wounded by Æneas, is inserted in the register; but all the information given respecting him, is in these words; "a man's name." "Telon," we are told, was "the son of Œbalus," and Virgil is quoted as authority for the fact; but Virgil says, that Œbalus was the son of Telon, and this is the statement in the edition of 1736. Of Œbalus we find nothing, though a more important personage than his father; and a king of Sparta of the same name is passed over, who, as being the grandfather of Castor, Pollux, Clytemnestra, and Helen, might

seem to have some claim to notice. It is manifest, that this part of the dictionary was at first prepared on no uniform principle, and with little care, and that it has been since, in a small degree, if at all, improved.

The biographical and historical part of this index, we are given to understand, has received important improvements; yet errors in the account of so well known an individual as Cicero have remained undisturbed from 1736 to the present time. Of Cicero it is said, that "his first action in public life, was his defence of Sex. Roscius against a prosecution conducted by one of Sylla's creatures." If by "action in public life," is meant his appearance as an advocate, his defence of Sex. Roscius cannot be considered the first. Before this, he defended Publius Quintius, and not improbably was engaged in other civil suits. It is added, "the freedom of his remarks was so displeasing to the dictator, that he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel into the provinces of Greece and Asia." But Cicero continued in Rome a year after his defence of Roscius, and took part in another cause, not less displeasing to the dictator. It is said, likewise, that Cicero, on his return from Asia, where he had studied at Rhodes, under Molon, "was made ædile, and in that office impeached Verres for misgovernment in Sicily." It would seem to be intimated here, that Cicero undertook this impeachment in the character of ædile; whereas the business of an ædile had no connexion whatever with such a prosecution as this against Verres. But the fact was, that Cicero, when he impeached Verres, was not ædile. He had been elected to that office, but did not enter on its duties till the business of the prosecution was completed.

Attempts to correct mistakes in the original edition are not always successful. Thus in the edition of 1736, Dio Cassius is said to have been "a Greek historian, *cujus opera hodie extant.*" In the last edition it stands, "a Greek historian, who wrote a Roman history from the *foundation* in *eight* books, of which the beginning and end are lost." The question might be raised here,—Which account is the most erroneous?

The editor says, "we would particularly solicit the reader to glance at the articles Claudius, Fabius, or Metellus." If the reader will do this, he will find no mention of Appius Claudius Regillensis, the founder of the Claudian family, nor

of his two sons, all of whom make a distinguished figure in the Roman annals. Appius Claudius, the decemvir, is said "to have died under impeachment." A more exact statement would have been, that he killed himself. Of more than seventy Fabii, who are celebrated in Roman story, nine only are mentioned; and there are no obvious reasons, why some are admitted, and others excluded. The first of the name of Metellus mentioned in this index, is L. Cæcilius Metellus, who was frightened by Scipio Africanus from his design of quitting Italy after the battle of Cannæ. But no mention is made of another L. Cæcilius Metellus, who gained a great victory over the Carthaginians in Sicily, was honored with a splendid triumph, and who received afterwards an uncommon mark of public favor, for his zeal and intrepidity in saving the Palladium from the conflagration of the temple of Vesta.

These are specimens of the errors in this part of Ainsworth's Dictionary, from which an opinion can be formed of the little care bestowed on its original compilation, and the slight attention with which it has been revised in the successive editions. Its faults, indeed, are so numerous, that the student can place little or no reliance on its statements. Whoever makes it his sole dependence in the mythology and history which it comprises, is constantly liable to be led into great, and often very ludicrous mistakes. But, notwithstanding the imperfection of this dictionary in every part of it, its comparative value, at the time of its first appearance, was by no means small; and, considering the state of lexicography at that period, there is no reason to wonder, that its use was widely extended.

It is now, however, in a good measure obsolete; and a Latin dictionary founded on more recent investigations and improvements has been a long time greatly needed; such an one, as from its size and price could be placed within the reach of common students. As nothing of this kind had been attempted, which at all answered the public necessities, the work which is named at the head of this article was projected. It was the design of the editor to prepare a Latin Lexicon of moderate extent, which should combine, as far as possible, the peculiar excellences of Forcellini, Scheller, and Luenemann.

The limits of this work of Mr. Leverett necessarily exclude numerous authorities, which are cited in the larger dictionaries, and those which are retained are given in an abridged form;

yet by a judicious selection and cautious reduction, the passages furnished from the Latin classics clearly establish, in most instances, if not all, the several meanings assigned to the words. For more full exhibitions of different forms of expression and construction, the student, from the necessity of the case, must recur to the original works. But such recurrence will ordinarily be had only by the more advanced scholar. The common reading of the Roman writers will rarely require it. When the larger lexicons are consulted, this advantage will be found from the previous use of the work under review, that it has led into no important error. The student, as he proceeds beyond this compilation, will find that he has begun the Latin language on a correct plan, and that he has nothing to unlearn. The only or principal change, in the use of additional means, will be perceived in the more minute survey which he can take of the ground occupied.

For more full satisfaction, as to the general character of this lexicon of Mr. Leverett, the reader can consult it under the several words to which reference is made in our remarks on Ainsworth. What he will find in these cases, may be safely put down as true of the work at large. There is one part only of the work, of which we would express a more qualified approbation. The editor remarks, that "in the arrangement of the meanings of words, Scheller and Luenemann have generally been more closely followed than Forcellini. They possess a manifest advantage, in a work of this kind and size, in bringing the phrases and idioms, which are given under a word, each into the place which its signification points out, and in incorporating the participles with the verbs to which they belong." — That there are advantages in this course, in some respects, is not denied; but in a few instances of the "arrangement of the meanings," we should have preferred Forcellini as a model. Two examples will show what we intend, and whether there is any foundation for the opinion now expressed. The leading meaning of *causa* according to Forcellini, is, *that which produces an effect*. According to Scheller, it is a *lawsuit*, a *judicial process*, and in this arrangement he is followed by Leverett. Now to us it appears much more probable, that *causa*, from signifying *that from which any thing proceeds*, came to denote the *ground* or *reason* of a controversy, and hence was employed to indicate the controversy itself, that is, a *litigation*, than that the contrary process took place.

Forcellini assigns to *mos*, as its first meaning, *custom*, *usage*, *manner*, and hence figuratively, one's *humor* or *will*. Scheller, and in this he is followed by Leverett, makes *the will*, *one's humor*, the leading signification of this word, and derives the sense, *manner*, *custom*, *usage*, from this ; which seems very much like assigning *humor*, as its original meaning, to the word *way*, because in reference to some peculiarities of disposition in an individual, we often use the language, "it is his or her *way*." But all this is left to the judgment of the reader. These errors, if they be such, are few in number, and are not likely to lead to any practical mistake.

As respects ancient geography, mythology, and names connected with the fabulous and heroic ages, the lexicon under review agrees generally, if not always, with Forcellini. The most important theological words introduced into the Latin language by the spread of Christianity through the Roman empire, especially such words of this class as are found in the writings of Tertullian, Arnobius, and some of the early Christian poets, are inserted in this dictionary. A few theological words occur in Ainsworth, which are not in Forcellini.

From a pretty full examination, therefore, of this work, we have no hesitation in congratulating the public on its appearance. One of the most considerable obstacles to an improved course of instruction in the Latin language, in this country, is removed ; and if the beneficial effects of this lexicon are not soon visible, the cause must be sought, not in the work itself, but in the imperfect and faulty use which is made of it. Heretofore, when attempts have been made to conduct the student to a more thorough knowledge of words in this language, and especially of idioms and construction, reference was made to works to which he had no ready access ; and discouragement, or at least a slow and unsatisfactory progress, was the consequence. Something far better in this department of study may now be reasonably anticipated.

Few laborers in the field of literature are more deserving of encouragement and commendation than lexicographers. Nor is their occupation, as sometimes represented, one of mere drudgery. The labor, indeed, of preparing a good dictionary in any language, is great, but it is a labor combined with numerous sources of mental gratification. It should ever be remembered, that Milton, while suffering the evils of blindness, cheered his solitude by collecting materials for a Latin diction-

ary; and the three folio volumes of authorities, to which we have before alluded, are records of the recreations and pastime of a mind, occupied in the splendid creations of "Paradise Lost."

We cannot close this article without paying a tribute of respect to the character of the late Mr. Leverett. By his lamented death, his friends and the public have sustained no common calamity. His eminent abilities as a teacher, and his attainments in classical scholarship, were well known and highly appreciated in this community. His learning was profound and accurate, his taste was correct and severe. He was indefatigable in labor, zealous in acquiring and skilful in communicating knowledge, and scrupulously exact in enforcing discipline. Whilst at the head of the Boston Latin School, he more than sustained the already high reputation of that noble institution; and when, a few years before his death, he withdrew from that honorable station to establish a private classical school, he was followed by public confidence and favor, and his school rose at once to the highest rank in popular esteem. To the exhausting labor of instruction, he added the gigantic task of preparing his dictionary; a task which he had just completed, when, in the prime of life, and in the vigor of his powers, he was struck down by the hand of death. Mr. Leverett's high intellectual endowments, and uncommon purity of moral character, were graced by the charm of singularly modest and unassuming manners, which had won for him the cordial attachment of a large circle of literary friends. His private virtues they alone can fully estimate; but of his learning and capacity for labor, "exegit monumentum ære perennius."

ART. V. — 1. *An Historical Account of the Circumnavigation of the Globe and of the Progress of Discovery in the Pacific Ocean, from the Voyage of Magellan to the Death of Cook.* Illustrated by numerous Engravings. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1837. 18mo. pp. 366.

2. *Address on the Subject of a Surveying and Exploring Expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas; Delivered in the Hall of Representatives, on the Evening of April 3d*, 1836. By J. N. REYNOLDS. With Correspondence and Documents. New York. Published by Harper & Brothers. 1836. 8vo. pp. 300.

EVER since its discovery, — that is, for a little more than three hundred years, — the vast tract of ocean, commonly though not very appropriately known as the "South Seas," has been, at intervals, and from different reasons, a subject of engrossing interest with all the chief maritime nations of the world. The announcement, in 1513, of its discovery by Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a native of Spain, gave rise, in that kingdom, to many extravagant hopes; among others, that of finding the long-sought Golden Land, where the common utensils were formed of the precious metals, or at least, of reaching, by a short passage, those Indies from which Portugal was deriving so vast a revenue. The former of these expectations was partially realized in the discovery of Peru; but on the other hand, the voyage of Magellan, however important in some of its consequences, served then only to confirm the superiority of the usual route by the Cape of Good Hope. The attempt, however, was several times renewed, not only by the two great rival nations, but also by the growing navy of Holland; and it was not till after repeated trials had resulted in continued disappointments, that the hope of a passage was finally relinquished, and the enthusiasm, thereby excited, died away.

England was, at this time, rapidly rising in importance as a naval power, and it is rather remarkable that the first appearance of her sailors on a scene in which they have since won so many peaceful honors, was under the inauspicious guise of Buccaneers; a set of desperadoes, of whose qualities the

character of Bertram Risingham in "Rokeby," offers a very striking representation.

> "Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn
> To all that on her waves are borne,—
> * * * * *
> Inured to danger's direst form,
> Tornado, earthquake, flood, and storm,
> Death had he seen by sudden blow,
> By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
> By mine or breach, by steel or wall,
> Knew all his shapes and scorned them all."

Brutal, pitiless, licentious, and quarrelsome, there was yet something in their adventurous life, and daring exploits, calculated to captivate the imagination in that rude age. And, if we add to this the opportunity of acquiring in little time great and available wealth, we shall easily conceive the spell which induced many of the more respectable class to embark in this perilous course, and led the government itself to more than sanction it, in the memorable expedition of Anson. The pursuit of the Buccaneer was regarded then, very much as that of privateering some twenty years ago; and fell into disesteem as soon as the proper objects and mode of warfare were better understood.

The next source of excitement, to which this ocean, so inaptly called Pacific, gave rise, may be found in the notion of an extensive Austral continent, in which the known parts of New Holland, New Zealand, and several fictitious southern discoveries, were supposed to be included. The consequence was the famous South Sea Bubble, by the swelling of which so many were suddenly elevated to a specious but hollow prosperity, only to be precipitated, at its bursting, into headlong and disastrous ruin. But however lamentable may have been the immediate consequences of this speculation, we can hardly regret it, when we reflect that its final results were the voyages of Wallis, Carteret, and Cook, and the complete resolution of those problems which had puzzled the world for centuries. No maritime expedition since the days of Columbus and Magellan, excited so intense an interest as those of the last-named navigator; the narratives of his successive voyages were read with an eagerness, resembling that with which the fictions of Scott were received twenty years after. The novel and

adventurous routes pursued, and the discoveries reported, were enough to arouse curiosity, which the description of the new-found islands and their inhabitants only allayed by awaking the more grateful sensations of admiration and delight. "In few regions of the earth," says the author of the first work at the head of this article, "does Nature present a more fascinating aspect, or lavish her gifts with more bountiful profusion. Favored by mild and serene skies, the fertile soil of these insular territories produces a most luxuriant vegetation, which, with its many rich and varied hues, clothes the whole land, from the margin of the sea to the summits of the loftiest mountains. As the voyager sails along their picturesque shores, he is refreshed by perfumes borne on the breeze, from woods which, at the same time, display the bud, the blossom, and the mature fruit."

There was something too, in the character of the South Sea islander, accordant with the climate and nature of his country. He appeared, like his soil, to be rather uncultivated than savage, and the traits which might have produced an unfavorable impression, were lost in the contemplation of his nobler or more gentle qualities; the more pleasing as neither the intercourse with the East Indians, nor yet with the natives of America, had prepared the civilized world for an acquaintance with so engaging a race of barbarians. Even Humboldt, with all his devotion to the cause of the Western Aborigines, is driven to confess, that, beside the delightful descriptions of these navigators, "the pictures which portray the solemn gravity of the inhabitants of the Missouri or the Maranon possess little attraction."

It is a proof of the interest excited by these relations, that hardly a year has passed since the days of Cook, without producing narratives of discovery and adventure in the Pacific, of all kinds, from the brief and simple story of the shipwrecked sailor, to the ponderous quarto of a national expedition; all of which have met an eager reception. To confirm this assertion, we need only mention the names of La Pérouse, Dentrecasteaux, Vancouver, Portlock, Flinders, Campbell, Beechy, Delano, Ellis, Stewart, Morrell, who with many others have made us acquainted with the minutest features which distinguish the larger groups of the Polynesian Islands.

With all this interest, however, it is observable, that little is known or thought of the voyagers who intervened between

Cook and Magellan; an ignorance much to be regretted, since their narratives and impressions, though sometimes obscure and erroneous, have nevertheless that originality and freshness, which only those of discoverers can possess. Most that they see is not merely new, but unexpected, and is remembered and described with all that accuracy and vividness with which novel and striking objects are usually noted. The navigators themselves are interesting to us, as belonging to another age and country, and their characters and actions are in entertaining contrast with those of their new acquaintances. Moreover, we are fain to confess a foolish liking for the antique etchings with which their descriptions are illustrated. We know not how it may be with virtuosi, but we own that the most exquisite productions of modern draftsmen, however correct and artist-like, have not been able to give us so clear a conception of these regions, or indeed of any other, as those rough, sailor-like sketches, particularly of the Dutch navigators, — drawings faithful notwithstanding their contempt of perspective, and plain in spite of a thousand absurdities; — as where fishes protrude their noses higher than the mainmast, and quadrupeds stride composedly over navigable rivers, — which, partaking of the general character, now run wildly up a mountain, and anon take a *détour* to avoid a protruding oyster. In spite, or rather in consequence of this simplicity, the pictures frequently present us with what the over-minute productions of later artists as often lose; namely, those peculiarities of scenery which strike at first view, and are remembered for ever.

A chief cause, undoubtedly, of the ignorance on this point, is the scarcity of the original narratives, and the want of any cheap and convenient collection or abridgment. Burney's Chronological History, though excellent in most respects, is too unwieldy as well as expensive. A reprint, in a more compact form (but without omission) would, we are persuaded, not be an unprofitable speculation for some of our large publishing houses. Its place is not supplied by the work which heads this article, though in itself one of considerable merit. The author has been careful and laborious in his researches, and his opinions on contested points are always shrewd and frequently decisive. His style is easy and his observations generally candid and sensible; and thus far our commendation may be unqualified. The great defect of the book, is the entire want of maps and outlines, for showing the different routes

of the navigators, and the gradual progress of discovery. Without these, the work, from its compressed character, appears little better than a confused collection of names and dates, conveying a very imperfect idea to the reader, while the remarks on various geographical difficulties become quite unintelligible. A less crowded and more attractive appearance might have been given, by throwing the numerous unimportant expeditions into a kind of chronological index, and thus leaving room for a more extended account of the remarkable voyages, those, for instance, of Tasman, Mendana, Schouten, &c. As it is, the volume will be chiefly valuable as a work of reference to such as have already considerable acquaintance with the subject; and, in this respect, its accuracy and conciseness are its best claims to attention.

A few remarks on the general course of enterprise and discovery in the South Seas may not be uninteresting. The reflection which occurs most frequently in reading Admiral Burney's work, and still more the present volume, is the remarkable similarity of most of the voyages, both in their routes and in their final results. Sailors, we have read, have a rude kind of play (called "follow my leader"), the sport of which lies in the obligation of every man in a file to imitate, in every respect, however disagreeable, the example of the foremost. It would almost seem as if the circumnavigators, from the time of Magellan to Cook, had resolved to turn this game into sober practice; otherwise, it is singular that no consideration of gain, no desire of fame, no fondness for adventure should induce these mariners to deviate from the circuitous and inconvenient track of the first explorer. Their usual practice was, after doubling the Cape, to proceed northward along the coast of South America, until they reached the isthmus of Panama, or the Californian peninsula; then, turning westward, they crossed the ocean to the Marian Isles, (discovered by Magellan,) leaving the Sandwich group far to the right or left, according to the starting point preferred. By this course, it will be seen that they managed ingeniously to avoid every track which might have led to discoveries, and so have antedated the successes of Cook.

But the similarity did not end here. It is well known, that Magellan perished in a contest with the natives of the Philippines, and that, between mutinies on board and quarrels with the East Indian Islanders, only one of his vessels, with a small

part of her original crew, returned to Spain. In humble imitation, hardly an expedition of any consequence sailed from Europe, for a century afterwards, of which the greater part was not lost by tempests, wars, or rebellions, before its return; and it was esteemed a remarkable piece of good fortune, if the original commander survived to revisit his native shores. Loyasa, Del Cano, Saavedra, Villalobos, Le Maire, Mendana are but a few of the captains who acquired a dismal celebrity by perishing in these ill-conducted expeditions.

It is also observable that even the small number, who, like Schouten and Mendana, ventured to leave the common track, and were fortunate enough to extend the limits of the known world, did not take the pains to assure themselves of the benefits of their discoveries, by determining their position with accuracy. Mendana was unable to return to the Solomon Islands, which he had seen but a few years before, having located them about *fifty degrees* east of their real position, a place which they hold on most of the charts of the sixteenth century; while near them, the Hond or Hound Island of Schouten (one of the multitude of specks forming what is now called the dangerous Archipelago), swells out into a space of some thousand square miles, the greater part of which is occupied, after the fashion of those maps, by a stupendous dog! The Arrowsmiths and D'Anvilles of those primitive times had a very curious and admirable receipt for reconciling all discrepancies in the reckonings of the navigators; it was by simply increasing or diminishing the width of the South American peninsula to correspond with the calculated distances of the new-found islands, — the pliable continent taking upon itself, like the "cloud" of Polonius, now the tenuity of a weasel, and again, with more correctness, the rotundity of a whale.

Captain Cook has been termed by the circumnavigator D'Urville, "the author of the true geography of the Pacific." The compiler of the volume now under review evidently considers him entitled to stand in the first rank of discoverers. We are compelled reluctantly to dissent somewhat from this opinion. It should be recollected, that the discoveries of Columbus and Magellan were due wholly to their own efforts; their sagacity formed the plans, which their zeal and judgment enabled them to carry into effect. On the contrary, in every one of his voyages, Cook had not only his means already provided, but instructions drawn out comprising his whole scheme

of operations ; and his most important discoveries were merely the accidental result of following the plans of others. We must place him therefore at a great distance behind the navigators, who, living in a rude and half-civilized age, were capable of conceiving and executing projects whose difficulties were as great as their results were important. There still, however, remains to Captain Cook the praise of having founded a new era in navigation. The number and extent of his voyages, the wonderful accuracy of his surveys and descriptions, his general humanity in his intercourse with the savages, and the salutary alterations which he introduced in the diet and regulations of seamen, give him a right to our highest respect and admiration. He set the example of not confining himself to any former track, traversing the ocean in every direction, and visiting most of the important groups of islands. Unluckily his example, like that of Magellan, has been too closely followed by succeeding voyagers. His instructions led him to pay most attention to those clusters in the East and South Pacific, commonly included in the name of Polynesia, viz. the Society, Sandwich, and Friendly Islands, with New Zealand ; all of which are inhabited by the same race of people, speaking nearly the same language. These groups he described and surveyed in such a manner as, one would have thought, must leave little for succeeding navigators to perform. Yet it is a singular fact, that these very clusters have been selected by nearly all his successors as the chief objects of attention ; while the islands, which he did *not* visit, remain almost as much unknown at the present day. What information, for instance, or what accurate chart have we, of the important Fejee group, of the Navigators, of many parts of the great Caroline cluster, or of the vast country of Papua, and the Louisiade Archipelago ? And yet, if any considerations, either of interest or humanity, could have influenced the course of these expeditions, these islands should long since have been as familiarly known as any of the more Eastern groups.

It will be said, that the commanders had other objects than that of wandering over the South Seas, to survey and map out its islands, which is very true. But so also, at least in two of his voyages, had Cook, who never seemed to think himself thereby exonerated from the duty of consulting the interests of commerce and humanity, as far as was consistent with his chief design. Not to mention instances which might ap-

pear invidious, we find the Russian Lisiansky spending several days at the Marquesan Islands, without seeming to imagine that an accurate chart of them would be desirable ; and Kotzebue sails at night directly between two wholly unknown groups of the Ralick chain, but does not think proper to spend any time in examining them ; and these commanders are not singular in their conduct. Doubtless they can offer good reasons for their proceedings ; but it is equally certain that Cook, in such cases, could *not*. He was never ingenious enough to find excuses for depriving his discoveries of half their value, by neglecting to give the world a correct and complete description of them. On quitting New Caledonia we find him expressing his regret at being compelled, "*for the first time*, to leave a coast he had discovered, before it was fully explored."

Unfortunately, the reasons of this backwardness are, in many cases, too apparent. It is easy to conceive how much less agreeable it must be, to spend the time in wearisome labors among reefs and sandbanks or in dealing with the fierce and disgusting negroes of Oceanica, than to roam among the pleasant groups inhabited by the engaging Polynesian race, — enjoying in some the charms of a delightful climate, and of a soil gratifying every sense with its productions ; in others, the attractions of civilized society, and the hospitality of missionaries, repaid afterward by abuse and misrepresentation. Those who have read the voyages of Byron in the Blonde, of Kotzebue, and Wendt, (by Meyen,) will understand that we do not make these remarks without warrant.

There is another consideration forced upon the mind in perusing all the relations of navigators, whether ancient or modern. We refer to their great and culpable carelessness with regard to the small islands, reefs, and shoals, which they happen to meet in their course. Every reader of voyages knows how such an event is frequently described. Suddenly, when one least expects it, the sailor at the mast-head calls out "*land* ;" universal excitement instantly prevails ; a thousand conjectures are formed of its probable nature and extent, and all eyes are bent towards the quarter where a distant speck appears gradually enlarging to the view. On nearer approach, it proves to be an island of no great size ; the inhabitants, if there be any, rush to the beach with loud exclamations and wild gestures, and the officers reconnoitre them through their glasses. A hasty observation is taken, which determines the

position within a degree, more or less, and a name is bestowed upon it, such as the affection, loyalty, or self-love of the commander may dictate. These essential formalities having been duly registered, the ship continues her course, and the little spot of earth slowly sinks in the distance. The next information we receive of it, is not seldom from the narrative of some unfortunate seaman, who, trusting too implicitly to the chart, suffers shipwreck on a ledge from which he should be seventy miles distant, and escapes only to drag out a weary life, a captive, or at best, a companion of barbarians. Let those who have tested and proved the best maps of the Pacific, declare the justice or falsity of this delineation.

We have already said, that the South Seas have been, by turns, an object of peculiar attention with all the chief maritime nations of the world. We have shown how the Spaniard, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English have successively made it the theatre of their labors, triumphs, and disasters. At present there are none, to whom the Pacific is a source of greater interest than to the inhabitants of the United States. For a considerable time, a revenue constantly increasing has been drawn from this ocean, far exceeding that derived by the first discoverers, when their designs embraced the plunder of two continents. We refer, as will be readily perceived, to the fisheries, which for more than sixty years have been carried on in those seas. Even in their infancy, the vigor and industry, with which they were conducted, called forth the animated encomium of Burke; and at the present day their value to this country is almost incalculable. According to the estimate of Mr. Reynolds, there are now no less than four hundred and sixty sail, amounting to one hundred and seventy-two thousand tons of shipping, or nearly *one tenth of the whole tonnage of the United States*, engaged in these fisheries. This, it will be remembered, is independent of the large amount employed in the commerce connected with these seas; as, for instance, in the sandal-wood and bêche-la-mer trade. If we reflect upon the numbers who derive their entire subsistence from this source, as also upon the amount and variety of necessaries required for the equipment of so vast a fleet, and the indispensable nature of the articles with which it supplies us, we shall become readily sensible that there is no branch of industry of more vital importance to the whole nation.

When we consider that these fisheries and this commerce are carried on in those parts of the ocean with which we are least acquainted, we shall be little surprised to learn, that frequent losses both of property and life take place; but we may be astonished that with this vast amount of revenue at stake, no efforts have before been made to diminish the number of these losses, by the only sufficient means, viz. a careful and complete examination of the islands, shoals, and reefs from which the danger arises. We learn from the anecdote related by the Honorable C. Cushing, (Address, p. 133,) that other nations have long since remarked the discrepancy between our standing as a maritime people, and our contributions to nautical science.

On this point, however, it is unnecessary to speak further. The liberal scale on which the Exploring Expedition under Commodore Jones, now on the eve of departure, has been fitted out, must exonerate our government from any suspicion of ill-judged economy as the source of its previous apathy. To any one who would acquire information on the subject of this expedition, the manner in which it originated, the interest it has excited, and the circumstances which attended its progress through the Legislature, together with many useful details, concerning the trade and fisheries in the South Seas, and the necessity of a survey, we would recommend the Address of Mr. Reynolds, with the accompanying documents. The information therein contained is the partial result of ten years' laborious researches, and is valuable not only for its extent, but also for the clear and interesting manner in which it is conveyed.

We have no intention of treating the subject at any length; the unexpected and unavoidable delays, which have postponed the departure of the vessels, have given occasion for the public to become fully acquainted with all the important particulars relating to their number, quality, and equipment, as well as the names of the principal officers and other gentlemen selected for the expedition. But we have been surprised to find, that, notwithstanding the general interest felt in the voyage, there are many indistinct and erroneous notions prevalent concerning some of its purposes. A brief recapitulation of its principal objects, as gathered from the most authentic sources, may serve not only to rectify these impressions, but also, if properly made, to indicate to those connected with the

expedition, how much will be required of them, to answer the expectations of the public.

The first and chief object of the expedition will be, as we understand it, to explore those parts of the South Seas which are at the same time least known, and most important to our commerce, and to survey and note accurately the position and form of every island, rock, and sand-bank, which may prove the source either of danger or advantage; or, in brief, to furnish, as far as is practicable, a complete chart of the Pacific. This is undoubtedly a work, which both for its utility, and the labor required for its accomplishment, may rank with the most extensive and beneficial plans ever conceived. The merit of originating this vast project belongs exclusively, we believe, to our nation; and we trust that the credit of its execution will not devolve upon others. The necessity of this survey is apparent from what we have already said, and is placed in a stronger light by the evidence which Mr. Reynolds has accumulated, showing that there are now in the whole expanse of the ocean, not less than two hundred of these islets,* visited only by whale-ships, many of which are on no chart, and the rest of doubtful location. It is to be hoped that this expedition will not, after the usual fashion, fritter away its time among those groups which are as well known as our own coasts, and perhaps better, — we mean those which Cook, Vancouver, and others have already carefully surveyed, — but will give its chief attention to the less pleasing, but more useful examination of the scattered specks above mentioned, as well as the larger, but equally unknown clusters of Oceanica. There will of course be reasons abundant for visiting the more civilized islands; but we fear that any attempts at exploration among them would not only be useless, but so much time subtracted from more necessary labors.

Another prime object of the voyage, — we do not know if it should not take the precedence of all others, — is the release of those unhappy men who are detained in captivity on these islands. The details which Mr. Reynolds gives on this point are lamentable enough, but they do not disclose by any means all. Seamen who are cast away among the larger groups, particularly those inhabited by the Polynesian race, though of course suffering under all the distress which absence from

* Commodore Downes, who has had excellent opportunities for observation, estimates them at *five hundred*. See his letter, Address, p. 254.

home and civilized life must produce, have generally little positive cruelty to complain of. It is on the small and scattered islands where shipwrecks are most frequent, that those frightful examples of cruelty occur, of which we sometimes hear. The natives, commonly few in number, are there sunk in the lowest degradation ; the social feelings, which are always in some degree excited in large aggregations of men, are in them weakened, if not entirely dormant. No right, but that of the strongest, prevails ; and the moral sentiments, with the exception of some dim glimmering of religious feeling, appear to be utterly extinct. The fate of the captive in such hands is of course deplorable. If his life be spared at first, he must expect to endure all that savage ingenuity and insolence can inflict of pain and indignity, and to drag out for years a weary existence, cheered hardly by a hope of escape. For it is, as we have before said, this class of islands, which is least likely to be visited by a vessel of force sufficient to effect their liberation. The few whale-ships who pass near the places of captivity, though generally well disposed to aid them, are unable to do more, than to try the effect of bargain and solicitation ; their want of effective force, and their unwillingness to hazard the property of others, prevent them from employing more efficient means. It is to be remembered, that a vessel, lost in manœuvring among these islands for any other purpose than that for which she was fitted out, forfeits her insurance. This circumstance will account also for the fact, that of the reefs and islands discovered by them, few are examined with any accuracy. Otherwise, the debt which geographical science owes to these adventurous and often enlightened mariners would be much greater than it is.

For an example of the sufferings endured among the more barbarous class of natives, we would refer to the narration, by Horace Holden, of the loss of the ship Mentor, of New Bedford, in 1831, off the Pelew Islands, and the subsequent misfortunes of the crew.* The account of their distresses at Lord North's Island surpasses any thing which we could have supposed men capable of enduring. And yet the half of their misery has not been told.

But it is not merely the sufferings of the wretched captives, that we are to consider in this case ; most of these have fam-

* For an account of this work, see "N. A. Review," Vol. XLIII. p. 206.

ilies dependent on their exertions, or relatives, whose happiness is wrecked along with them. On this point, we were especially pleased with a remark of Mr. Hamer, of Ohio, in his eloquent speech on the subject. "The rescue of a husband and father," he says, "and his restoration to his family, would be worth half the expense of the expedition; and the remainder would be covered by the redemption of some unfortunate son from his savage masters, and his return to the arms of a widowed mother."

It is in performing this office of humanity, that the importance of the frigate in the expedition will be chiefly manifest. It often happens that the display of power prevents the necessity of directly employing it. It must be remembered that most of the larger islands are densely inhabited by a treacherous and warlike race, who unite to all the craft and cruelty of our own aborigines, a shrewdness and intrepidity which the latter do not possess. The terror of firearms has been much diminished, by familiarity with these once invincible engines. And, as we may learn from the accounts of Crozet and Kotzebue, the natives do not fear to attack, in open day, frigates of the largest class. Nothing but a prompt exhibition of overwhelming force, accompanied with judicious liberality and an evident readiness to reciprocate any friendly feeling, can enable us to maintain our influence over a people of this character. The advantage of establishing amicable relations between them and ourselves is evident; and nothing will more contribute to it, than a proper idea of our immense superiority as well as our good disposition toward them, — the former to be evinced by an imposing display of strength and vigor, and the latter by a plentiful distribution of the kind of presents which to them are wealth. Mr. Stephens, in his recent admirable Travels in the East, informs us, that nothing has done more to make our nation respected in the Levant, than the late visit of the Delaware; what then must be the effect of several vessels, even of a much smaller class, upon the unaccustomed mind of a savage of Oceanica? We may predict the most desirable results, not only to our commerce in general, but also in favor of the unfortunate seamen who may hereafter be shipwrecked on these islands, and who will no longer be regarded as isolated, defenceless castaways, to be insulted and enslaved at will, but as members of a mighty na-

tion, watchful over the interests of all its sons, and ready no less to requite injustice, than to reward kindness.

There is another useful end which will probably be subserved by the expedition; we mention it with some reluctance, but under a sense of the imperious necessity that the subject should be brought clearly before the public. As a class, the mariners engaged in the South Sea trade and fisheries sustain a high reputation for enterprise, intelligence, and good principles. They have been large contributors, not only to our national prosperity, but to some departments of science; and we would be far from wishing to diminish the sense of the obligation we are under to them, on these accounts. But in so numerous a class, there must be and there are many exceptions; more, in fact, than would be at first thought. Though, if we reflect upon the immense restraining power of public opinion, which among large masses encompasses and influences all, like the "universal air," if we consider how much of the propriety of conduct in a community is due to the fear of the law and the restraint of social ties, we shall not be surprised to learn that some, who at home filled their parts respectably and even honorably, should, on reaching a region, where none of these influences are strongly felt, and some not felt at all, give free scope to the passions hitherto shackled, and become almost mates for the savages around them. It is known to those who have made inquiries on this subject, that scenes of cruelty, licentiousness, and extortion are acted in the recesses of this vast sea, the details of which are sometimes too shocking to be repeated. Mutinies are not uncommon, and those accompanied with murder; and tyranny on the part of the captains is too often the cause. Wanton inhumanity towards the natives is the source of many a terrible retribution, which falls sometimes on the heads of the unoffending. Of another class of outrages some idea may be gathered from the circumstance related by Mr. Stewart, (in his "Residence in the Sandwich Islands,") that a party of sailors attacked the house of one of the missionaries and threatened his life, unless he *repealed the seventh commandment.* A letter from Mr. Jones, our Consul at the Sandwich Islands, says; "I have never before seen the importance of having a vessel of war stationed at these islands, for the protection of the whale fishery, so clearly as at the present period. Scarcely has there been one

of our whalers in the harbour, that has not experienced more or less difficulty. I have at one time had sixty Americans confined in the fort; and hardly a day has passed that I have not been compelled to visit one or more ships to quell a mutiny, or compel, by force, whole crews to do their duty, who had united to work no longer. I should say, too, that there are more than one hundred deserters now on shore from our ships, regular outlaws, ready to embark in any adventure." (*Address*, p. 65, note.)

It is difficult for men in the seclusion of a study, or engaged in the quiet avocations of common life, to measure the degree of criminality incurred by those who, removed from the restraints of civilization, are subjected to the toils, the perils, and the wearing vicissitudes of a nautical existence, exposed to continual excitement, and alternating from the most alluring sensual temptations to the rude trials of an harassing pursuit. But though we may hesitate before censuring, in the severest terms, the excesses of which some are guilty, we cannot doubt the propriety of using every effort for their suppression.

And this, we conceive, may be accomplished by a process as simple as that of introducing fresh air into a receiver, to resuscitate a dying flame. We would, if possible, bring these seas, or at least their visitants, again within the pale of social influence. We would extend over them once more the dominion of that opinion, which, if not the best restraining force, is yet, with most, the mightiest. This could be done by giving them to perceive, that their actions, in the remotest recesses, are not secure from animadversion, and that the law extends its *surveillance* even over the barbarians whom they maltreat. The visit of a ship of war, bringing authority to inquire into cases of misconduct, and to take measures for preventing future irregularities, will without doubt have a most beneficial effect. Consuls, with sufficient salaries, should be appointed at the principal civilized ports in the Pacific, and friendly arrangements entered into with such of the native tribes as possess governments of sufficient stability. Every reasonable provision should be made, not only for redressing grievances, but also for facilitating the labors of the whalemen, and removing those difficulties, which the distance from all regular authorities, and the want of settled rules of intercourse, must create.

It has surprised us not a little, in observing the comments

which are made upon this expedition, to find that a singular misapprehension prevails on a certain point. It seems to be imagined by some, that its final destination is to be within the Antarctic Circle, or at least that it is to cruise principally in high Austral latitudes. We have no doubt that the very inappropriate name of "South Seas," as applied to the Pacific, has contributed to this error. Because Nuñes de Balboa, three hundred years ago, standing on the isthmus of Panama, saw a part of the ocean lying to the south, and thus named it under a false impression, we must still continue to the whole the same absurd appellation. As the knowledge of this circumstance seems to be less common than we had thought, we presume that some, recollecting the many voyages of the Dutch and English, in the seventeenth century, toward the *North* Sea, have imagined this enterprise to be designed as the direct converse of those. The impression may have also, in part, arisen from the too great prominence given to a minor object of the voyage. The notion of a *terra australis* seems not even yet wholly renounced. It is argued, that we have good reason to believe that large masses of fixed ice are never found but in the neighbourhood of land; if then, the Antarctic Ocean be really occupied by those immense frozen plains which we suppose, they must be united to a hardly less extensive continent, to which some lucky opening may give access. On the other hand, if these fields of ice are only accumulated around a few scattered rocks, is it not reasonable to conclude, that, at certain seasons, a general break-up takes place, leaving the way clear to the very axis of the earth? The authority, moreover, of Captain Weddell is produced, who, within sixteen degrees of the pole, saw "no fields, and only two or three islands of ice, but innumerable flights of birds." All this is very plausible, and there is certainly presumption enough in its favor, to authorize the trial; but there appears to be no reason (we speak under correction) for giving it much importance as an end of the expedition.

The accomplishment of all the objects which we have named must, of course, devolve principally on the officers of the different vessels; and are certainly sufficient to task to the utmost, the skill and enterprise for which the gentlemen of our navy are distinguished. There is another class of researches of little less importance, the execution of which will be committed to other hands; and on this subject we may speak somewhat more at large.

The comparative obscurity of all the accounts of circumnavigation anterior to Cook, has already been noticed, and can be attributed to nothing, so much as to their entire uselessness for any but the compiler, or the lover of old narratives. The naturalist, the navigator, the linguist, search in vain through their confused pages, for any thing like valuable information. Even in the science of their times they are astonishingly deficient. A very slight acquaintance with astronomy, would have enabled Mendana to find, in his second voyage, the isles discovered in his first. A few words of the language, or descriptions of one or two indigenous plants or animals, would probably have assured to the Spaniards the credit of discovering Otahiti and New Zealand, as early as the sixteenth century. (See the Voyages of *Quiros* and *Fernandez**). As it is, their fame has been almost as evanescent as the foam which followed the track of their vessels through the ocean.

Cook was the first, we believe, who was accompanied by persons devoted solely to scientific researches. On his first voyage, beside Mr. Green, the astronomer, who was engaged to make the observations of the transit of Venus, Mr. Banks, (afterwards Sir Joseph,) attended by Dr. Solander and two draughtsmen, was allowed to go out as a volunteer. He was then a young man of about twenty-four; but the information he acquired not only served to give additional eclat to the voyage, but laid the foundation, for him, of a distinguished reputation. At the next expedition, government, conscious that such a step would be expected by the nation, endeavoured to engage the services of the same gentlemen; but with an inconsistency not surprising, when we remember the character of that ministry (in 1772), compelled them to resign when on the very eve of sailing. The following paragraph, from "The Annual Register" for that year, gives the circumstances of this curious proceeding.

"Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander were not consulted on the choice of the ship; and on their objecting to her want of accommodation for the draughtsmen, &c. as well as her want of room to stow the crew, the Navy Board undertook to give all those conveniences, and patched the same ship with a round-house and square deck; and, without considering whether she could

* Compare them, in this respect, to the Travels of *Chardin*, their contemporary, which are still resorted to by Orientalists, as a source of accurate and interesting knowledge.

bear it, manned and equipped her for the voyage. Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, &c. examined her a second time; found her convenient, if she could sail, which they doubted, and reported her top-heavy. Their observations were disregarded; but a gale of wind arising laid her on her side, without her having a single sail unreefed, and she could not for some time recover; they ordered out the long-boat to save the crew, when unexpectedly she recovered. Notwithstanding this accident, she was reported good and fit for the voyage, and was ordered to Plymouth. The pilot obeyed these orders, sending word he could not ensure her out of the river. At last it was found that the farce could be carried on no longer, and the reports on which the Navy proceeded were found to be false; expresses were sent along the coast to Deal, &c. to order her into the nearest dock, at Sheerness, if they could overtake her; this was no difficult task; for while the other ships cleared the Downs, she did not make one knot an hour. She was put into dock; they cut off her roundhouse and part of her deck, reduced the cabin, and put her in the same unfit situation she was in, when first objected to; and then the question was politely put to Mr. Banks, 'Take this or none.' Mr. Banks has laid out several thousand pounds for instruments, &c. preparatory for the voyage; Mr. Zoffani (a well-known painter) near one thousand pounds for necessaries, and the other gentlemen, very considerable sums on that account."

We have introduced this extract, partly to display the inefficient and vacillating character of that ministry, which rendered itself infamous during our revolution, and partly to enable the reader to contrast the treatment of those gentlemen with the liberality and attention which those engaged in scientific researches experience at the present day, from every European, and we are happy to add, American government. Since the time of Cook, no expedition of discovery of any importance has sailed without having on board one or more persons, whose sole duty was to be the collection of specimens and facts, to subserve the advance of science. We believe, however, that (with the possible exception of the savans, who accompanied the French expedition into Egypt,) no instance of a Scientific Faculty, complete in all the departments, has been presented, before that connected with the present enterprise. And while we feel a natural exultation in the superior munificence and intelligence thus displayed, we must confess that the reasons for adopting this measure have never been so urgent with any other government. No other

expedition has ever contemplated touching at so many points, or traversing such an extensive portion of the earth's surface. It is probable that the majority of the islands examined on this voyage will not be visited again for many years, except by wandering whale-ships. Hence, even supposing it possible for the knowlege of one man to comprehend every class of natural history, astronomy, linguistics, &c., the shortness of the time allowed him would render thorough observation in more than one impossible ; and the opportunity, if once lost, would be irrecoverable. But such a prodigy of erudition is not to be expected ; and well assured as we are that proficiency in any branch of knowledge is to be attained only by long and undivided attention to that study, we cannot question the propriety and even necessity of the arrangement adopted.

Their principal harvest will of course be derived from the yet unknown islands which they will visit. But they will be able to gain many acquisitions to their stores of science, on both coasts of South America and in the Eastern groups. There, indeed, they have had predecessors ; but, not to speak of the impossibility of really exhausting any natural source of knowledge, — as is shown by the discoveries continually made within the vicinity of Paris ; it is to be remembered that these previous visitants have labored under many disadvantages, particularly the want of that which is as necessary in science as in manufactures, a division of labor. It is evident that before any person, however gifted or indefatigable, can have succeeded in acquiring a thorough knowledge of many of the branches of natural history, both his age and his habits must have become such as to unfit him for a long and hazardous voyage. Accordingly the one or two young men who accompany European expeditions, though excellently versed in some particularly favorite study, have commonly not more than a superficial knowledge of most which they undertake. The consequence is, that they either, by attempting to include all the sciences in their researches, accomplish little in any, or, devoting themselves entirely to one, bring home, on all other points, nothing but hasty and crude impressions.

Thus the Society and Sandwich Islands, though in some departments of natural history tolerably well pillaged, will yet afford many acquisitions to the geologist, as well as the embalmer of fishes, and perhaps the impaler of insects. We say *perhaps*, for we have it on pretty good authority, that those

pestiferous tribes which offer such a formidable array of names in the *Règne Animal*, are by no means partial to the Pacific Islands ; a piece of information that, we doubt not, will be received with delight by all the members of the expedition, except the entomological gentlemen ; who, however, may expect ample recompense on the shores of Brazil and Peru. As an instance of the danger of an attempt to undertake too much, we may mention Mr. Chamisso who accompanied Kotzebue in his first voyage, as investigator of nature in all her departments. In the capacity of botanist and zoologist he succeeded very well. But his labors in geography and linguistics were rather unfortunate. In the former, he discovered a general system for the outline or formation of continents, to which there is one example and one exception ; and in the latter, he assures us that the Hawaiian tongue wants the third personal pronoun, though he must have heard it, ignorantly of course, in almost every sentence spoken by a native. *

In the Appendix to Mr. Reynolds's Address, we find a number of letters, most of them from gentlemen of the highest reputation, on the subject of the expedition, particularly in relation to science. As it is our object not so much to offer any new views on the subject, as to show the general expectation entertained concerning it by those best qualified to judge, we do not know that we can do better than to present, in as brief a compass as possible, the opinions of some of these writers. The letters of Mr. J. K. Paulding and Commodore Jones (pp. 106, 128) give their views on the general plan and arrangement of the expedition ; views, which have all been substantially adopted in fitting out the squadron. Mr. Rodman, of New Bedford, expresses his opinion as regards one of its objects, with the earnestness of a man practically convinced of its importance. He asks ;

"Why should we have governors, judges, and all the paraphernalia of courts, in territories where there is a bare possibility

* In the preface to the posthumous work of Alexander von Humboldt, "On the Kawi language," we find mentioned among those to whom the author is most indebted, M. Adalbert von Chamisso, "*der mit verjüngtem Eifer die Sprache der Sandwich-Inseln erforscht, welche er selbst früher zu besuchen das Glück gehabt hat.*" We can only trust that the "renewed zeal" of this gentleman has been turned in a more just direction than at his early visit to those islands. Among the most valued correspondents of Baron von Humboldt, we remark with pleasure the names of our distinguished countrymen, Messrs. Pickering and Duponceau, along with those of De Sacy, Gesenius, Champollion, &c.

that an Indian may be murdered, or become a murderer; steal a horse, or have his horse stolen; and not have a superintending influence abroad, where our ships are daily traversing from island to island, and from sea to sea, with the celerity and precision of the invisible dwellers of the deep; that the savage may be awed into respect, and the mutineer's hand be bound down in submission? Would not this change the face of things, and make the merchant lie down more comfortably, when he knew there was a diminution of the chance of misfortune by sea, not only by the proximity of aid, but also by the acknowledged influence of moral power which is felt everywhere, that a true and generous hand is extended?" — p. 117.

Professor Silliman's communication we give entire. It is evidently drawn up with care, and will be a valuable guide to future explorers. It will be readily perceived that the office of naturalist is to be as far as possible from a sinecure.

"*Yale College, May* 30, 1836.

"To J. N. Reynolds, Esq., New York.

"Dear Sir, — The expedition destined to explore the Southern Ocean, I consider as of the most vital importance to science, navigation, commerce, benevolence, and national honor.

"Upon the liberal basis on which our government has placed it, under the care of distinguished naval officers, and enriched by the first scientific acquirements of our country, we have every cause to anticipate an immense accession to the various departments of natural science.

"Money, in an expedition so national as the present, should be a secondary object, when placed in competition with the acquisition of high talent in the walks of science.

"Instruments of every kind will necessarily be one of the first items in this vast undertaking. I would recommend that *duplicates*, in every instance, be taken out; and where frequent exposure to injury may, by possibility, take place, many of the same kind should be procured.

"Allow me to present to your attention the following objects, as deserving of especial notice in your voyage towards the South Pole:—

1. Temperature of the Air.
2. State of the Barometer.
3. Winds and Clouds.
4. Thunderstorms and Electricity.
5. Tornadoes and Whirlwinds, — direction of the wind.
6. Currents, — their force, width, direction, — Temperature.

Meteorology and Luminous Matter.

1. Luminous Meteors, including those that project solid stones and malleable iron.
2. Shooting Stars.
3. Luminous points or balls, on or about the ship, in the air, and on the waters.
4. Phosphorescence of the sea, whether greater or less in high latitudes. Let the water be filtered, and the phosphoric animal matter be examined with and without a miscroscope : the animals from which it is derived should be subjected to minute examination.
5. Stars, their position ; Constellations ; Comets.
6. Eclipses ; Transits, &c.

Zoology.

1. Shells, of every kind, especially with the animals within them, preserved in spirits.
2. Whales, — seals, kind and number of each seen ; the highest southern latitude in which they exist; their number and peculiarities.
3. The Nautilus Pompilius ; the common pearly Nautilus of the South Seas and Pacific, (or any analogous animal,) are deserving the most strict search.
4. Gigantic Sepias or Cuttle-fish, if found, should be preserved in spirits and brought home entire. Coral animals.

Volcanoes, Earthquakes, &c.

1 Earthquakes and concussions of the sea.
2. Waterspouts.
3. Volcanic eruptions.
4. Volcanic ejections.
5. Marks of former volcanic action.
6. Craters and currents, and various ejections of extinct volcanoes.
7. Volcanic Islands that have risen from the sea ; how long in rising ; with or without permanent convulsions ; period in which they arose.

Geology, Mineralogy, &c.

1. Geological specimens and Minerals of every variety.
2. Inclination of strata ; dip, direction, and thickness.
3. Succession of strata and order of superposition.
4. Situation of fossiliferous strata in relation to the sea, lakes, and rivers.
5. Granite veins or veins of other rocks, with their intrusions.

6. Fossiliferous rocks; in every case whether covered by igneous rocks; if not, by what rocks.

7. Trap rocks; position; intrusion among other rocks; alterations produced by their contact.

8. Mountains, their height and form; on the coast or islands; in groups or single.

9. Elevation of coasts, as indicated by shells adhering to rocky shores, by waving water lines in the rocks; amount of elevation; testimony of inhabitants as to the time in which it took place; subsidence of coasts, islands, structures, &c., and the proof of the fact.

10. Coral reef islands; above or under water.

11. Ice Islands, magnitude; depth; motion; in groups, or single; temperature of air upon approaching them; and of the what surrounding them, whether transporting rocks or stones, and the lowest latitude in which they are seen.

12. Surface rocks of every country; that is, rocks in situ.

Magnetism, Electricity, &c.

1. Magnetism; dip and variation of the needle.

Osteology.

1. Bones of large animals, imbedded or loose. Bones of the ancient saurions or lizards.

2. Bones and skeletons of fossil fishes, with the including rock.

Entomology.

1. Insects.

Ornithology.

1. Birds, especially within the Southern Polar Circle.

Natural History, generally.

1. Animals and plants, preserved, — drawings of.

2. The Moluscous animals, generally.

3. Bowlder stones, in groups, trains, or separately.

4. Beach pebbles, of shores of the sea, of lakes and rivers.

5. Many specimens in all branches of natural history to be preserved, when necessary, in spirits, dried or otherwise.

6. Quadrupeds.

7. Seaweeds, fixed or floating.

8. Tides on coast; their heights.

9. Topographical peculiarities, of every kind.

"Every friend of knowledge looks forward to the finale of this undertaking with the most pleasing anticipations, while every American patriot must view it as reflecting additional lustre on the flag of his native land.

"I am, dear Sir, yours, respectfully,

"B. Silliman."

The importance of observations in natural history, in voyages of this kind, has been long conceded. There is another class of researches relating to the manifestations of the human mind, in language, laws, customs, &c., which have hitherto received much less attention. Their utility is therefore urged by the advocates of these studies more at length, in several well-written communications. That of Professor Gibbs is most methodical. The following is an extract;

"After providing a practical astronomer, whose business it shall be to notice celestial phenomena, particularly the part of the heavens less known, because less seen; and a meteorologist, who shall attend to the multifarious objects which belong to his department, now fast rising into importance; after supplying the branches of hydrography and physical geography, which are closely connected, the one with the safety of the navigator, the other with the perfection of a science in which every schoolboy is concerned; after making provision for the different branches of mineralogy, geology, botany, and zoology, the claims of which are so justly appreciated by our numerous Lyceums, and by all learned and intelligent naturalists, we come to the *natural history of man*, — in my view, one of the most important objects which can be presented to the attention of the scientific corps.

"Permit me, then, to recommend, as highly important in itself, and adapted to the wants and wishes of the learned at home and abroad, and as an object which will redound to the glory of our nation, the addition of two members to the proposed corps, whom, for the sake of conciseness, we shall call the *anthropologist* and the *philologist*.

"To the anthropologist should belong the duties of examining, with a philosophic eye, the different tribes of men which may be subjected to his notice; particularly, he should examine their features, complexion, and physical conformation; their state of rudeness and civilization; their habits, manners, and customs; their progress in the arts; their political institutions, which, though rude, often display great wisdom; their religious opinions and usages, — the impress, as it were, of a moral governor on their minds; he should form a fair estimate of their virtues and vices; and, in fine, he should examine their language, philosophy, traditions, and literature, which, as they draw nearer to nature, will be studied with a deeper interest by the true philosopher.

"To the philologist should belong, particularly, the task of examining the various languages, with respect to their phonology, or elementary sounds; the forms of their roots, or radical

words; the inflexions for expressing the different relations of words, and the structure or syntax of the language; of collecting extensive vocabularies from natives and interpreters; and of furnishing materials for the comparative philologist, by instituting similar and analogous inquiries, in respect to each of the several dialects."

* * * * *

"I waive, however, more minute specification; hoping that, on a subject whose relations may be less obvious to men engaged in public life, our distinguished philologists, such as Webster and Duponceau, Pickering and Gallatin, may be consulted, in order to give impulse and direction to that part of the enterprise, the execution of which must necessarily devolve upon the younger and more hardy and inexperienced." — pp. 145 – 147.

Of the eminent philologists mentioned in the last extract, Mr. Pickering alone has given his opinions in a letter distinguished for its enlarged views, and the amount of erudition brought to bear upon the subject. We regret that our limits require us to be brief in our extracts. After alluding to circumstances connected with the rise and progress of philological science, particularly the impulse given to the study by the collections of the Empress Catherine of Russia, he continues;

"From that period to the present, the science of comparative philology has been pursued with increasing ardor and success, particularly in the investigation of the unwritten languages of the savage or uncultivated nations; for it is now found, to the surprise of the learned, who had formed their theories of speech from the Greek, Latin, and a few other cultivated dialects, that the long-neglected languages of the uncivilized portion of the human race present very many extraordinary phenomena (if we may so call them) in the structure of human speech, which will compel scientific inquirers to reëxamine and reform the theories, that have been formed upon too limited a view of this extensive subject.

"At the present enlightened period of the world, the basis of all scientific inquiry is the collection and arrangement of facts, or the process of *induction*, as it is often called, after some philosophers of antiquity; and unless this method is applied to the languages, as well as to the physical structure of the human race, the faculty of speech, which is the peculiar and most remarkable characteristic of man, will be the only part of his nature which will not have been investigated with the same enlarged and scientific views as his other powers, physical and intellectual.

"We must, therefore, begin our researches by collecting all

the facts relating to human language; or, in other words, by collecting authentic specimens of words, and of the grammatical structure of every dialect within our reach. The more complete we can make our collection, the more correct and satisfactory will be the results deduced from them. Our progress in philological science will then be as successful as in other departments of knowledge. For instance, in geology, when a few specimens of antediluvian bones, and impressions of vegetable and other productions, were first discovered, they were laid up in museums as simple curiosities, and without the least anticipation of any thing like important scientific results; and yet, by the successive collections made of those objects, we now find the new science of geology has arisen, which enables us to form more just conceptions of the structure and phenomena of the globe, than had ever before been imagined by the most subtile and profound philosophers of ancient or modern times.

"The same thing will take place in philological science, as soon as we obtain an extensive collection of facts, or in other words, of authentic specimens of language; and, in due time, some genius will appear, who, like Cuvier in geology, will compare and classify all the specimens of language, and exhibit results that will be no less interesting and astonishing than those obtained in other sciences."

* * * * *

"By means of languages, too, we ascertain the affinities of nations, however remote from each other; a remarkable instance of which is that singular race, the gypsies, (from their supposed Egyptian origin,) who are dispersed over Europe, and whose language now shows them to be a people of *Hindostan*, and not of Egypt. In the same manner, it appears that the people of Hungary and of Lapland, notwithstanding they are geographically so far apart, and so different in their social condition and physical organization, are intimately allied to each other; and that the people of Otaheite and of the Sandwich Islands, though inhabiting islands at the distance of twenty-five hundred miles from each other, are of one family, speaking languages that are substantially the same.

"In short, the affinities of the different people of the globe, and their migrations in ages prior to authentic history, can be traced only by means of language; and among the problems which are ultimately to be solved by these investigations, is one of the highest interest to Americans, — that of the affinity between the original nations of this continent and those of the old world; in other words, the source of the aboriginal population of America. And one of the fruits of your present expedition may

be, to furnish the materials which may enable some American to confer on our country the honor of solving that great problem." —pp. 136–139.

Mr. Pickering then mentions, to show the importance attached to these researches, the fact that our great philologist, Mr. Duponceau, "has obtained for America the honor, (the first instance of the kind among our countrymen,) of a prize medal, awarded by that distinguished body, the Royal Institute of Paris, for the best dissertation on their prize question, respecting the original languages of America."

The letter of Professor Anthon, (p. 141,) is valuable for its suggestions, concerning the affinities of various Oriental and American nations. His theories are certainly ingenious, and will serve to give a determinate aim to future inquiries. It is to be regretted, that no one of these gentlemen has seen proper to state, after the manner of Mr. Silliman, the precise objects of research which he would recommend. As every student regards the science in which he is especially engaged, in a peculiar point of view, each would be likely to remark particular circumstances which might require or aid investigation. In the neglect of others better qualified, we may venture to suggest to the gentlemen of the expedition who are particularly concerned in these matters, the following objects of inquiry;

Anthropology, &c.

1. Manners and Customs of general prevalence; modes of salutation, &c.
2. Antiquities, traditions, monuments.
3. Religious ceremonies. The Taboo. Names and number of divinities. Ideas of a future life.
4. Division of ranks. *Caste.* Government, particularly with regard to the right of succession.
5. Treatment of Females.
6. Sports, especially games of chance.
7. Instruments of war. Modes of Navigation. Knowledge of Astronomy and division of the Calendar.
8. Modes of Tattooing.
9. Laws in relation to property.

Phonology.

1. Peculiar sounds, not found in the English language. It is probable that some have been overlooked by the missionaries, in reducing such languages to writing.

2. Tone-systems, as in Chinese. Accentuation.

3 Interchange of vocables, both in the same dialect, and in passing from one to another.

4. General character of the pronunciation, whether harsh, smooth, indistinct, guttural, &c.

5. Alterations suffered by foreign words, when pronounced by the natives.

6. Instances of prosopopœia.

Philology.

1. Grammatical peculiarities; idiomatical expressions, of all kinds.

2. Distinction of objects into animate and inanimate; existence of the dual.

3. Manner of compounding words. Roots or radical words. Prefixes and suffixes.

4. Hieratic or sacred tongues; if two separate languages exist in one tribe, care should be taken to determine which is the original.

5. Hieroglyphics and every mode of communicating knowledge.

6. Names of the islands, and their signification. Names of animals indigenous to an island or country.

7. Instances of words altered or dropped, as frequently happens in barbarous tribes, from superstition, or other cause.

8. Words signifying abstract ideas, — how formed.

9. Numerals.

In general, it is to be remarked, that little reliance is to be placed on the information of interpreters, with regard to the niceties of a language. It will be advisable to obtain such words, as will correspond with those in the principal collections of vocabularies; as in Balbi's Atlas, Crawford's "Indian Archipelago," and the like.

It will be seen by a review of the foregoing remarks, that the duties of all connected with the expedition will be numerous and arduous. It may also be observed, that the results, however successful, will not be of a very striking character. The days are past when a ship could hardly venture out of the beaten track, without stumbling upon some important island or group, crowded with objects from which the naturalist might increase his museum, or the merchant extend his ventures. At the same time, we question whether an enterprise has ever been undertaken, of more immediate and extensive utility, both to commerce and science, than this,

should it accomplish the objects for which it is intended. And with this assurance, the members of it may well console themselves for the want of that more noisy celebrity, which attends the discovery of a Papua or a New Holland, and the bringing home a whole menagerie of kangaroos and ornithorhynchi. Commensurate, however, with the advantages expected from their success, will be the general disappointment in case of failure. Indeed, a peculiar responsibility rests upon the conductors of this expedition; for upon their acquitting themselves to the public satisfaction, in this instance, will depend probably the degree of interest taken in future enterprises of the kind. They must consider themselves, in fact, as pioneers, who, if they fail with the amplest preparations, cannot expect others, less favored, to follow in their unfinished course, and complete the design which they have found impracticable.

With this warning, and with the best wishes for their successful return, we bid them, for ourselves, "God speed." And, hoping that they will leave behind, on their native shores, no other sentiment but one of the most friendly and patriotic desire for the prosperous issue of their enterprise, we cannot dismiss the subject, without saying a few words in deprecation of a feeling, to which certain well-known untoward occurrences, connected with the outfit, have given rise. There is no denying, that the course taken by Commodore Jones for the exclusion of Lieutenants Slidell and Wilkes from the commands for which they had been selected, (both, gentlemen most favorably known for their professional merit, and the former, one of the chief favorites of the country, for the distinction he has won in its literature,) has been generally regarded with strong disapprobation. There need be no hesitation in saying, that if, at the proper stage of the business, the Secretary had transferred the command to other hands, he would have better consulted the dignity of the government, the claims of the important service projected, and the general sense of the nation. The resentment naturally awakened by the publication of the extraordinary correspondence, to which we refer, has had time to subside. But if it has been succeeded by a settled distrust of the commander, as having proved himself wanting in some of those qualities of magnanimity and wisdom, which are reasonably looked for in one invested with so responsible a charge, this is a sentiment, we

would urge, which ought not to be entertained, to an undue extent, to the prejudice of so important an undertaking. One great mistake should not be thought enough to prove an utterly incompetent man, and Commodore Jones has meritoriously served his country in other times, when it was in a condition to owe much to the services of a brave and skilful sailor. Since it seems, in this business, it is a determined thing, that he shall have his country's honor in his keeping, we hold it to be the duty of every good citizen, to hope the best from his management. Perhaps he cannot reasonably expect, that any future questionable conduct will be viewed with the same indulgence, as if he had not already rendered himself so seriously obnoxious to complaint. But, on the other hand, he could desire no nobler opportunity than he possesses, for reinstating himself in the public favor so unhappily put at hazard.

To return for a moment to the first of the works under review, — the author of the "History of Circumnavigation" promises us, in his preface, a Continuation, which shall contain accounts of all the voyages of importance since the days of Cook; accompanied by a map comprising the latest discoveries and surveys. For this publication we shall look with considerable interest. The original histories of the modern French and German voyages, are usually too expensive to be generally known, except by abridgments; and the map, if well executed, will be of especial value, as a means of estimating the additions to it, anticipated from our own expedition.

ART. VI. — *Letters of Lucius M. Piso, from Palmyra, to his Friend, Marcus Curtius, at Rome. Now first translated and published.* New York: C. S. Francis. Boston: J. H. Francis. 1837. 2 vols. 12mo.

THIS work has appeared since the publication of our last number, and seems to be rapidly gaining the reputation which it so well deserves. It is an historical romance. Piso, the imagined author of the Letters, is supposed to have visited Palmyra, toward the close of the third century, to have become acquainted with Zenobia and her court, to have seen the

city in its glory, and to have witnessed its destruction by Aurelian, (A. D. 273.)

The scene, the characters, and the historical events are finely selected ; for they abound with striking images and associations. We are carried back to Palmyra, a city the history of which is unknown, rising in the desert, shown to the world but for a single age, in the height of its almost unparalleled splendor, and then becoming the spoil of a Roman army and its savage leader, who laid waste in a few days what was never to be restored. After this, a cloud of obscurity settled over it, and its ancient glories were almost regarded as fabulous ; till, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a few English merchants, from the factory at Aleppo, found their way to its wonderful ruins, and brought back a tale, for which they scarcely obtained credit, — which indeed caused their veracity to be questioned. Zenobia, the queen of this city, has been a name for poetry and painting, and history represents her as a woman of extraordinary intellect and beauty, united with great strength of character ; an Asiatic princess, with Grecian refinement and Roman hardihood. Her principal minister, who is very happily introduced in the present work, was the philosopher, Longinus. Her victor, Aurelian, was the son of a Pannonian peasant, originally an adventurer, a common soldier ; who, by his courage, ferocity, bodily strength, power of control, and skill in war, had raised himself to be the military despot of the Roman Empire, and kept himself at its head, almost five years, before his turn for assassination came. With perhaps occasional outbreaks of something like a generous impulse, he was on the whole only less hateful than some of his predecessors, because he did not, like them, mix up his atrocious cruelties with the utter vileness of the most loathsome sensuality.

The complete ruin of Palmyra followed its destruction by Aurelian. As regards that city, he might have rivalled the boast of Attila, that *the grass grew not where his horse's hoofs had trod.* Lying as an oasis in the desert, between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean, and favored with an abundant supply of water, it rose rapidly to wealth and civilization, as an emporium of the commerce of the East. Its Grecian name, Palmyra, and its Eastern name, Tadmor, were equally expressive of the great number of palm-trees which flourished around it. In the middle of the last century, there was but

one remaining ; the sands of the desert had encroached to its walls, and only a few Arab huts were to be found among its ruins.

At that time (in 1751), it was visited by the travellers Dawkins and Wood, to whom we are indebted for our principal information respecting its present state. Their published drawings and measurements are satisfactory ; but are accompanied with only a very brief narrative. After a journey of six days from Aleppo, through the desert, the travellers arrived about noon in view of "Tadmor's marble wastes." "The hills opening," says Mr. Wood, "discovered to us all at once the greatest quantity of ruins we had ever seen, all of white marble ; and beyond them, toward the Euphrates, a flat waste, as far as the eye could reach, without any object, which showed either life or motion. It is scarcely possible to imagine any thing more striking than this view." The remains of the city lay within a circuit of about three miles, which appeared as if it had been filled with public edifices. The whole ground was covered with heaps of marble ; yet among them the ruins of vast buildings were still conspicuous, "the greatest and most entire," says Wood, which the travellers had seen. Among these two were preëminent ; — one of them, the Temple of the Sun, standing in a court, more than seven hundred feet square, which was enclosed by a wall ; adorned on the outside with pilasters, and originally with a double row of interior columns, forming as it were cloisters ; the temple itself being in the midst of the area, surrounded by columns fifty feet high ; — the other, an open portico, stretching three quarters of a mile in length, many of the pillars of which are yet standing. All the edifices, of which any considerable ruins are extant, are supposed to have been erected during the period of less than three centuries which intervened between the Christian era and the destruction of the city. The style of architecture is almost throughout Corinthian ; but the vastness of the buildings has an Egyptian character.

It was this city which Piso, the supposed author of the Letters, is imagined to have seen in its glory ; and to have given his first impressions from its view, in the following passage. We quote a few lines, preceding, descriptive of the desert surrounding this cultivated spot.

"Upon this boundless desert we now soon entered. The scene which it presented was more dismal than I can describe.

A red, moving sand, — or hard and baked by the heat of a sun, such as Rome never knows, — low, gray rocks just rising here and there above the level of the plain, with now and then the dead and glittering trunk of a vast cedar, whose roots seemed as if they had outlasted centuries, — the bones of camels and elephants, scattered on either hand, dazzling the sight by reason of their excessive whiteness, — at a distance occasionally an Arab of the desert, for a moment surveying our long line, and then darting off to his fastnesses, — these were the objects which, with scarce any variation, met our eyes during the four wearisome days that we dragged ourselves over this wild and inhospitable region."

* * * * *

"I was still buried in reflection, when I was aroused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, 'Palmyra! Palmyra!' I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld, — no, I cannot except even Rome, — burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the East, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both toward the North and toward the South. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could not be, — that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country, and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrate each other, and so confound and deceive the observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm-trees, shooting up among its temples and palaces, and on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay it is impossible at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divided the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earth-born. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the Sun, stretched upward its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this bright crown of the Eastern

capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of those renowned cities have I beheld any thing that I can allow to approach in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty, this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upward slender pyramids, — pointed obelisks, — domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for number and for form, beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble, or of some stone as white, and being everywhere in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm-trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty, and made me feel for the moment, as if in such a scene I should love to dwell, and there end my days."—Vol. I. pp. 20, 21 – 23.

This passage will not excite too high expectations respecting the work, which is written throughout in a natural, agreeable, well-sustained style, though with a few negligences, here and there, which a slight revision might remove, and, also, as it seemed to us, a few repetitions of the same essential idea or conception. The magnificent architecture of Palmyra, the Temple of the Sun, and the Long Portico are finely brought into view in other parts of the work. In general, whatever is intended to be conformed to history and fact is represented correctly; and it may therefore be worth while to mention the error, in the passage quoted, of placing the hills near Palmyra, on the east, instead of the west; where it appears they stand from the account of Wood. While upon this head, we may as well notice another error of little more importance, but connected with a fact of some curiosity. Piso, in one of his letters, (Vol. I. p. 56,) says ;— "Returning, we passed through the arches of a vast aqueduct, which pours into the city a river of the purest water. This is the most striking object, and noblest work of art, without the walls." So a Roman aqueduct might have been spoken of. But there was, at Palmyra, no aqueduct constructed upon arches. It is a remarkable fact, that its principal supply of water was through an aqueduct *built under ground*, which has been broken, says Wood, about half a league from the city. He gives a plan of it, by which its interior appears to have been about four feet in width, by eight feet in depth. This subterranean construction is, as far as we know, unique among ancient watercourses. That the Romans were acquainted with the fact, that water when confined will rise to the height of its source, seems now

to be the prevalent opinion. But the passage of Pliny which has been principally relied upon is a little suspicious. He says; "Water confined in lead rises to the height of its source;"—*Aqua in plumbo subit altitudinem exortûs sui.* If he were acquainted with the general law of fluids, of which this is an example, why did he not express it in general terms, instead of stating a particular fact. We are reminded of what Horace says of the water, that "strives to burst its case of lead," *tendit rumpere plumbum*, when speaking of that which was conveyed through Rome, in leaden pipes from the reservoirs of the aqueducts. Considering the intellectual habits of the Romans, it would not be strange that a particular phenomenon should be known to them, without any inquiry following by which it might be traced to a general law.

It should be observed, however, that in a subsequent part of the work, there is mention of the ruins of a subterranean aqueduct, through which Zenobia is represented as escaping from the city when it was environed by the Roman army. But this is described as of much larger dimensions than that which actually existed.

We are not about to dwell at length on the characters and incidents of the "Letters from Palmyra"; for the work itself is much better worth reading, than such an account as we might give. Zenobia, except that a dazzling haze of romance is thrown round her, appears as she is represented in history. Perhaps we should except also her being drawn as a female warrior, ready to engage personally in battle, as is also her friend Fausta. For ourselves, we could well have spared this trait in the character of either. But our associations with ancient amazons, with the swift-footed Camilla, for instance, are such, that we do not class them with those who make the nearest approach to their bravery in modern times. Generally it may be remarked, that to the higher and more prominent characters, there is ascribed a nobleness and refinement greater, some may think, than the nature of an historical romance requires; for something of this sort, some idealizing of the personages of history it does require; as is shown in the works of the great master of the art. No character, perhaps, on the whole is more successfully managed than that of Longinus.

From a charge that has been brought against Zenobia, of having exposed Longinus to the vengeance of Aurelian, in

order to save herself, a charge that appears in most modern accounts of her, and seems to have gained general credit, she is, we think, successfully vindicated by the author of the Letters, in a note to his second volume. We were led in consequence to look at the narrative of Gibbon. It is characteristic of that historian. He thus writes.

"When the Syrian queen was brought into the presence of Aurelian, he sternly asked her, 'How she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome.' The answer of Zenobia was a prudent mixture of respect and firmness. 'Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign.' But as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady or consistent. The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial; she trembled at the angry clamors of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution, forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra, which she had proposed to herself as a model, and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrice of her fame and her friends. It was to their counsels, which governed the weakness of her sex, that she imputed the guilt of her obstinate resistance; it was on their heads that she directed the vengeance of the cruel Aurelian. The fame of Longinus, who was included among the numerous and perhaps innocent victims of her fear, will survive that of the queen who betrayed, or the tyrant who condemned him. Genius and learning were incapable of moving a fierce unlettered soldier, but they had served to elevate and harmonize the soul of Longinus. Without uttering a complaint, he calmly followed the executioner, pitying his unhappy mistress, and bestowing comfort on his afflicted friends."

For the answer with which Gibbon furnishes Zenobia, his only authority is the following passage from Trebellius Pollio. "When, upon her being taken captive by Aurelian, and brought into his presence, he thus addressed her; 'Why, Zenobia, have you dared to insult Roman emperors?' she is reported to have said; 'I acknowledge you as an emperor for you are a conqueror. I did not regard Gallienus, Aureolus, and the others as princes. Thinking Victoria like myself, I wished to share the empire with her, could we be brought into neighbourhood.'"* This is not very like the prudent mixture of respect and firmness ascribed to her by the

* Hist. August., ed. Schrevelii, page 791.

modern historian. Nor is it probable that even this answer, which is mentioned by Trebellius only as report, was really made by Zenobia. Victoria or Victorina was the mother of Victorinus, who, amid a rapid succession of assassinations and changes, obtained the command of the army in Gaul, and she appears to have shared in his short-lived power. But her name has almost disappeared from history; and if Zenobia had ever heard it, she would not probably have considered her as rivalling herself. The remark of Gibbon, respecting female fortitude, is like a large proportion of those appearing throughout his work in the form of apothegms, which, whether true or false, are trivialities disguised by the formal style of their annunciation. In endurance, woman has shown herself not inferior to man. That Zenobia had proposed the generous despair of Cleopatra for her model, is only an embellishment. For the narrative of the death of Longinus, we follow the author of the Letters in quoting the passage on which it rests, from Zosimus, who wrote more than a century after the destruction of Palmyra.

"Aurelian, returning to Emesa, sat in judgment upon Zenobia and those who had been connected with her. Then she related the causes of the war, exculpating herself, and bringing forward many others as leading her on, she being only a woman. Among them was Longinus, of whom there are writings extant, which afford great profit to such as are desirous of instruction, who, being convicted of the charges brought against him, was immediately condemned to death by the king. This he bore so nobly as to comfort those who compassionated his misfortune."

Such is the story which Gibbon has dressed in modern costume. To the confutation of it in the note before referred to, it may be added, that Zosimus was so ill-informed respecting Zenobia, and so careless of obtaining correct information, that in regard to her death he only gives a report, that, as Aurelian was carrying her with him to Rome, she died either through disease or voluntary hunger; * though two contemporary historians (Trebellius Pollio and Vopiscus) speak of her as having been led in triumph by the emperor. Zosimus, as if to despatch the whole business at once, proceeds with the same report, as stating that all those who shared in her rebellion, except her son, were drowned in the Hellespont. He

* Lib. I. c. 59.

had before related, that some of them, at least, were put to death with Longinus. Trebellius Pollio, who could not have written more than about thirty years after the destruction of Palmyra, says, that the descendants of Zenobia were remaining among the nobility of Rome ; and that it was reported that she lived with her children like a Roman matron ; "Aurelian," he says, "having given her an estate at Tibur (Tivoli) still called by her name, not far from the palace of Adrian." *

We have quoted from the Letters a passage which shows Palmyra at the height of its prosperity. We will contrast it with another which describes its sack and ruin. Piso is supposed to have retired from the city with the family of a noble Roman, resident in Palmyra, Gracchus, the father of Fausta, shortly before the event, and to be viewing the scene from one of the neighbouring heights.

"After one day of preparation and one of assault, the city has fallen, and Aurelian again entered in triumph. This time in the spirit of revenge and retaliation. It is evident, as we look on, horror-struck, that no quarter is given, but that a general massacre has been ordered, both of soldier and citizen. We can behold whole herds of the defenceless populace escaping from the gates or over the walls, only to be pursued, — hunted, — and slaughtered by the remorseless soldiers. And thousands upon thousands have we seen driven over the walls, or hurled from the battlements of the lofty towers to perish, dashed upon the rocks below."

* * * * *

"No sooner had the evening of this fatal day set in, than a new scene of terrific sublimity opened before us, as we beheld flames beginning to ascend from every part of the city. They grew and spread, till they presently appeared to wrap all objects alike in one vast sheet of fire. Towers, pinnacles, and domes, after glittering awhile in the fierce blaze, one after another fell and disappeared in the general ruin. The Temple of the Sun stood long untouched, shining almost with the brightness of the sun itself, its polished shafts and sides reflecting the surrounding fire with an intense brilliancy. We hoped that it might escape, and were certain that it would, unless fired from within, — as, from its insulated position, the flames from the neighbouring buildings could not reach it. But we watched not long ere from its western extremity the fire broke forth, and warned us that that peerless monument of human genius, like all else, would soon

* Hist. August., pages 772, 791.

crumble to the ground. To our amazement, however, and joy, the flames, after having made great progress, were suddenly arrested, and by some cause extinguished, — and the vast pile stood towering in the centre of the desolation, of double size, as it seemed, from the fall and disappearance of so many of the surrounding structures."

* * * * *

"On the third day after the capture of the city and the massacre of the inhabitants, the army of the 'conqueror and destroyer' withdrew from the scene of its glory, and again disappeared beyond the desert. I sought not the presence of Aurelian while before the city, for I cared not to meet him drenched in the blood of women and children. But as soon as he and his legions were departed, we turned toward the city, as children to visit the dead body of a parent.

"No language which I can use, my Curtius, can give you any just conception of the horrors which met our view on the way to the walls and in the city itself. For more than a mile before we reached the gates, the roads, and the fields on either hand, were strewed with the bodies of those who, in their attempts to escape, had been overtaken by the enemy and slain. Many a group of bodies did we notice, evidently those of a family, the parents and the children, who, hoping to reach in company some place of security, had all, — and without resistance, apparently, — fallen a sacrifice to the relentless fury of their pursuers. Immediately in the vicinity of the walls, and under them, the earth was concealed from the eye by the multitudes of the slain, and all objects were stained with the one hue of blood. Upon passing the gates and entering within those walls which I had been accustomed to regard as embracing in their wide and graceful sweep, the most beautiful city of the world, my eye met nought but black and smoking ruins, fallen houses and temples, the streets choked with piles of still blazing timbers and the half-burned bodies of the dead. As I penetrated farther into the heart of the city, and to its better-built and more spacious quarters, I found the destruction to be less, — that the principal streets were standing, and many of the more distinguished structures. But everywhere, — in the streets, — upon the porticos of private and public dwellings, — upon the steps and within the very walls of the temples of every faith, — in all places, the most sacred as well as the most common, lay the mangled carcasses of the wretched inhabitants. None, apparently, had been spared. The aged were there, with their bald or silvered heads, — little children and infants, — women, the young, the beautiful, the good, — all were there slaughtered in every imaginable way, and presenting to the eye

spectacles of horror and of grief enough to break the heart and craze the brain. For one could not but go back to the day and the hour when they died, and suffer with these innocent thousands a part of what they suffered, when, the gates of the city giving way, the infuriated soldiery poured in, and with death written in their faces and clamoring on their tongues, their quiet houses were invaded, and, resisting or unresisting, they all fell together, beneath the murderous knives of the savage foe. What shrieks then rent and filled the air, — what prayers of agony went up to the gods for life to those whose ears on mercy's side were adders', — what piercing supplications that life might be taken and honor spared. The apartments of the rich and the noble presented the most harrowing spectacles, where the inmates, delicately nurtured and knowing of danger, evil, and wrong only by name and report, had first endured all that nature most abhors, and then there, where their souls had died, were slain by their brutal violators with every circumstance of most demoniac cruelty. Happy for those who, like Gracchus, foresaw the tempest and fled. These calamities have fallen chiefly upon the adherents of Antiochus; but among them, alas! were some of the noblest and most honored families of the capital. Their bodies now lie blackened and bloated upon their door-stones, — their own halls have become their tombs." — Vol. II. pp. 229 – 233.

To understand what follows, it must be told that Piso had half become a Christian.

"The silence of death and of ruin rests over this once and but so lately populous city. As I stood upon a high point which overlooked a large extent of it, I could discern no signs of life, except here and there a detachment of the Roman guard dragging forth the bodies of the slaughtered citizens, and bearing them to be burned or buried. This whole people is extinct. In a single day these hundred thousands have found a common grave. Not one remains to bewail or bury the dead. Where are the anxious crowds, who, when their dwellings have been burned, eagerly rush in as the flames have spent themselves, to sorrow over their smoking altars, and pry with busy search among the hot ashes, as if perchance they may yet rescue some lamented treasure, or bear away, at least, the bones of a parent or child, buried beneath the ruins? They are not here. It is broad day, and the sun shines bright, but not a living form is seen lingering about these desolated streets and squares. Birds of prey are already hovering round, and alighting without apprehension of disturbance wherever the banquet invites them; and soon as the shadows of evening shall fall, the hyena of the desert will be here to gorge himself upon what they have left, having scented

afar off upon the tainted breeze the fumes of the rich feast here spread for him. These Roman grave-diggers from the Legion of Bassus, are alone upon the ground to contend with them for their prize. O, miserable condition of humanity! Why is it that to man have been given passions, which he cannot tame, and which sink him below the brute! Why is it that a few ambitious are permitted by the Great Ruler, in the selfish pursuit of their own aggrandizement, to scatter in ruin, desolation, and death, whole kingdoms, — making misery and destruction the steps by which they mount up to their seats of pride! O, gentle doctrine of Christ!—doctrine of love and of peace, when shall it be that I and all mankind shall know thy truth, and the world smile with a new happiness under thy life-giving reign!"—Vol. II. pp. 234, 235.

This is very powerful description, but not exaggerated. It only presents to our imagination, mingled with expressions of human feeling, the detail of events, that Aurelian himself sums up in a few lines of a letter, * in which no touch of remorse betrays that the writer belonged to our race. "Aurelian Augustus to Ceionius Bassus. Palmyrenes enough have been slain and cut to pieces. We have not spared the women; we have killed the infants; we have slaughtered the old men; we have destroyed the peasants. To whom shall we leave the country or city? Those who remain must be spared. For we trust that so few will be corrected by the punishment of so many." And he then passes on, with the same coolness, to speak of repairing the Temple of the Sun. Vopiscus, who reckons Aurelian among the few excellent emperors from Augustus to Constantius Chlorus, describes this letter as "exhibiting an acknowledgment of the most savage fury;" *confessionem immanissimi furoris ostentans.* Gibbon speaks of it with more calmness, and only on a later occasion makes some philosophical remarks upon the character of Aurelian; "He was naturally of a severe disposition. A peasant and a soldier, his nerves yielded not easily to the impression of sympathy; and he could sustain without emotion the sight of tortures and death. Trained from his earliest youth in the exercise of arms, he set too small a value on the life of a citizen." The historian adds, that "His love of justice often became a blind and furious passion." If so, it was a remarkable transformation.

One characteristic of the "Letters from Palmyra," from

* Preserved by Vopiscus. Hist. August., page 866.

which they derive much of their interest, consists in the just views they afford of the condition of mankind during the period to which they relate. Facts are brought distinctly before us, so as to produce a right impression of the age;—the merciless and rapacious character of its continual wars, the widely-spread miseries of private slavery, the absence of a true standard of right, and the religious darkness of the pagan world. Nor are these painful features made too prominent; a benevolent and cheerful tone of feeling pervades the work; the picture is brightened by the conception of the holiday joyousness of Palmyra, by the amiable or generous traits of character ascribed to most of the principal personages, and especially by the light of Christianity, which appears as having risen above the horizon. Ancient history has often been so written in modern times that the reader, unless he be more than commonly attentive and thoughtful, will gain no correct notion of its proper subject, of the men of former times of whom it proposes to give an account. He will learn little more than names, events, and dates. He will have little idea of the real state of civilization, of the forms of society, of the modes of life, the feelings, occupations, and enjoyments of the generality of men, of the passions, vices, impulses, and principles by which they were governed, of the point to which intellectual culture had attained, and of the extent of its diffusion, or consequently, of the aspect under which human nature presented itself, so widely different from what it has assumed in modern times. The historian wants a philosophical comprehension of what he is relating. The facts of the age of which he treats are insulated in his mind, not grouped together so as to form a consistent and striking picture, not seen in their relations, not viewed comparatively with those of other periods and different states of our race. He has not imagination to discern the details necessarily involved in general statements; nor penetration, knowledge of human nature, and moral sensibility to appreciate as he ought the particulars which he brings together. He cannot withdraw himself from the circle of the age in which he lives. His modern associations cling round the events and characters of antiquity, and hide their real features. He limits his views to prominent individuals, concerning whom our information is often so uncertain, and overlooks the actual character and state of the mass of men, which, for the most part, there are documents enough to illustrate. As

shown by him, a veil lies over it, beneath which only the common outline of humanity is to be seen.

In regard to Greece, the excellent history of Mitford is of another character. But of the Roman empire we have no truly instructive account, except so far as the late work of Sismondi supplies the deficiency. In the history of Gibbon we doubt whether there are more errors arising merely from want of information or want of care, than might reasonably be expected in so voluminous a work, embracing such a variety of topics. It is the compilation of an industrious scholar. But in treating of the history of Christianity, especially in his earlier volumes, his suppressions of the truth, the very disproportioned prominence which he gives to particular facts, his quotations of single passages without the explanation which would change their aspect, his insinuations of what is false without the direct expression of it, his language hovering on the bounds of the ironical and the serious, so that it may be understood in the former sense, and defended in the latter, and his sneering and injurious tone, the result of utter incapacity to feel or estimate the moral interest of the subject, produce the effect of the grossest misrepresentation. In the other portions of his history, there is the want of a thinking and reasoning spirit to vivify the mass of facts. To the title of philosopher, which he particularly affected, he has no claim. He has given the detail of events, during a long period, with occasional striking expressions, and strokes of wit, but he has not given its history. He has not connected those events with their essential causes ; nor viewed them as characteristic of the condition of man. His work presents a series of changes seemingly accidental ; for the reasons are not made apparent, why the course of things might not have been very different from what it was, the same general state of society existing. His moral temperament, likewise, was as defective as his philosophical. It is not merely that he was an infidel, of the French school of Voltaire, nor that a trait of indecency which he could introduce in a note or insinuate in the text, was a lure that easily drew him aside from the serious and honorable purposes of history ; but we feel throughout his history the absence of a just estimate of men and things, an absence of moral discrimination and sentiment. Though without an extraordinary number of mistakes arising from mere want of scholarship, his work is a *misrepresentation* throughout. Every thing is modernized

and discolored. From a superficial reading of it, one may scarcely derive notions of the period of which it treats, more correct than what he would have of the ancient Greeks and Romans, if he imagined that the historical pictures of the French painter, David, actually represented the scenes which are their subject. His work is like an exhibition on the ancient stage. The painted mask, the buskin, the stiffened and heavy folds of the drapery conceal all characteristic lineaments and expression. His style moves on with its formal and pompous march, whatever is to be told. If we may use such a figure, instead of the faint flourish of trumpets at doubtful victories, the clamor of abandoned revelry, the wild sounds of barbaric music, and, blending with all, the continual wail of desolation, we hear only the constant monotonous playing of an organ with a small compass of notes.

When the veil or the pall is lifted from the age to which the "Letters from Palmyra" relate, we behold the Roman world overspread with armies. Everywhere are war, seditions, massacres, slavery, and cruelty. The Roman armies, formed, like the Free Companions or the troops of the *Condottieri*, of mercenaries of different nations, and resembling them in rapacity and savageness, were the true rulers of the empire. The emperors were those whom they chose for a time to acknowledge as their masters; either military leaders, like Aurelian, whose fierce and hardy qualities commanded their admiration, and gave them promise of success in war; or worthless profligates, like Gallienus, who, by unbounded largesses and bribes, purchased from them the privilege of indulging in the most detestable excesses. Among the nobles and the rich, there was generally that reckless and shameless abandonment to vice, that sole care for safety and selfish gratifications, which can result only from the absence of all sense of morals in a community where life and fortune are constantly at hazard. "*Amavit propinquos, res nostris temporibus comparanda miraculo;*" — "He loved his friends," says the contemporary historian, Trebellius, "a thing in our age to be compared to a prodigy."

But amid this state of things, which seemed to threaten the dissolution of civil society, a new element had been and was still working. Christianity had been introduced; and there cannot be a contrast more striking than what appeared during the first three centuries of our era, between the pagan

world and the new brotherhood of Christians. In becoming acquainted with the true history of the Christians of this period, we become conversant with men, who, whatever might be their mistakes or failings, or the vices of some of their number, present a wholly different character from that of the multitudes around them. We discern the high qualities and powers of our nature unfolding. A history that should fairly represent the age, a history, in consequence, unlike that of Gibbon in almost every feature, would constitute one of the most powerful arguments for the divine origin of our religion; for it would show the impossibility of its having had its source in those causes, which had been and were operating upon the condition of men everywhere, without the sphere of its influence.

We have been led into these remarks, because in the volumes before us the contrast between Christianity and paganism is beautifully exhibited. Though never obtrusively brought forward, it runs through the work and constitutes one of its principal charms. Of this no quotations which our limits admit would afford a fair specimen; and we shall give but a single extract from a very interesting conversation. In the course of the story we are introduced to an individual in extreme old age, a hermit, who, having been a preacher of our religion, had now, that his strength failed him, retired from the world to die. He is visited by Piso, who writes the account, in company with Fausta and with Julia, the daughter of Zenobia. The old man is speaking.

"'Till age dried up the sources of my strength, I toiled night and day in all countries and climates, in the face of every danger, in the service of mankind. For it is by serving others, that the law of Christ is fulfilled. This disinterested labor for others constituted the greatness of Jesus Christ. This constitutes true greatness in his followers. I perceive that what I say falls upon your ear as a new and strange doctrine. But it is the doctrine of Christianity. It utterly condemns, therefore, a life of solitary devotion. It is a mischievous influence which is now spreading outward from the example of that Paul, who suffered so much under the persecution of the Emperor Decius, and who then, flying to the solitudes of the Egyptian Thebais, has there in the vigor of his days buried himself in a cave of the earth, that he may serve God by forsaking man. His maxim seems to be, "The farther from man, the nearer to God," — the reverse of the Christian maxim, "The nearer man, the nearer God." A disciple of Jesus has truly said; "He who loves not his brother

whom he hath seen, how shall he love God, whom he hath not seen?" This, it may be, Roman, is the first sentence you have ever heard from the Christian books.'

"'I am obliged to confess that it is,' I replied. 'I have heretofore lived in an easy indifference toward all religions. The popular religion of my country I early learned to despise. I have perused the philosophers, and examined their systems, from Pythagoras to Seneca, and am now, what I have long been, a disciple of none but Pyrrho. My researches have taught me only how the more ingeniously to doubt. Wearied at length with a vain inquiry after truth that should satisfy and fill me, I suddenly abandoned the pursuit, with the resolve never to resume it. I was not even tempted to depart from this resolution when Christianity offered itself to my notice; for I confounded it with Judaism, and for that, as a Roman, I entertained too profound a contempt to bestow upon it a single thought. I must acknowledge that the reports which I heard, and which I sometimes read, of the marvellous constancy and serenity of the Christians, under accumulated sufferings and wrongs, interested my feelings in their behalf; and the thought often arose, "Must there not be truth to support such heroism?" But the world went on its way, and I with it, and the Christians were forgotten. To a Christian, on my voyage across the Mediterranean, I owe much, for my first knowledge of Christianity, To the Princess Julia I owe a larger debt still. And now from your lips, long accustomed to declare its truths, I have heard what makes me truly desirous to hear the whole of that, which, in the little glimpses I have been able to obtain, has afforded so real a satisfaction.'

"'If you studied the Christian books,' said the recluse, 'you would be chiefly struck, perhaps, with the plainness and simplicity of the doctrines there unfolded. You would say that much which you found there, relating to the right conduct of life, you had already found scattered through the books of the Greek and Roman moralists. You would be startled by no strange or appalling truth. You would turn over their leaves in vain in search of such dark and puzzling ingenuities as try the wits of those who resort to the pages of the Timæus. A child can understand the essential truths of Christ. And the value of Christianity consists not in this, that it puts forth a new, ingenious, and intricate system of philosophy, but that it adds to recognised and familiar truths divine authority. Some things are indeed new; and much is new, if that may be called so, which, having been neglected as insignificant by other teachers, has by Christ been singled out and announced as primal and essential. But the peculiarity of Christianity lies in this, that its voice, whether heard in republishing

an old and familiar doctrine, or announcing a new one, is not the voice of man, but of God. It is a revelation. It is a word from the invisible, unapproachable Spirit of the universe. For this Socrates would have been willing to renounce all his wisdom. Is it not this which we need? We can theorize and conjecture without end, but cannot relieve ourselves of our doubts. They will assail every work of man. We wish to repose in a divine assurance. This we have in Christianity. It is a message from God. It puts an end to doubt and conjecture. Wise men of all ages have agreed in the belief of One God; but not being able to demonstrate his being and his unity, they have had no power to change the popular belief, which has ever tended to polytheism and idolatry. Christianity teaches this truth with the authority of God himself, and already has it become the faith of millions. Philosophers have long ago taught that the only safe and happy life is a virtuous life. Christianity repeats this great truth, and adds, that it is such a life alone that conducts to immortality. Philosophers have themselves believed in the doctrine of a future life, and have died hoping to live again; and it cannot be denied that mankind generally have entertained an obscure expectation of a renewed existence after death. The advantage of Christianity consists in this, that it assures us of the reality of a future existence, on the word and authority of God himself. Jesus Christ taught, that all men come forth from death, wearing a new spiritual body, and thereafter never die; and to confirm his teaching, he himself being slain, rose from the dead, and showed himself to his followers alive, and while they were yet looking upon him, ascended to some other and higher world. Surely, Roman, though Christianity announced nothing more than these great truths, yet seeing it puts them forth in the name, and with the authority of God, it is a vast accession to our knowledge.'" — Vol. I. pp. 163 – 166.

Our general estimate of the "Letters from Palmyra," appears in what we have already said. It is not a work of an ordinary character. It is the production of a thoughtful, able, imaginative, and above all, a pure and right-minded author, of clear thoughts and sound sense.

ART. VII. — *Résumé de l'Histoire des Pays-Bas* par FRÉDÉRIC, BARON DE REIFFENBERG. 2 tom. Bruxelles. 1827.

THE people of the United States are descended from various European families, among which, although the inhabitants of the British Islands be the predominant one, so as to have stamped their own impress on the institutions and language of the whole, yet other races, and especially the German and Dutch, are entitled to great consideration for their numbers, and respect for their individual character. We frequently have occasion to observe, that Americans are prone to look back too exclusively to their English ancestry, and to dwell on the history and antiquities of England, forgetful of the fact that we possess high and glorious recollections associated with others among the best of the nations of Europe. Should we not be proud to reckon, as progenitors of our people, the greatest and wisest of the Republics of modern Europe, equally as the greatest and wisest of the Monarchies of modern Europe? Holland, as well as England? to explore the old history, to revisit the land of each, in pious veneration of our forefathers, all honored and deserving honor, whether they came from Britain, or from the kindred shores of the Netherlands?

For ourselves, we profess that, English as we are in origin, and proud as we are of our fellowship of blood with the great and free minds of Britain, we have yet trod the soil of the Netherlands, and looked on the monuments of her days of liberty and prosperity, and studied the history of her great men, with a sense of exultation that their blood also is infused into the veins, and with it, as we trust, their better traits are perpetuated in the character of the people of the United States.

In the strength of such feelings, we laid before our readers, some short time since, an idea of the fortunes and vicissitudes of the once free cities of Flanders;* and we proceed now to give a brief account of the ancient history of the Netherlands.

Men are accustomed to think and speak of the Netherlands, as they do of Italy and Germany, in the aggregate, and as one country; but the regions, which we commonly designate by that appellation, have been united together under a single gov-

* See the North American Review, Vol. XXXIX. pp. 112 et seq.

ernment only occasionally, and with protracted intervals of complete separation. During one long period we find them ruled by independent counts, dukes, marquesses, or bishops, who warred one upon another at will, and were each a petty sovereign within his respective narrow dominions. At a later period we see them grouped in two large divisions, the first acting the subordinate part of a dependency of Spain or Austria, and the second constituting a powerful Republic, and as such, gathering riches and fame in every quarter of the globe. And yet the geographical position of the territory distinguished as the Netherlands, and the national peculiarities of most of its inhabitants, fully justify the popular application of the name.

Enclosed between France on the south, and the Rhenish provinces of Prussia and other states of Germany on the east, is a low plain, which, as it approaches the North Sea, gradually sinks down to the very level of the ocean, from whose ravages it is protected by the laborious industry of man. This territory is traversed by the broad channels of the Rhine, the Maes, and the Scheldt, and cut up into islands or peninsulas, by the confluence of its rivers, or interjected arms of the sea, so that it possesses a humid atmosphere and a wet soil, but partially reclaimed from the water, and thus well receives the name of the Low Countries, or Netherlands. Its population, however, consists of two distinct races. Those of its inhabitants, who dwell in the south-eastern extremity of the plain, where it blends with the higher grounds of the neighbouring nations, forming about one third part of the whole population, are called Walloons, and are evidently of Gallic stock, and speak a dialect of the French. The residue of the inhabitants, residing near or contiguous to the seacoast, are quite as clearly of Saxon race, and speak the Low German, in its different forms of Dutch and Flemish, being subdivided into the Flemings and the Dutch or Hollanders. The Walloons and Flemings inhabit the provinces familiarly known in modern history as the Austrian Netherlands, composing the present kingdom of the Belgians; while the Dutch, in whom the national peculiarities are most completely developed, constitute the kingdom of Holland, the successor of the Batavian Republic and the Republic of the United Provinces.

It is somewhat remarkable that all the great changes in the political condition of this people are intimately associated with

the mighty names of European history. Julius Cæsar, Clovis, Charlemagne, Charles the Fifth, and Napoleon, are the masters of policy and war, who appear on the scene at each successive crisis in the affairs of the Netherlands. We shall briefly recapitulate the leading events in the early history of these countries, from the date of their invasion by the Romans, down to the time when the various pioneers acquired their separate and independent princes, under the immediate posterity of Charlemagne.

Rome gained its first knowledge of the nations inhabiting the shores of the North Sea about a century before the birth of our Saviour, when a great host of those fierce barbarians broke in upon the Gauls, drove the Republican eagles before them, and defeated general after general, until the military genius of Caius Marius and the disciplined forces of the Republic, gathered under his standard, routed and utterly destroyed this terrible colony of the North, in a desperate conflict at Aquæ Sextiæ, the modern Aix. We possess, of course, but scanty and conjectural knowledge of the causes, which precipitated the Cimbri and Teutoni upon the people of the South ; — whether, as Florus affirms, the ocean inundated their native lands, and drove them elsewhere for a habitation, or whether, as Plutarch intimates, they were tempted, by report of the wealth of Italy, to follow the example of some anterior emigration of their neighbours, the Celts. Certain it is, that this dark cloud of Northmen, which so long lowered in threatening masses over Gaul and Italy, being thoroughly dispelled by the skill of Marius and the fortune of Romans, little remained to the Cimbri in after times, says Tacitus, but the glory of their past greatness, which wellnigh balanced the power of Rome. *

The Cimbri dwelt, it is known, in what is now denominated Holstein and Jutland, along the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic. Modern authors suppose that their line of march into Gaul lay through the Netherlands, and the displacement of the existing population, which their irruption occasioned, made way for the changes in that country, which speedily took place, and which gave to it the political conformation which obtained there when it was invaded by Julius Cæsar. Previous to that period the Batavi, a tribe of the Catti, the most

* Florus, lib. iii. cap. 3. Paterculus, lib. ii. cap. 12. Plutarch, Marius. Tacitus de Mor. Germ. cap. 37.

warlike of the nations of Germany, had transferred their residence to the insular space comprehended between the Rhine and the Waal, and therefore called the island of the Batavi.* This martial colony, consisting of Germans exclusively, speedily communicated its own character to the surrounding tribes, swallowing up the Caninefates and other native races. Between the Batavi and the Gauls were seated the Menapii, occupying the country of modern Antwerp and Flanders; beyond the Batavi were the Frisons, these tribes being entitled to remembrance in common with the more prominent Batavi; and in these three nations we find the basis or germ of the Dutch and Flemish Netherlands.†

The Belgians, at that period, were comprehended within the limits of Gaul, divided by Cæsar into three parts, one of which, he says, the Belgæ occupy, as far as the Marne and the Seine; another the Aquitani, extending from the Seine to the Garonne; while the residue belongs to the Celtæ. Of all these, the Belgæ were deemed the least civilized and the most warlike, being the only people who had turned aside the torrent of the Teutones and Cimbri; and the subjugation of them, after an obstinate struggle, was the least of the great achievements of Cæsar in Gaul. Having reduced them to obedience, he marched his legions against the Menapii, who retired into their fastnesses, and left their invaders nothing wherewith to contend but wasted marshes and wintry skies; so that the baffled Romans were obliged to retreat and leave the barbarians in possession of their independence.‡ Thus it happened that the Batavi remained unassailed by him, and yet thus much within the reach of his influence, that, in respect of them, he obtained by negotiation what he might have found it difficult to accomplish by force of arms. Dazzled by the splendor of his reputation, they offered to him the benefit of their alliance; and, like the Belgæ, whom they resembled in their taste for war, entered into his army as auxiliaries, and served him faithfully and bravely in all his subsequent campaigns, whether against the Gauls or his countrymen of Rome. Thenceforth, of course, the Netherlands belonged to the Empire.

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* Tacitus de Mor. cap. 29–31. Cæsar de Bello Gallico, lib. iv. cap. 7.
† Cæsar de Bello Gallico, lib. iv. cap. 4.
‡ Ibid., lib. i. cap. 1; lib. ii. passim; lib. iii. cap. 29.

The Batavians being drafted into the household troops of the early emperors of the family of Cæsar, performed the same service which the Swiss have so frequently assumed in our times, of aiding to maintain the authority of a ruler adversely to the interests of his subjects; and thus they dealt back upon Rome the fit recompense of her ambition. Augustus made their island the head-quarters of his troops, in the expedition which he directed against the Germans, under the immediate command of his son-in-law Claudius Drusus, the younger brother of Tiberius. This adopted child of the Cæsars, whose preëminent abilities shed lustre on his exalted rank, pursued a career of uninterrupted victory among the tribes of Germany, vanquishing one confederacy after another, until his name grew to be synonymous with awe and terror, and descended to our times, in their language, as representing the incarnation of evil. Nor did he confine himself to military operations. He seems to have commenced that great system of laborious constructions, in the form of military roads, dykes, and canals, which, while they protected the Netherlands from the sea, rendered the latter subservient to the uses of internal commerce and of civilization. His premature death, at the age of thirty, interrupted the course of his brilliant acts, while the surname of Germanicus, made illustrious by the talents and misfortunes of his son, and all the magnificence of funeral pomp which imperial power could command, attested the grief and admiration of Augustus and of Rome.* The emperor transferred a large number of the vanquished Germans from the banks of the Elbe to the waste lands between the Rhine and the Maes; divided the country into three provinces, called Belgic Gaul, and Upper and Lower Germany; and gave to its various tribes the organization, laws, and refinement which belonged to the rest of the Empire. But the successes of Drusus, signal as they were, had produced but little permanent effect beyond the Rhine. Of this the Germans gave terrible proof by the attack of Arminius, or Hermann, on the camp of Quinctilius Varus, and the slaughter of three Roman legions; an event which occasioned inconceivable consternation at Rome, so much so, that Augustus wore his beard and hair disordered for months, in sign of his grief,

* Florus, lib iv. cap. 12. Paterc. lib. ii. cap. 97. Tacitus, Annal. lib. iii. cap. 5.

exclaiming, continually, "Quinctilius Varus, restore my legions!" and made vows to Jupiter Maximus for the preservation of the public weal, in the form adopted during the wars of the Cimbri and the Marsi.* This event caused the borders of the Rhine to become once more the scene of hostilities, and diminished somewhat the confidence of the Emperor in the Batavian cohorts; but their transient feeling of distrust in the Belgians and Batavians passed away, and the victories of Germanicus, the son of Claudius Drusus, avenged the defeat and effaced the shame of the Romans.† Here it was that Caligula, the son of Germanicus, spent a part of his youth in the familiarity of camps, from which he acquired his surname; and here it was that he degraded the imperial purple, the army, and Rome herself, by the spectacle of a mock battle with the waves of the ocean.‡ During the reign of Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, the Belgic and Batavian provinces continued to follow the fortune of Rome, as indeed they well might, for the Batavian cohorts were foremost in the various political changes of the times, and exerted quite as much influence as the Romans themselves in the elevation of each successive emperor. The Frisons were sometimes in arms, and the Menapii appear to have yielded imperfect obedience; but the rest of the country gradually became thoroughly Roman, and received from its different governors institutions of education and public works of internal improvement, which compensated the people, in some degree, for the loss of independence.

Vespasian, however, arrived at the purple under circumstances materially different from his predecessors. Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, were not merely adopted children of the Julian family, commended to the Gauls and Belgians by all the authority of the name of Cæsar, but they were also a son, a brother, and a grandson of Germanicus. Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, strangers alike to the blood of Cæsar and of Drusus, were made and unmade, as we have seen, by the immediate agency of the Belgians and Batavians; and their active participation in so many contests for power, and that among individuals having neither personal nor hereditary claims to its possession,

* Sueton. Octavius, cap. 23; Florus, lib. iv. cap. 12.

† Tacitus, Annal. lib. i. ii. passim; Sueton. Tiberius; Patercul. lib. ii. cap. 117.

‡ Sueton. Caligula; Tacitus, Germ. cap. 37.

could not fail to weaken their sense of dependence upon, and subjection to, the dominion of Rome. When, therefore, intelligence reached the northern limits of the Empire, that Vespasian had been saluted emperor by a handful of soldiers in the heart of Palestine, it found the Batavians ready to receive impulsion from any popular leader, possessed of sufficient daring, decision, and private inducement to assume the control of events. These conditions were combined in the person of Claudius Civilis, a Batavian of regal extraction, who, having incurred the suspicion of the government, had been imprisoned, in the time of Nero, and, although released by Galba, retained strong feelings of resentment against the Romans. Affecting to be another Hannibal or Sertorius, both of whom he resembled, in being blind of one eye, he incited the Batavians to take up arms, pretending to do so in behalf of Vespasian, in order the better to conceal his ultimate purposes. Assembling the boldest and noblest of his countrymen in a sacred grove, under pretence of a banquet, when they had become heated by excess and festivity, protracted into the night, calling to mind their ancient glory, and their present servitude, he exhorted them to throw off their ignoble fetters, and to show themselves worthy of their free forefathers, by manfully asserting their independence of Rome.

The effect of his address, upon the excited minds of his hearers, was electrical; and they solemnly bound themselves by the barbarous rites and adjurations of their country. The Frisons, and the Caninefates, under the leading of a chief called Brinnus, made common cause with Civilis and the Batavians; and the insurrection spread through the Netherlands, and the neighbouring regions of Gaul and Germany, like a flame. The Roman stations were taken by assault, their leaders plundered, their legions defeated and destroyed, and their provinces given up to devastation and bloodshed. Stimulated by the incantations of the prophetess Velleda, and hailed by the Germans and Gauls as the restorers of their independence, — *libertatis auctores*, — the Batavians needed only the hearty cooperation of the Gauls and Belgians, to lay the foundation of a new empire in the West. But, for this consummation, the time, it would seem, was not now ripe; the resources of Rome remained as yet, ample, and the strength of her empire unbroken. Civilis was at length checked in his career by the vigorous operations of the Roman forces commanded by Pæ-

tilius Cerialis, and compelled to sue for peace ; the confederates being discouraged by reiterated defeats, and glad, upon honorable terms, to replace themselves under the ægis of the empire. * After this period, the Batavians cease to possess any distinct history, until the appearance of the Franks on the scene began to change the face of Europe.

The elder Pliny has left us a striking picture of the physical condition of the country and its inhabitants at this period. "There," says he, "the ocean pours in its flood twice every day, and produces a perpetual uncertainty whether the country may be considered as a part of the continent or of the sea. The wretched inhabitants take refuge on the sand hills, or in little huts, which they construct on the summits of lofty stakes, whose elevation is conformable to that of the highest tides. When the sea rises, they appear like navigators ; when it retires, they seem as though they had been shipwrecked. They subsist on the fish left by the refluent waters, and which they catch in nets formed of rushes or sea-weed. Neither tree nor shrub is visible on these shores. The drink of the people is rain-water, which they preserve with great care ; their fuel a sort of turf, which they gather and form with the hand. And yet these unfortunate beings dare to complain against their fate, when they fall under the power, and are incorporated with the empire of Rome."† In this picture of wretchedness it is easy to discern the present features of Holland, Zeeland, and Flanders, allowing for the vast improvements in the face of things which modern art and persevering industry have introduced. But, miserable as was the condition of the maritime population in the days of Pliny, it became even worse for a time, in the confusion attendant on the dissolution of the Roman Empire.

It was in the region of the Rhine and the Maes, that the Franks first began to play a prominent part in history (A. D. 250.) Pouring like a torrent upon Batavia, Belgium, and Gaul, although defeated by Probus, and afterwards by Julian, they succeeded in establishing themselves so effectually in the Isle of the Batavians, that the name of the latter speedily disappeared from Europe. But the Menapians and Frisons appear to have allied themselves with the new-comers, both retaining their independence, and the latter attaching their name to an extensive section of the country. Nay, Carausius, a Mena-

* Tacitus, Histor. lib. iv. v. passim. † Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. xvi.

pian, sustained by the Franks, was proclaimed emperor in Britain, and possessed paramount authority in that island, in the Netherlands, and on the intervening seas, in despite of the Emperor Diocletian. Presently we find the Saxons also by the side of the Franks, and commencing, at the mouth of the Rhine, a kind of perpetual war, transmitted to their descendants in France and England ; for it seems to have been from this point that the Salian Franks, impelled by the Saxons, marched upon Gaul, while the Saxons embarked for the conquest of Britain. Two centuries of bloodshed and confusion elapsed after the first appearance of the Franks, ere any thing like fixed order emerged from the chaos of contending nations. At length, Clovis, the grandson of Meroveus, completed the overthrow of the Roman power in Gaul, embraced Christianity, and established the Merovingian dynasty of the Franks in the region of the Rhine, the Scheldt, and the Seine, (A. D. 486.) Of this race, the early princes appear to have been worthy of their station ; but their successors, the *rois fainéans*, abandoned the cares of empire to the *maires du palais*, who, supreme alike at home and abroad, in war as in peace, were kings in all but name, and ere long added the dignity of royalty to the possession of its substance. Pepin d'Héristal, Charles Martel, and Pepin-le-Bref, having followed one after the other in hereditary succession as virtual rulers of the Franks, although by title only *maires du palais*, Pepin-le-Bref ventured finally to depose Hildéric, the last of the descendants of Clovis, and transmitted a legitimate crown to his son, the powerful and imperial Charlemagne, master of the mighty Western Empire, stretching from the Elbe to the Ebro, and embracing Germany, the Netherlands, France, and Italy, within its vast limits. (A. D. 768.)*

It is melancholy to reflect upon the condition of the people of Western Europe, and especially of the inhabitants of the Netherlands, during the five hundred years which intervened between the invasion of the Franks and the final consolidation of their power under Charlemagne. "Let us look back," says De Reiffenberg, "upon that disastrous period. A country covered with marshes or impenetrable forests, and which the ocean continually threatens to devour, like another Atlantis, is thinly inhabited by wretched beings painfully contending

* Sismondi, Histoire des Français.

with the elements for the earth they occupy. Romans and barbarians, pagans and Christians, Batavians, Gauls, Saxons, and Franks, mixed up in perpetual conflict, present a picture of moral and political confusion from which the mind turns with shrinking disgust. Nor is there any thing to relieve the horrors of the scene, except the noble ministration of so many self-devoted and fearless missionaries, who planted the seeds of religion and knowledge in the rough soil around them, and laid the foundation of modern civilization."

The Western Empire crumbled into fragments under the successors of Charlemagne. Louis le Débonnaire, his only surviving son, inherited the whole of his dominions; but a sanguinary contest for the possession of them arose among the sons of Louis, even in his lifetime; a contest which ended in the permanent subdivision of the empire. Lothaire, the eldest, with the title of emperor, obtained the territory which derived from him the name of Lotharingia or Lorraine, comprehending Burgundy and the chief part of the Netherlands; while France proper fell to Charles the Bald, and the Germanic provinces beyond the Rhine, to Louis. Taking advantage of the distraction and weakness of the empire, the Normans now began to make frequent descents upon the maritime regions of Western Europe, wasting every thing before them, and committing those horrible excesses which caused to be inserted in the litany a new prayer for "deliverance from the rage of the Normans." It was in these troubled times that the feudal system, in all its incidents of lord and vassal, acquired its full developement. Under Charlemagne all the great dignities of the empire were personal merely; but the civil wars among his descendants, and the depredations of the Normans, in diminishing the authority of the chief of the state, threw more of it into the hands of the temporary depositaries of power. In the reign of Charles the Bald, the counts assumed to themselves final jurisdiction in judicial affairs within their respective governments; and it was permitted to every man to choose, between the king and his great vassals, whomsoever he should think meet for his feudal lord, — obedience to such immediate superior becoming the paramount political duty of society. It needed only that the public dignities of the great vassals should be rendered hereditary instead of personal, in order to give complete organization to the feudal system; and this also the counts were able to accomplish. Meanwhile, it

became the custom of the times to found wealthy religious establishments, and to endow them with lands and vassals; and in several instances powerful principalities were erected in favor of particular prelates of the church, invested with all the qualities of temporal sovereignty, except that of hereditary succession. And thus a new complexion was given to the whole face of Europe. The people becoming the liegemen or subjects of the barons, counts, or dukes, bound to follow them in peace and war, but absolved from direct dependence upon the kings or emperors, all effective power was vested in the persons of the great vassals of the crown; who, by continual encroachment on the royal attributes, by successive usurpations, and by skilfully availing themselves of the force of circumstances, came to be each supreme within the limits of his feudal jurisdiction. Out of this condition of things arose the power of the Counts of Holland and Zeeland, the Bishops of Utrecht and Liege, the Marquess of Antwerp, the Dukes of Brabant, and all the host of petty princes, who appear on the stage at the beginning of the modern history of the Netherlands.*

ART. VIII. — *Society in America*, by HARRIET MARTINEAU, Author of "Illustrations of Political Economy." In 2 volumes. 12mo. New York. Saunders & Otley.

ON one point, unfortunately, Miss Martineau could have been at no loss, from the moment of deciding to write a book of Travels in this country. America her theme, satire was to "be her song;" the bookseller and his patrons are to be satisfied with no less than a pungent piquancy of remark, and this they stand ready to compensate with no stinted bounty. To an Englishman with the advantage of some notoriety at home to start with, and some shrewdness in the selection of materials which any journey in a foreign country will supply, a tour in America is a pretty fortune. Thus the nests of the respectable line of the Fearons, Fidlers, Halls, Hamiltons, and Trollopes, are understood to have been comfortably feath-

* Guisot, Civiliz. de France, tom. ii.

ered. When Mrs. Butler, in the exuberance of her wanton spirits, and the petulance of her unmanageable wit, had thrown off a mass of pleasantries about her future home, some of which her maturer judgment disapproved, it is notorious, that the substitution of those stars, which deform her page to the reader's eye, gave far more annoyance to the parties concerned in the money investment. No wonder. As often as those lines of stars stand in the place of some well-turned jeer, they probably represent a good golden guinea on the wrong side of the account of sales. The more praise is due to the honest and womanly feeling that made the sacrifice.

The point of view, from which Miss Martineau should look upon this country, was dictated to her in advance by her position in her own. A vine clasping the gnarled oak of the Westminster Review, — a Benthamite economist, — a radical of the radicals, — she was bound to commend, in general terms, the democratic spirit of our institutions, even if it should be found that, when she came to specifications, she was playing, with an English instinct, into aristocratic hands.

With these obvious considerations in view, we were able in part to escape a perplexity, which otherwise would have been not unnatural, in listening to the first comments on Miss Martineau's work. It so happened, that, appearing just after the completion of our last number, and other matters being then upon our hands, some weeks elapsed before we found a convenient time to satisfy such curiosity as we had respecting it. Meanwhile, we could not but observe the fact, that, while all readers found much in it to be vehemently condemned, most found something to be strongly praised. Everybody's prejudices, loves, hates, dreams, seemed to be "cottoned to" somewhere in these two compendious volumes; everybody's tastes and feelings to be outraged somewhere else. There could be no mistake about it; for the newspapers, of all inclinings, held the same ambiguous language as the drawing-rooms. We listened to all, with a very moderate degree of surprise. We said to ourselves, If a good-natured report were what was wanted, we can understand how a liberal should write upon our national character, at least upon our national institutions, in a consistently laudatory tone. Toryism, on the other hand, being the inspiring Muse, Church and King the key-note, we might safely enough guess, — but that some experience has spared us the need of guessing, — how bruised and black-balled we were to come out of a tourist's hands.

But the present case is neither the one nor the other. The position is peculiar. The wholesale democrat is to act the satyrist in a democratic country. Friends and foes across the water are both to have their portion in due season. The *rôle* is a difficult one to play. Rather, it would be so, to any one who should see its difficulties, and care for them. But the preliminary question disposed of, a single course remains. There must be a free giving and taking, from beginning to end of the book; and if any reader is at the trouble of observing that the parts do not hang well together, he can have the reconciling of them for his pains. Moreover, in the present instance, the traveller is a lady, received with a very cordial hospitality in most parts of the country. Hers have not been merely the opportunities for collecting facts and opinions, which the public house and public conveyance furnish. Except when in transit, she has hardly seen the interior of our hotels. With that friendly welcome which happily a respectable woman may here command, she has been admitted to the unsuspicious confidence of very many a fireside. If there prevails to any extent, a sentiment which she has not heard expressed; if there exists so much as a singularity, in any class of minds, which has escaped her knowledge; if there is any misapprehension or exaggeration even, that haunts the musing and the wayward, which has not been mourned over in her hearing; if there is any one of those morbid vagaries, into which weak heads are impelled by sour or restless tempers, that in some *tête-à-tête* has not been commended to her patronage, of course some unaccountable accident must have been the cause. If, among the unlucky oddities with which this part of the world, like every other, is rife, there are any which she has not marked, she is not the observing person we had been led to take her for. Undoubtedly, if she has been careful to pack as she went, she has put up another Pandora's box, full of discordant mischiefs, such as an inexperienced antiquity had not the art to feign. If she have been a mere credulous listener, careful only to reflect honestly from her own mind the various views which have been held up to it by different parties, and *cliques*, and confidants, no marvel that her readers, belonging severally to the same classes as her several informers, should each encounter now and then that which precisely suits, as well as often that which vexes them.

So much for our poor theory by way of accounting for a

rather peculiar fact. An examination of the book has only so far convicted us of error, as that we find the inconsistencies, which we had been led to look and account for in the discussion of matters of fact and circumstance, to be no less apparent in the treatment of questions of a more abstract and philosophical character. Here, of course, the fault is no longer in the author's "stars, but in herself." It is unpleasant saying it of one, whose mind has been exercised in such studies as those of Miss Martineau, but a sense of truth extorts from us the declaration, that only one thing has struck us more, in reading her volumes, than the extreme inexactness and confusion of ideas which pervades them. True it is, that philosophical tours are not to be satisfactorily written, like picturesque tours, by the road-side; and we are ready to believe that this work would have been reduced to more consistency, but for the haste in which it is understood to have been at last tossed to the press. As it is, it is out of the question for us to undertake either to controvert all of its doctrines which we account erroneous, or select what we find reason to approve. The latter undertaking would only be to cull our creed on a large variety of subjects, from a heap of tangled ravellings of thought; and we have no courage for a task so much like that of the fairy tale. Should we attempt the former, when we were flattering ourselves that we had made out our case in opposition to one part of the book, we should but make ourselves liable to be referred to some other page, and told that what we had been urging was precisely what was there illustrated. Jortin, we believe it was, who said of Ecclesiastical History, that it was a Briareus, with a hundred hands, each smiting against the rest. Miss Martineau is no Briareus, nor a giant of any kind; but assuredly, her fair palms do smite against each other, most spiritedly, from beginning to end of her book.

We have said, that there was one thing in Miss Martineau's work, which had struck us even more than its want of clearness and consistency of thought. It is a thing which we have observed with the more regret, because we are enforced by high authority to look on it as an alarming prognostic of permanent misuse of her decidedly uncommon powers. "Seest thou," said the Jewish sage, "a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool, than of him." Miss Martineau is no fool;—we have been looking over some of her earlier

writings to renew the satisfaction of our minds upon that head; —there would be more hope of her, if she were. She has talent enough to embolden her in her perversities; to make her imagine, that she sees the bearings of an argument, and the merits of a system, as clearly as she certainly does the features of a landscape, and the common springs of action in society; and to win commendations for her, which she too hastily interprets into a warrant for a very boisterous proclamation of very suddenly formed opinions. Lively talent there is no denying her, and skill in writing. Her "Traditions of Palestine," entitled, in the edition here, "Times of the Saviour," the work which introduced her to the American reading public, we have not seen since its first appearance; but we well remember to have read it then with uncommon pleasure. We have heard the "Five Years of Youth," called her best production, but we cannot profess to be ourselves of that opinion. An agreeable tone of gentle and just feeling pervades it, and the moral is of the first importance; but this, after being indicated somewhat too roundly, as it strikes us, at the beginning of the tale, is then made to wait too long for further inculcation. The story lags, and the lesson is scarcely helped along, till the reader has been conducted to the last scenes, when it is impressed, powerfully it is true, but by means of rather improbable incidents. Of the Prize Essays on Religious Subjects, we have seen but one; and that, we must own, appeared to us decidedly crude and heavy. In the two volumes of Miscellanies published in this country, composed of contributions to periodical works, we find several pieces which appear to us to be entitled to preservation in this form, though the work has failed to meet the taste of our American purchasers. Miss Martineau would, however, probably prefer to rest her reputation on her series of writings, ostensibly illustrative of the principles of Economics; the "Illustrations of Political Economy," "Poor Laws and Paupers Illustrated," and "Illustrations of Taxation." We have no doubt, that in this preference she is right, though our high estimation of the books in question would be founded on different merits, from what give them value in her eyes. Some of them are charming fictions, — disclosing a shrewd observation of life and character, and often no little dramatic power. As to the economical doctrines which they were intended to enforce, — true or false, — it was neither any novel nor any marvellously

striking character which they possessed, that gave the writings popularity. The present wonder about the doctrines, as far as there was any, was, that they had installed themselves in a young woman's brain. Like Pope's grubs in amber,

> "The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how * * * they got there."

We are not about to contest their truth. We have too much consideration for our twenty or thirty faithful South Carolina patrons, the whole number, that, from a very respectable roll, our former lucubrations on the subject have left us. We say no more than that the heartiest friend of a protecting system, and the related doctrines, may read those works without always having his pleasure in any degree alloyed by what he might account their heresies. We have just risen from the perusal of one. "Albeit unused to the melting mood," it made us weep, so pathetic and well-imagined was the story. But as to any theory therein exhibited, we declare ourselves to have been utterly innocent of so much as a suspicion of it, till we came to one of those "Summaries of Principles," so judiciously placed at the end, (like the prudent painter's subscription, "this is a house,") to illustrate to the reader, what it was that had been illustrated.

But whether these little books were somewhat better or somewhat less good, they by no means sufficed to justify the egregious self-complacency, in whose halo their writer was revealed to the "wondering upturned gaze of mortals," on this side of the water. "That degree of self-confidence," says Miss Martineau, since her return, (Travels, Vol. II. p. 164,) "which is commonly called conceit, grows in favor with me perpetually." We are incredulous. Till we have some more disinterested corroboration of the statement, we shall adhere to the opinion, that that sentiment had reached its height in this lady, long before her departure from the United States, and that it was scarcely capable of any accession of strength from the time when her first footstep was planted on our shores. We never knew sane man or woman, in whom it appeared to have reached such a morbid developement. Her coming was an Avatar. Her progress through the country was a Visitation and Inspection. Had any thing recalled her suddenly, she would doubtless have addressed a letter to the President, like the young Frenchman, Louis Buonaparte, to explain the ap-

parent disrespect of not repairing to Washington, to wait upon the head of the nation. Sooth to say, this delusion of fancied importance was a phenomenon. It was not laughable; like one of Matthews's best exhibitions, it was absolutely too ludicrous to laugh at. So perfect was it in its kind, as to reach the point of a sort of sublimity. *Miror magis.* We tell no tales, when we say this. We should have known it equally well, had we enjoyed no opportunity of personal observation. The book before us is only the last act of the play, in which the consistency of the character is well kept up; — more *prononcé*, as, in the catastrophe it should be, but still the same.

If the conceit had been all, the pleasure throughout might have been mutual. The one party might have been happy in the complacency which it diffused, the other in the amusement which it afforded. But as there is a good-natured, so there is a froward and contemptuous, and therefore offensive vanity. Miss Martineau has a word in very free use, when any thing is said or done, which does not meet her views. We do not mean "disgusting," though that also unduly abounds; but "insolent." To "thank her for teaching us that word," would be to be thankful for a small favor, and we will not do it. We cannot so much as make acknowledgments for any pleasure which her own liberal applications of it have afforded us. It is language commonly thought to indicate neither good sense, good temper, good manners, nor good taste; especially coming from an accomplished young lady, in whom one looks, if not absolutely for the maturity, at least for the meekness, of wisdom. But if it has been even oftener in our minds while we have read the book, than it has been before us on the page, the fault is none of ours. In short, Miss Martineau's rash and worthless judgments are too often expressed in terms, having an unpleasant character of rude assumption. Captain Hall was not bashful. Captain Hamilton played the "bold dragoon." Miss Kemble was a brilliant hoyden from the green-room. Mrs. Trollope, though, in some matters, not wanting in sagacity to see what she was about, was on the whole decidedly and confidently all-knowing and free-spoken. But, in this ungracious peculiarity, the last of the tourists must be owned to be "fairly worth the seven."

We do not care to make a separate point of our author's facility of belief. Credulity is the almost necessary foible of travellers. If they are to see and hear nothing abroad which

is novel and peculiar, they might as well not have left their home; and particularly if they intend to write a book, the more extraordinary the information which is given them, the better will it serve their turn. One is often, however, compelled to observe, that Miss Martineau's easiness of faith is great beyond the common measure. She visits, for instance, the prisoners in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, and pleasantly records, "sooner or later, all told me their stories in full." It would have been worth while to hear "those sweet confidings of the past"; only that most persons would have had their satisfaction qualified by the thought, that the inmates of state prisons are not exactly the sort of people, most given to reposing a perfectly ingenuous confidence.

Let us try some of the issues we have raised, and perhaps one or two others which may fall in our way, by a few extracts from the first Part, of the four into which the work is divided. It is entitled "Politics." Now Politics, in relation to America, where some new and curious experiments have been trying (or been *being* tried, as our author would phrase it,) make a high theme in the judgment of some discerning minds; a theme, which, it might be thought, would be approached with some diffidence, by a stranger of a moderate degree of modesty. The poet commemorates a description of persons, who, he says, "rush in, where angels fear to tread." We certainly do not class Mrs. Trollope with the angelic company, and we have already said, that we are equally far from assigning Miss Martineau to the other class indicated in this antithesis. Yet Mrs. Trollope, in her feminine timidity, was fain to say; "I am in no one way competent to judge of the political institutions of America; and if I should occasionally make an observation on their effects, as they meet my superficial glance, they will be made in the spirit and with the feeling of a woman, who is apt to tell what her first impressions may be, but unapt to reason back from effects to their causes. Such observations, if they be unworthy of much attention, are also obnoxious to little reproof;" and again; "Both as a woman and a stranger, it might be unseemly for me to say, that I do not like their government; and therefore I will not say so." Miss Martineau has no such misgivings. Hear how she despatches two such small matters as the upper house of the national legislature, and the independence of the national judiciary.

"The principle of the general government is, that it governs the entire people as one nation, and not as a league of States. There ought, in consistency with this, to be no state representation at all; and the Senate is an anomaly. An anomalous institution cannot be very long-lived. A second chamber, on a more consistent principle, will probably be established in its place, to fulfil its functions as a Court of Review, and as a check upon the precipitation of the other house, and, if need be, upon the encroachments of the executive. There is yet more of compromise involved in this institution of the Senate; as might be expected, since there is no end of compromise when principle is once departed from; yet there are statesmen who defend it on other grounds than that its establishment was necessary to the foundation of any federal government at all. One observed to me, 'Some things look well in theory, and fail in practice. This may not be justifiable in theory; but it works well.' If this last sentence be true, the well-working of the Senate is only a temporary affair; an accident. Its radical change becomes a question of time merely; and the recent agitation of the question of Instructions seems to indicate that the time is not very far distant.

"The appointment of the judges for life is another departure from the absolute republican principle. There is no actual control over them. Theirs is a virtually irresponsible office. Much can be and is said in defence of this arrangement; and whatever is said, is most powerfully enforced by the weight of character possessed by the judiciary, up to this day. But all this does not alter the fact, that irresponsible offices are an inconsistency in a republic. With regard to all this compromise, no plea of expediency can alter the fact that, while the House of Representatives is mainly republican, the Senate is only partially so, being anomalous in its character, and its members not being elected immediately by the people; and that the judiciary is not republican at all, since the judges are independent of the nation, from the time of their appointment."—Vol. i. pp. 41, 42.

Miss Martineau doubtless knows how these things are, having given the days and nights of so many years to the study of the masters of political wisdom, and having so signalized herself by the writing of some dozens of agreeable little books. It perplexes one, however, to remember, that there were three persons, not without knowledge and prudence, named Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, who were of a different way of thinking, and that the views set forth by them, on these heads, in a book which they put together, and which has ever

since been regarded by us as our manual of constitutional law, were approved with an extraordinary unanimity of assent by the sages of our Revolution, he whom we call the "Father of his country," being unsurpassed in the cordiality of his attachment to them. It was the fancy of such dreamers, that, — whereas it was an unquestionable inference from the history of representative governments, that the law-making power ought to be committed to two assemblies constituted upon different principles, — the natural and fit basis for this arrangement already existed among us, in the relation which the American citizen sustained on the one hand to the united nation, and on the other to some one of the several States, which hitherto had been to all intents independent communities, and still were to continue such for certain purposes ; and that again, the only security for the freeman's continued enjoyment of his freedom, — as against domestic usurpation, — was to be found under the Ægis of a judicial administration, the ministers of which should not be allowed to feel, that the swaying of justice to conciliate the tyrant few, or the tyrant many, was the condition of their places and their livelihood. Little as we think of Miss Martineau's capacity for perceiving the bearings of such a question, still the ignorant flippancy, with which she treats it, would have satisfied us that she had never seen "The Federalist," if she had not happened to make a long quotation from one of its numbers. She has seen it, however ; and the knowledge of that fact forbids us to take any pains towards her "enlightenment." If she has seen it without caring to read its expositions of what, in the muddy infatuation of her vanity, she undertakes so summarily to dispose of, she has little curiosity for information which would do her good. If she has read those expositions, and yet finds herself at liberty to use such prating, it is certain she would be proof against our feebler arguments. — As for the rest, it has not escaped the reader's observation, that she finds that official competency, moral and intellectual, which we take to be contemplated as the great end in the arrangement of official functions, to have been, in fact, secured by what she accounts the present faulty organization of the judiciary department. Nor is the actual result materially different, it seems, in respect to that crying theoretical evil, the constitution of the Federal Senate ; for, forgetting herself, perhaps, she says, a few pages further on ;

"The honor in which the Senate is held must depend on its preserving the character, which, on the whole, it has hitherto maintained. A nobler legislative body, for power and principle, has probably never been known. Considering the number of individuals of whom it is composed, its character has, perhaps, been as remarkable as that of the noble array of Presidents, of which the United States have to boast. If, amidst its indirect mode of election, and long term of office, it should prove equally stable in principle, and flexible in its methods of progress, it may yet enjoy a long term of existence." [Just now, it could not "be very long lived."] — Vol. i. p. 54.

As against the chief executive functionary, Miss Martineau assures us that we are safe enough;

"It does not appear as if the President could work any permanent effect upon the mind and destiny of the nation." "He can do little unless he acts, on the whole, in accordance with the mind of the people. If he has any power, it is because the people are with him; in which case he cannot be very destructive to their interests."—Vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

Amen. We too are hopeful patriots, and we hope and think that no President is likely to undo us. But we like to have better reasons for our thought than that to which Miss Martineau would help us; for we recollect to have read, "in our sad and philosophic youth," of one Julius Cæsar and one Cromwell, who had the people with them, but neither the people nor the people's liberties fared particularly well at their crimson hands.

There is a deal of detail and speculation in this part of the work, about the mixture and antagonism of aristocrats and democrats in this republican society of ours, the origin of the distinction, the causes, extent, and acrimony of the existing mutual repugnancy, and other kindred things. It all shows nothing else than that our author, bringing with her an English radical's notions of our American liberty, — notions having about the same clearness, except in the best informed, as an oyster's dreams of lark-catching, — had her ear abused by statements, some of which it is likely that her prejudices too eagerly welcomed, and others were apparently designed for experiments on that credulity of hers, to which we just now referred. One of these experiments, recorded in connexion with a historico-philosophical explanation of the degrees of republican tone in different States, strikes us as having been particularly bold.

"Within the memory of middle-aged men, the governor of New Hampshire used to travel in a coach and six, while the governor of the much more important Massachusetts went on a horse, with his wife on a pillion."—Vol. I. p. 33.

The connexion indicates, that the anecdote here vouched for Miss Martineau by some "middle-aged man," is to be understood of ante-revolutionary times; and she received and reports it, forgetting that New Hampshire and Massachusetts having passed into independent commonwealths sixty years ago, it is not in the course of nature for any middle-aged man to have seen the state, — grander or more sordid, — of their respective provincial governors. If she will take the other side of the dilemma, though we do not see how this can be, considering the place where the remark occurs, the case is made little better. That middle-aged man, — with sorrow we say it, — was no other than a smooth-faced wag, who whispered to Miss Martineau, that within his memory a republican governor of New Hampshire had made his circuit with a turn-out of six in hand, while the august representatives of the sovereignty of the old Bay State sat bolt upright before Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. Adams, and Mrs. Bowdoin, when they took the air upon a pillion.

The truth is, that peculiarities which we have mentioned exposed Miss Martineau to erroneous information. We know a young person, — it is little to his credit, — who exercised himself largely in this way. It was not the same, who told Captain Hall, that it was our habit to accommodate the companies of strolling players with the use of our churches; but it was one of a like wanton wit. The thing was altogether wrong; but the pertinacious confidence with which other things were repeated in his hearing, which he knew to be equally unfounded with what he was inventing, offered a temptation strong enough to overcome his usual good sense. Miss Martineau was too frequently a mark, we fear, for molestation of this sort. Of course it was without any perception of it on her part; that was prevented by the very foible which was practised on. Yet the *naïveté*, with which she sometimes becomes herself the narrator of such doings, cannot but strike one with surprise. Who, for instance, would have believed, on any third person's word, that, with her perspicacity, she could have failed to put the right construction on such an incident as this which follows? She relates it as an instance of "the solemn pedantry

of which the extremest examples are to be found" in the United States, and, with a perfect unconsciousness that her *collocutor*, more merry than well-mannered, was entertaining the by-standers with a caricature, — which was scarcely a caricature, — of her own too frequent style of remark. We ought to say that we know nothing of the circumstances, except from her own record, which stands in these circumstantial and graphic terms ;

"I was solemnly assured by a gentleman, that I was quite wrong on some point, because I differed from him. *Everybody laughed:* when he went on, with the utmost gravity, to inform us that there had been a time when he believed, like other people, that he might be mistaken; but that experience had convinced him that he never was; and he had in consequence cast behind him the fear of error. I told him I was afraid the place he lived in must be terribly dull, — having an oracle in it to settle every thing. He replied, that the worst of it was, other people were not so convinced of his being always in the right as he was himself. There was no joke here. He is a literal and serious-minded man." — Vol. II. p. 207.

But we have suffered ourselves to be lured from the scent. Let us go back to our Politics. And since here we must select, and wish to do it fairly, let us see with what degree of clearness and consistency Miss Martineau handles what we presume she would call the great principle of her book. "The majority are right," she says ; "the majority are in the right ; " and so on, with very frequent repetition ; only that when the majority, not doing as she would have them, do what she thinks is wrong, another doctrine of similar sound, but rather different sense, comes to her aid ; "the majority *will be* in the right."

Of the meaning of this principle, as a sound part of the republican theory, — shrilly clamorous as she is for it, — Miss Martineau seems to have no perception. We will try to help her, through the medium of her own more accustomed language. Her country is a monarchy ; that is, (for "monarchy" as well as "aristocracy" is Greek, and since she flings about the latter word, in respect to our American relations, in a way to show that she has no acquaintance with its sense, it is possible that she may guess as vaguely about the former,) the sovereign power is lodged in one person. Did she ever hear it said, in England, that "the king can do no

wrong"? Probably she has heard it said; for it is a principle of the English constitution. And what did she understand those words to mean? If she took them in their whole possible latitude of sense, — if she took them otherwise than as a fiction of theory, supplying however a rule for practical observance, — she had better go encamp under the wing of the Khan of Tartary, for his government has no principles, and therefore none so horribly absurd. We suppose, that she understood them to mean, that he can do no punishable wrong; and that whatever he shall do, in the exercise of his kingly function, and through the constitutional channel of action, will be right in the contemplation of the English law, in the discretion of the inferior English officer, and in the obligation of every Englishman. It will be the rule of the kingdom's and of the subject's action, which the subject kingdom and individual must not dispute. Such a rule will it be, until the king shall incline, or be persuaded, to a different course; and then that other course will be equally, that is positively and indisputably right, in the view of the law, though it should be diametrically opposite to what was right just now. So in pure republics. "The majority is right." "The majority can do no wrong." Its will, expressed through that constitutional mechanism which gives it the only voice the citizen can hear, is absolute law. It is, for the time being, indisputable right; nor even if they who have composed a majority should afterwards be outnumbered, may they be punished for what they did in the use of a majority's prerogative. They exercised a legitimate discretion, and a discretion which they had a right to make felt by others; and even though, in the view of higher intelligences, they should, at any time, have been sadly stupid or treacherous in its exercise, there is no earthly power to call them to account.

If this had been all which Miss Martineau meant to say, she would have been, so far, a very sound republican of the school of Washington and Hamilton, Madison and Jay. But had this been all which she meant, or fancied she meant, — for all this strain of thought is mutable and vapory as a cloud, — she would neither have proclaimed what is our alphabet of the political theory, with such noisy repetition, nor made applications of it to such numerous results of minor and questionable speculation. If we read her rightly, she is much of the time possessed with the idea, that the preference of the larger number in a community of persons determines

the fact of the abstract right; that is to say, if a million of men, less one, be divided into two parts, as nearly equal as possible, the larger of the two will infallibly select the more wise and righteous measure; the preponderating unit can never, by any possibility, be found in the wrong scale.

We believe, on the whole, that we will not try to argue that question, inasmuch as the logicians say, that to support an argument, there must be some common ground, and between a champion of this theory, and any one who should be scrupulous about a character for common sense, we do not at once perceive where the common ground is to be looked for. In this country, where people, when they announce their political maxims, are apt to consider what those maxims mean, we suppose it to be the prevailing opinion, and therefore (Miss Martineau being the judge) the right one, that no human administration can be depended on to do "always that which is right." Abraham thought, of old, that this moral infallibility was the distinguishing attribute of a higher government; and the same, as far as we are informed, is the general sense of the American people. They are of opinion, further, unless we err, that as often as a new truth comes to be perceived, so far from being simultaneously snatched at by just enough voters to give it at once practical efficacy, — ballot in hand, — it is, in the common course of things, first in the possession of one or a few, then of more, and by and by, through their exertions, of a sufficient number to invest it with legal authority; and that if circumstances cause it to be politically dealt with, before this last-named consummation arrives, the temporary decision will perforce be abstractly wrong. If meanwhile any principle could be adopted, by which the rightly-thinking minority could be recognised as such, and accordingly placed in power, the consequence would be the speedier adoption of the better view; and this is the attempt which all governments, except pure democracies, have perpetually made. We republicans think that they have always made it in vain; and that the experiment has been so long unsuccessfully tried, and at such cost, that now it ought to be abandoned. Recognizing the natural equality of men in the abstract right of having their judgments become operative, as in other rights, we cannot find, as others have thought they did, that political history furnishes any good reason for invading it. Actually, of two men, one will have more wisdom and rectitude than another,

and accordingly is a more trust-worthy depositary of power. Of ten men, the five wisest and best have not the same sense and honesty as the residue, but more ; that might seem a safe proposition. Of five men it may well be, that the two who differ from the others may think more correctly. Let them convince the others, then, if they can. But if they cannot, — if both parties insist that they are right, — what umpire is there to decide which is so ? There is none, we of this country think, who can be trusted to do it. One private man's judgment is as good, and must be esteemed so, for all practical purposes of government, as another private man's ; and, of course, by plain principles of figures, the judgment of the greater number must be regarded more than the judgment of the less.

We will not, however, do Miss Martineau's understanding the injustice of attributing to her the deliberate opinion, that on each and every occasion the greater number will do precisely what they ought, though she has repeatedly done herself the injustice to use the quoted words without limitation, and in connexions, where, if they mean any thing, it would seem that they can mean no less. In other parts of her work, she not only shrinks from the principle, as expressed in general terms, but either categorically, or by direct implication, goes to a length of contradiction, in respect to particular applications of it, which strikes us as decidedly harsh. We have this at one time in the form of a sort of counter-maxim.

"No student of the ways of Providence will * * * expect, that any arrangement of society can be made, by which the convictions and sympathies of the less gifted should be enabled suddenly to overtake those of the more gifted." — Vol. II. p. 151.

Again, it comes in the shape of a remark, which, occurring in a different connexion, and relating in form to a special case, does not appear to have occurred to our author's mind as virtually a strenuous denial of what she had been at such pains to impress. This majority, whose every action is pure, unquestionable right, strict, veritable conformity to the truth and equity of things, obtains and welcomes the information, upon which it so securely and happily proceeds, in the following manner and spirit.

"Of all newspaper presses, I never heard any one deny that the American is the worst. Of course this depravity being so general throughout the country, it must be occasioned by some overpowering force of circumstances."—Vol. I. p. 109.

"While the population is so scattered as it now is, throughout the greater part of the Union, nothing is easier than to make the people know only one side of a question; few things are easier than to keep from them altogether the knowledge of any particular affair; and, worse than all, on them may easily be practised the discovery that lies may work their intended effect, before the truth can overtake them.

"It is hard to tell which is worst; the wide diffusion of things that are not true, or the suppression of things that are true. It is no secret, that some able personage at Washington writes letters on the politics and politicians of the general government, and sends them to the remotest corners of the Union, to appear in their newspapers; after which, they are collected in the administration newspaper at Washington, as testimonies of public opinion in the respective districts where they appear. It is no secret, that the newspapers of the south keep out of their columns all information which might enlighten their readers, near and afar, as to the real state of society at home."

"It is no secret, that the systematic abuse with which the newspapers of one side assail every candidate coming forward on the other, is the cause of many honorable men, who have a regard to their reputation, being deterred from entering public life; and of the people being thus deprived of some better servants than any they have."

"The worst of it is, that the few exceptions to this depravity, — the few newspapers conducted by men of truth and superior intelligence, are not yet encouraged in proportion to their merits. It is easy to see how a youth, going into the wilds, to set up a newspaper for the neighbouring villages, should meet with support, however vicious or crude his production may be; but it is discouraging to perceive how little preference is given, in the Atlantic cities, to the best journals over the worst."—Vol. i. pp. 109, 110, 111.

Nor is there any hope for the newspapers in any supervision or example of the higher literature of the country, nor in a reforming public sentiment.

"There will be no great improvement in the literary character of the American newspapers till the literature of the country has improved. Their moral character depends upon the moral taste of the people. The demand lies with the many. Whenever the many demand truth and justice in their journals, and reject falsehood and calumny, they will be served according to their desire." — Vol. i. p. 111.

Of course, "the many" have not demanded "truth and justice" yet. So much for Miss Martineau's complimentary

estimation of them. But the unkindest cut of all is behind. Montesquieu, the subject of a royal government, thought that the judicious choice of rulers was a kind of public action in which republicans might be allowed to excel. He gave them little credit for capacity to decide upon measures, but held them to be altogether competent to the selection of men. * Miss Martineau thinks less well of us.

"The great theory presumes, that the majority not only will the best measures, but choose the best men. This is far from being true in practice. In no respect, perhaps, are the people more behind their theory than in this."

"It has become the established method of seeking office, not only to declare a coincidence of opinion with the supposed majority, on the great topics on which the candidate will have to speak and act while in office, but to deny, or conceal, or assert anything else which it is supposed will please the same majority. The consequence is, that the best men are not in office. The morally inferior who succeed, use their power for selfish purposes, to a sufficient extent to corrupt their constituents, in their turn. I scarcely knew, at first, how to understand the political conversations which I heard in travelling. If a citizen told another that A. had voted in a particular manner, the other invariably began to account for the vote. A. had voted thus to please B., because B.'s influence was wanted for the benefit of C., who had promised so and so to A.'s brother, or son, or nephew, or leading section of constituents. A reason for a vote, or other public proceeding, must always be found; and any reason seemed to be taken up rather than the obvious one, that a man votes according to the decision of his reason and conscience. I often mentioned this to men in office, or seeking to be so; and they received it with a smile or a laugh which wrung my heart. Of all heart-withering things, political skepticism in a republic is one of the most painful."

"The most learned men, generally speaking, devote themselves, in preference, to professions. The most conscientious men, generally speaking, shun the snares which fatally beset public life, at present, in the United States."

"There seems to be no expectation whatever that a candidate for the presidentship, or his partisans, should retain any simplicity of speech, or regard to equity, in the distribution of places and promises." — Vol. I. pp. 24, 25, 84 – 86.

Et tu, Brute!

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* "Spirit of Laws." Book 2, Chap. 2.

But again, "the majority *will be* in the right." That is the resource, in exigencies which the other form of the maxim does not so well suit. They "will be in the right"; — "man never is, but always to be blessed." To be sure they will; but when, and in what matters, and with what conditions? The sentiment, properly regarded, is a sound one. It is the same which is sometimes expressed in less sycophantic, or if Miss Martineau pleases, more aristocratic forms. Will she have it in Latin? Long ago it was said, and is now sometimes repeated; "Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat." Will she have it in English? Then it reads; "The truth is great and will prevail." Give time, and secure attention, and open a fair field, and the truth on any given point will make its way, till it converts the greater number. For the mind of man has an affinity with truth, which is always tending to bring them together; and providence has fastened the truth and its opposite to long and heavy trains of happy and disastrous consequences, by which their respective characters come at last to be known. There are, meanwhile, many things which ought to be settled rightly, but which the greater number of men, having affairs of their own to attend to, do not care about, and will not trouble themselves to obtain the information requisite for so deciding. Such are most private controversies; upon them the majority, if brought to act at all, would for the most part act too ignorantly to act with a sound discretion. There are other practical questions, in which it does take a strong interest, but which it is not therefore sure of settling in the right manner, inasmuch as, if it should proceed to act upon them, it might act under a present impulse of strong passion, preventing a discernment of what the right is, and even forbidding a solicitude to ascertain it. Then occurs that phasis of the majority's action which contemporaries sometimes call the majesty of the people, while the sterner voice of history entitles it the people's brutal madness. The French history about 1794 will furnish Miss Martineau with some incidents to explain what we mean; or we may refer her to a shocking occurrence, which she mentions, in the State of Missouri, in respect to which the ground of the majority's will being the highest law was actually taken by a magistrate, before whom the question came, in a breadth, and with a decision, which it would seem Miss Martineau ought to be greatly pleased with. "The majority will be in the right," doubtless, upon all such

things, but the better opinion appears to be, that it is not right when such things are done ; and, to prevent their being done, it has been thought best to institute courts of justice, to anticipate, for present action, that right sentence of the majority, which, for present purposes, it is not enough to be persuaded that some future time may bring.

Is it Miss Martineau's opinion that all such arrangements in society are merely so much useless trouble ? Does she think society should do nothing, when a question arises, but ring the bell and call the voters to town-meeting ? So it seems, if she thinks at all, when she writes, "The majority are right ; *any fears* of the majority are inconsistent with this maxim." This is her language. Yet we venture to doubt whether, if it were not for disloyalty to her principles, our author herself, rather than trust her cause to this arbitration, would not choose to carry it into a court of justice, where it might be passed upon by persons bound to attend to its merits, trained and habituated to such investigations, selected for their competency, and occupying a position to be secure against the influences of fear or favor. And though we have taken the simplest case, in order to expose the folly of the principle when viewed in the aspects in which it appears to have bewildered her mind, the same is true of all arrangements made by a society for the security and well-being of its citizens. Granted, that the majority of men will sometime or other arrive at the knowledge of whatever truth is within the reach of man ; they have not arrived at it yet, and till they have, it will not do to call them infallible. Granted, that howsoever intricate a question of law, whether relating to principle or administration, may be, the majority of a nation will settle it rightly, when they have had their attention turned to it, and have considered it long enough ; still the people of America remember, that the majority has a great deal to think of, and is not likely to trouble itself much about every individual's small affairs ; that many questions both of rule and of application, are of such a nature as to demand much previous inquiry in order to their right solution ; and many demand to be settled without delay for practical use, inasmuch as the days of the individual's years are only three score years and ten. Accordingly, they have thought it wise to commit such questions to the care of chosen men in legislative and judicial trusts, believing that the decisions of such men, pre-

sumed to be selected for their integrity and competency, will be the same decisions which the majority themselves would eventually arrive at, if they would give themselves to such investigations ; — that, in short, that judgment of the majority, which Miss Martineau says *will be* right, will be anticipated by the majority's representatives, and announced in time to be of use. And as even this is but an approximation, — though the best, in our American thought, which has been devised, — to a perfect administration of government and justice, we believe the American people are content to have any one think, that upon any given point, the majority are as yet in the wrong, though, sooner or later, in some age of the world's life, they will be in the right, upon any matter which remains upon their minds ; from which further it seems to follow, that even fear of the majority's action, in some given case, is not (as far as fear can be justified at all) so very unreasonable a feeling.

The confusion of our author's mind on this subject of the affinity between the majority's will and the right, is absolutely unfathomable. Her hobby limps round its mill till the whirl completely dizzies her. "Nothing," she says,

"Nothing can be more striking to a stranger than the experience gained, after some residence in the United States, of the ultimate ascendency of the will of the majority, — *i. e.* of the right, — in defiance of all appearances to the contrary." — Vol. I. p. 44.

How can this experience "of the ultimate ascendency of the will of the majority" be so very "striking" to a stranger, when he knows beforehand, if he knows any thing of the characteristic institutions of this country, that they provide for the will of the majority going into effect with small delay ? What "appearances to the contrary" of that result can there be ? "The right," if Miss Martineau chooses so far to contradict herself, may be, for the time being, maintained by a minority ; and as long as it is so, it would indeed be "striking" to see the right obtain ascendency, inasmuch as the thing is impossible. But as soon as it becomes that "will of the majority," with which she expressly identifies it, in the same sentence, the wonder would be that it should not obtain ascendency, inasmuch as it could not fail to do so.

Again ;

"There is a spreading dislike of Associations for moral, while there is a growing attachment to them for mechanical, objects.

The majority will show to those who may be living at the time what is the right." — Vol. II. p. 299.

"Those who may be living" at what time? There is a majority in respect to the question, favorable or unfavorable, now. There will be a majority, entertaining the same or a different view respecting it, ten years hence, fifty years, a hundred. What generation is it, "living at *the* time," to which the majority will show what is the right? — It is recorded of a barrister, that he opened his argument by begging the Judge to observe, that "if ever there was a case which beyond all other cases brought to view the principles to be applied in such a case, this case is that case." "Which case, brother A?" was all that his Lordship, in his helplessness, could reply.

And, worst of all, a view to "*the* time," may demand to be retrospective rather than prophetic; for

"Many excellent leaders of the democratic party think the people at large less fit to govern themselves wisely, than they were five-and-twenty years ago." — Vol. I. p. 319.

We have been as impatient as our readers can be to get out of this speculative slough. We would have trusted to Miss Martineau to contradict herself, — we could not trust the work to better hands, — were it not that the boldness of the one side of her theory is naturally more *salient* than the caution of the other. But we cannot pass on to the few words, which we have to say upon other matters, without a remark or two upon the freedom, with which, professing to be a friend to free institutions, she has held up the operation of them among us to the view of their enemies in her own country, and wherever her book may find readers. If the representations which she has ventured to make had come from some different quarters, we should have felt no surprise, whatever sorrow and indignation they might have excited. As things are, the best we have to hope is, that the incoherence between the theory with which she declares herself so possessed, and her statements respecting us of this nation, who have gone furthest in applying it to practice, will create a wholesome distrust on the part of her foreign readers respecting her capacity for making observations.

All institutions of civil government, being human, are subject to some dangers. We do not expect our republican institutions to be free from them. Of dangers affecting us, we suppose that all wise men see two to be chief; viz. the dan-

ger, that law, which embodies the deliberate popular will, will not, on all occasions, be strong enough to overawe or control sudden outbreaks of popular feeling, of a criminal and mischievous character ; and the danger that, where every man is every other's equal, and accordingly has something to hope and fear from the favor and displeasure of every other, there will be a universal mutual restraint on freedom of opinion, speech, and action, which will do more subtilly, but if not counteracted, may in some respects do more effectually, the enslaving work, which republicans are apt to charge upon apparently severer forms of government. Of course, this is the ground which skilful assailants of our institutions would choose to take. It is precisely the ground, which again and again they have taken. But no writer, that we know of, has gone any thing like the length of Miss Martineau, in declaring these tendencies to be actually manifested among us in destructive operation. They occupy the foreground of her picture.

The dangers are real. No patriotic American can shut his eyes against them. As to the latter, the extent to which the influence operates upon individual minds is an endlessly complicated question, which no one, — certainly no stranger, — is competent to solve ; and wholesale charges may be as foolish and false, as they are confident and violent. The protection to be looked for is in a clear sense of the danger, and, in great part, in other influences upon society and the citizen, which republican institutions are calculated to exert. The former danger, whenever it takes effect, speaks for itself for the present, and may well inspire the most painful apprehensions for the future. We have no words of qualified abhorrence, with which to speak of riots, — of illegal combinations of any kind, — whether more or less wickedness be perpetrated by them for the time being. We can only wonder at, and bewail the infatuation of such, as can countenance them on any occasion, for any pretence, to any end. Those of which this country has been the scene, are undoubtedly, by eminence, the portion of its history to call up distressing and humbling recollections. We mourn over them in the bitterness of our spirit. But we do not therefore despair of the republic. We know that, in the course of any people's history, times of strong excitement are likely to occur ; and when they do occur, we know of only two perfect securities against the vio-

lence of mobs. The one is, strong principle in the people; the other is, cold iron over them. The Emperor Nicholas has an effectual way of dealing with such movements; so effectual, that his subjects never put him to the trial. But though it has the advantage over ours in point of certain efficacy, we would rather trust to our own than take his, along with its disagreeable concomitants.

True it is, that ours has not always worked as well as could be wished. The more is the pity. We must try to make it work better for the future. We must make it work better, not so much for our credit's sake, as for the sake of our safety, of our continued being, as a free community. And we expect to do so. The existence, and the peace, and the fame of England have survived Lord George Gordon's mob; and we shall yet, if we be but staunch for the future, have a strong and an honored place upon the nations, for all that has come and gone. But the present wonder is, that a professed champion of free institutions should have dealt in such an off-hand and such a one-sided way with the topics we have named. She has not been insensible, indeed, of the awkwardness of her position, and meets the difficulty by pleading, in her section entitled "Allegiance to Law," that mobs in America are composed of "gentry," or "the aristocracy." But of course, this is only that figure of speech, which is sometimes called throwing dust in the eyes. She knows well enough, that to apply such expressions to any class of our citizens is merely to use a license of rhetoric; and that if she can make it out to the satisfaction of English readers, that law has no power here to restrain outrage, they will feel little curiosity to learn whether the generality of our rioters wear green baize roundabouts, or fasten their broadcloth with gilt buttons.

The majority is always right; but nevertheless, in republican America riot and outrage are the order of the day. Self-governed America is a fine free country, but it is a country where every man is the miserable slave of every other; where, "to think what you will, and speak what you think," is a misdemeanor on which the unmitigated weight of popular displeasure falls. So much for Miss Martineau's amiable zeal for our institutions. There is only one thing more, for which the friends of Church and King would care to thank her, and this they must wait for, till they get towards the close of her book; but the connexion of the subject is such, that we will rather

advert to it now. The advocates of the English ecclesiastical establishment urge no other argument with so much confidence in favor of the rich livings of a portion of the clergy, and the independence of all on popular election, as the necessity of their being in this situation in order to an honest discharge of their functions. The clergyman, say they, who depends upon the public favor, will be sure to lower his standard of doctrine and duty to meet the demands of the popular will. If he is to "rebuke with authority," he must rebuke from an independent position; and to this end, there must even be those of this body, who shall be on a level with the highest subject. To the friends of this theory, Miss Martineau's assurance, that "the American clergy are the most backward and timid class in the society in which they live, the least informed with true knowledge, the least efficient in virtuous action," cannot fail to afford the most lively pleasure.

It is not worth while for us to stop, to appeal to any who are competent to form a judgment, whether it can be reasonably pretended that ever, since Christianity came forth from the primitive purity of her persecuted days, she has commanded the services of a more self-denying, indefatigable, and faithful body of clergy, than the existing clergy of all denominations in America. It would be a presuming folly in us, to affect to be their champions against such a charge from such a source. But what, in the name of all that is credible, does their deluded traducer mean, we do not say by such sorry extravagances, but by extravagances of fact, so at war with her own extravagances of theory, as here, and elsewhere that we have pointed out, she is thrusting on the credulity of her readers at home, as if in vengeance for the hardships which her own credulity suffered while abroad? Has she no aim? How could she undertake to write; and then, too, how can such representations be accounted for? Has she an aim? What is it? Is she, in American phrase, on the fence? Is she coquetting between Orangeism and Reform? Has she that conceit of her powers, that she means to try her hand at mystifying ministers, those who are, and those who may be? She was used to call the fair Majesty of England her "pupil," on the ground, we believe, of some of her little books being supposed to have been put into the princess's hands. Has she conceived the lofty hope of standing in some nearer relation to that illustrious personage? Has she lifted her aspiring eye to one of the places

now held by the "gorgeous dames" of the houses of Petty and Leveson-Gower; and would she plant on our remote soil, the foot of her "young ambition's ladder?" Should the prospects of my Lord Durham continue to brighten, does she mean to have her strong-hold in the common places of radicalism, which she has scattered broad-cast over her pages? Should his grace of Wellington see better days, is she intending to call his attention to what she has so vigorously written of the predominance of mob law, and the universal slavery of the mind, in republican America? When she thinks of the fair prospects of the Agitator, does she propose to hang on his skirts by force of her remarks on "the danger of a careless, ambitious, worldly clergy, in the richer priests of the church" of England? If the star of Derby should come into the ascendent, is what she has said of the depravity of the American clergy, under the Voluntary Principle, the tide which is to "lead on to fortune"? Let who can propound. We assume not to interpret the ambiguous words which she has dispensed with such large alternate liberality.

We must pass lightly over other discussions of Miss Martineau, touching our politics, which cannot fail to be well received in the quarters which in theory she does not propose to serve. Our "apathy in citizenship," particularly as exhibited in being "afraid to vote," she represents as extreme. Our sectional prejudices she understands to be of the most malignantly aggravated character, such as she rightly, though somewhat daintily, declares, "cannot coexist with a generous patriotism." We have had opportunity to make some observations on most of the six-and-twenty states, and in no one of them (though we have certainly listened to ill-natured remarks) did we ever happen to hear language of exactly the strength, which it seems was addressed to her. We but set down her representation for what it may be worth, having expressly declined the office of contradicting any of those views of hers, in this connexion, which she has happened to leave uncontradicted under her own hand.

"'Hatred' is not too strong a term for this sectional prejudice. Many a time in America have I been conscious of that pang and shudder which are felt only in the presence of hatred. I question whether the enmity between the British and the Americans, at the most exasperating crisis of the war, could ever have been more intense than some that I have seen flashing in the eyes,

and heard from the lips, of Americans against fellow-citizens in distant sections of their country. I have scarcely known whether to laugh or to mourn when I have been told, that the New England people are all pedlers or canting priests; that the people of the south are all heathens; and those of the west all barbarians. Nay, I was even told in New York, that the Rhode Island people were all heathens, and the New Jersey folks were no better."—Vol. I. pp. 137, 138.

On the other hand, our institutions are in fault, because of what she entitles, the "political non-existence of women," and because (except in Rapp's settlement, and those of the Shakers, neither of which, however, for other reasons, meets her idea of a perfect commonwealth,) property is here held in severalty. On the former point she is very strenuous, devoting a stirringly polemic chapter to the defence of what she entitles "the principle of the equal right of both halves of the human race," as "the true democratic principle which can never be seriously controverted, and only for a short time evaded."* Upon the fallacy of a supposed acquiescence of the sex in existing political arrangements she is particularly explicit.

"This acquiescence is only partial; and, to give any semblance of strength to the plea, the acquiescence must be complete. *I, for one, do not acquiesce.* I declare that whatever obedience I yield to the laws of the society in which I live is a matter between, not the community and myself, but my judgment and my will. Any punishment inflicted on me for the breach of the laws, I should regard as so much gratuitous injury; for to those laws I have never, actually or virtually, assented. I know that there are women in England who agree with me in this. I know that there are women in America who agree with me in this. The plea of acquiescence is invalidated by us." — Vol. II. p. 152.

What her views are about community, or, as we presume it should rather be called, abolition, of property, is not made altogether clear. "There is," however, "no way of securing perfect social liberty on democratic principles, but by community of property;" and the Shakers are, in this matter, to be regarded as the pioneers of society.

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* In connexion with this subject, Miss Martineau (Vol. II. p. 229) warmly resents a supposed want of respect on our part, on a former occasion, when nothing was further from our minds. We really supposed ourselves to be using the most harmless and civil pleasantry in the world.

"If there had been no celibacy among them, they would probably have been far more wealthy than they are; the expenses of living in community being so much less, and the produce of cooperative labor being so much greater than in a state of division into families. The truth of these last positions can be denied by none who have witnessed the working of a coöperative system. The problem is to find the principle by which all shall be induced to labor their share. Any such principle being found, the wealth of the community follows of course.

"Whether any principle to this effect can be brought to bear upon any large class of society in the old world, is at present the most important dispute, perhaps, that is agitating society. It will never now rest till it has been made matter of experiment." — Vol. i. p. 312.

We congratulate ourselves, at least, that the experiment is to be tried in the "old world," instead of this. We are content here, for the most part, with living in the good old Christian way of "a state of division into families," with our own wives, children, and household stuff. The economist who should have not only asserted, but proved, that "the expenses of living in community" are "much less, and the produce of coöperative labor much greater," would hardly have satisfied us that it was best to give up the advantages of domestic association, and be turned into one great work-house. We should be pained to hear that Miss Martineau's recommendation had even prevailed to a trial of the experiment in the other continent.

It would be unreasonable to expect that Miss Martineau's gifts at theorizing, as exhibited in the production of such fruits as these, will secure the confidence of intelligent minds to her partial recommendation of some of our institutions, as agreeing with her notions of what a frame of society ought to be. And should they turn, unwarned, from these to her statement of facts, a precious chance for continuing united or free, will they find reason to conclude that we of this nation have. With a country composed of sections inveterately hostile to one another, — mobs habitually overbearing law, — newspapers and political aspirants universally corrupting opinion among a people eager to be corrupted, (for, — a point to which we did not advert in its place, — the people may have "honest orators" as well as newspapers, "*if they choose* to demand to hear the truth,") — a clergy poisoning by their easy doctrine, and their sycophantic example, the sources of all sound principle, — every citizen standing in fear of every other, and especially

the better apprehensive of the worse, — it will be pretty safe to say, that our days are not only numbered, but that it will cost small waste of figures to count them. Our comfort is in the hope, that such persons will consider a little the evidence which they have already had of a mind incapable of making satisfactory observations of any kind; and if they will be patient, we will give them a little more. We will take a few instances from the last part of the book, where it seems to us, that, perhaps through the haste of coming to the conclusion, there is rather greater carelessness than elsewhere.

Religion, according to Miss Martineau, is in a low condition in America, consisting mainly in hatred to Catholics, to Infidels, and to Christians professing some different belief from the hater. But what was she looking for, which not being able to find in proper measure, she laments the absence of religion? Her standard of judgment being the wise one which follows, one perceives what degree of reliance is to be placed on the skill of her inquiry, and the justness of her conclusion.

"Religion is, in its widest sense, the tendency of human nature to the infinite; and its principle is manifested in the pursuit of perfection in any direction whatever. It is in this widest sense that some speculative atheists have been religious men." — Vol. II. p. 314.

"Perfection in any direction whatever." What! in shipbuilding, tobacco-planting, kite-flying? "Atheists have been religious men." Let our author be again advised to look to her Greek. Atheism signifies the being *without a God.* But the object of religion is a God or gods. A person denying a God may be a just man, if you will; a temperate, a generous, an humble man; but we diffidently submit that he would make an odd sort of religionist. Such uses of language are merely a subject for Sir Hugh Evans' reproof, as applied in that same scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," from which Miss Martineau gives a quotation in her Appendix. She will find it couched in the following concise and unequivocal terms; "Leave your prabbles, 'oman."

What is written above, it seems we are to take for an account of the principle of religion. For its practice the following is the recipe;

"The morality and religion of the people of the United States have suffered much by their being, especially in New England, an ostensibly religious community. * * * *All they have to*

do is, to assert their birth-right of liberty ; to be free and natural. They need have no fear of license and irreligion." — Vol. II. p. 347.

And this substantially, we are told, and more like it, she got some one else to agree to. In a conversation with "a most liberal-minded clergyman, a man as democratic in his religion, and as genial in his charity, as any layman in the land," he spoke of the existence of "strong religious sensibility in the children of the Pilgrims," and asked Miss Martineau what she "thought should be done to cherish and enlarge it." Among other measures to this end, respecting which they found themselves *d'accord*, were the following ;

"We proposed, that new temptations to walking, driving, boating, &c. should be prepared, and the delights of natural scenery laid open much more freely than they are : that social amusements of every kind should be encouraged, and all religious restraints upon speech and action removed : in short, that spontaneousness should be reverenced and approved above all things, whatever form it may take." — Vol. II. p. 345.

We have not the remotest suspicion whom Miss Martineau means by this clerical Solomon. We ourselves never happened to fall into company, where the removal of "all religious restraints upon speech and action," and the approval above all things of what Miss Martineau pleasantly calls "spontaneousness," "whatever form it may take," was recommended as a specific for the culture of the religious character. — Shall we tell our poor thought upon this matter ? It serves us on other occasions, which occur in these volumes. It is, that this liberal-minded clergyman was less of a Solomon than a Job. Does Miss Martineau remember a spirited design of Westall, prefixed to the poem entitled "Conversation," in Sharpe's edition of Cowper ? Nobody can better vouch than herself for the truth of the attitude, in which the poet sits in that print, so frequently must it have been exhibited to her during her visit to this country. It illustrates the following lines ;

> "I twirl my thumbs ; fall back into my chair ;
> Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare ;
> And when I hope his blunders are all out,
> Reply discreetly, 'to be sure,' — 'no doubt.'"

The second Part of Miss Martineau's work, entitled "Econ-

omy," is prefaced by a series of sketches of scenery and life in different parts of the country, which make decidedly the most agreeable portion of her book. They are indeed written with great spirit and liveliness, showing very favorably what she can do, when she is content to let alone the philosopher and statesman, (or stateswoman, if she will have us learn to say so,) and be her graceful and quick-witted self. Other sketches, of the same nature with those which are here brought together, occur in different parts of the work. They look like leaves of a journal kept at the time; and though sometimes introduced a little *apropos des bottes*, never fail to be welcome, as well for their own beauty, as for the inferior attractiveness of the different sort of matter which they displace or relieve.

In the third Part, entitled "Civilization," one naturally expects to find the strength of the book. Here is a theme, on which it is reasonable to promise one's self that a cultivated woman will be entertaining and instructive. There is on the whole, a smooth surface, skin-deep, over this portion of the work, but altogether too free a circulation of discoloring bile beneath it. The topics here separately treated are, the "Idea of Honor," under which are arranged "Caste," "Property," and "Intercourse"; "Woman," to which division belong "Marriage," "Occupation," and "Health"; "Children"; "Sufferers"; and "Utterance."

Since "the degree of civilization of any people corresponds with the exaltation of the idea which is most prevalent among that people," and since "the worship of opinion is, at this day, the established religion of the United States," and "certainly takes precedence of that of wealth," Miss Martineau inclines to prefer the civilization of the new world to that of the old. Bad enough, however, it must be owned, is then the best; and a page or two further on, as usual, she takes occasion to gratify gainsayers of this view with its opposite, allowing that "where the honor is to be derived from present human opinion," — which was the very case in hand, — "there must be fear, ever present, and perpetually exciting to, or withholding from, action; in such a case, as painful a bondage is incurred as in the pursuit of wealth." — Under the head of "Caste," she is particularly severe upon the metropolis of New England, and especially upon its "aristocracy"; an ungentle expression, which in this connexion commonly

denotes those, who have not treated one with sufficient attention, and whom, therefore, one is desirous to affront. Wishing her as well as we do, we regret that she should ever have been afflicted by feelings of the painful nature which dictated the remarks in question. Such remarks are always better let alone, particularly when so many will be likely to think that they are in possession of a commentary on the tone that has been taken. If, while, in single cases, our author received, in that city, attentions by which any traveller might feel gratified and honored, her acquaintance was not as extensively sought as she may have allowed herself to expect; if there were those, who, having figured her to themselves as an *esprit fort*, to say the least, or thinking they had had enough already of English jobbers in the book-wright line, did not care to go out of their way to seek her; if there were any who, rightly or wrongly, were displeased at what they thought the bad taste of a stranger's public interference in matters of delicate and agitating controversy; if there were any, who chose, even under embarrassing circumstances, to exercise that freedom of judgment in which, it seems, Americans are so deficient, and decide for themselves on questions belonging to the obligations of hospitality, this should not have been the opening of a score to be settled by hard words; though doubtless the rebukes, now that they are uttered, have inflicted a grievous wound, as did of old those objurgations of our fair fellow-citizen, whom the French ambassador assured, that it would occasion the Emperor, his master, infinite distress to learn what a poor opinion she entertained of him. — "Property" is a nuisance, which Miss Martineau hopes bids fair to be ultimately abated in this country. In England, it is following the same course "as monarchy, which was once necessary, and is now useless, if not pernicious." "In America the process will be more rapid." We are getting "ready for the inquiry whether this tremendous incubus be indeed irremovable." — As to "Intercourse," "the manners of the Americans (in America) are the best" she "ever saw"; which is not improbable, though there are also good manners to be seen elsewhere, if one looks in the right places. We are further "the most good-tempered people in the world," which, all things considered, is no more than we need to be. What she found chiefly to object to, was the flattery which everywhere pursued and distressed her, and against which, now that she is

out of hearing of it, she remonstrates with the strongest aversion. "The most common mode of conversation in America" exhibits a combination, which we should have guessed beforehand was rare in any place; it is "prosy, but withal rich and droll." "In the capitals of States, men rank according to their professed intellect;" "it is refreshing in the cities to see how the veriest fops and the most solid capitalists readily succumb before men and women who are distinguished for nothing but their minds";—a state of things which, on the one hand, is not so very bad, and on the other, not so very easy to reconcile with the facts, that "it is in the commercial cities that the aristocracy form and collect"; that "wherever the appearance of a conventional aristocracy exists in America, it must arise from wealth"; and that "an aristocracy of mere wealth is vulgar everywhere."

As to "Women" in America, "their beauty is very remarkable, and their wit, no less." "They have, within the range of their activity, good sense, good temper, and good manners." "Their charity is overflowing, if it were but more enlightened." They are selfish, timid, and rude, when travelling, and at public places (the New England women least so); too often intemperate; stately, when waiting upon guests at inns; not to be trusted to live in boarding-houses; interested in religion to the prejudice of their attention to "morals, politics, and philosophy"; and visited for "lapses" with disgrace, "temporary and superficial," when compared with English retribution. Their enunciation alternates "between a whine and a twang." "The most numerous and the worst pedants are middle-aged ladies." "While woman's intellect is confined, her morals crushed, her health ruined, her weaknesses encouraged, and her strength punished, she is told that her lot is cast in the paradise of woman." Her "business" (horrible to tell!) is "wifely and motherly occupation." She marries at her own pleasure, but too early, and too often with mercenary views; and "any one must see, at a glance, that, if men and women marry those whom they do not love, they must love those whom they do not marry." On the other hand, she is not easily enough divorced, the *beau idéal* of "marriage arrangements" being found in the canton of Zurich, where "the parties are married by a form, and have liberty to divorce themselves, without any appeal to law, on showing that they have legally provided for the children of the marriage."

Beautiful facility, and especially favorable to the rights of women! Hardly would the plan be more admirable, if there were no marrying at all. — "Health" waits to be a debtor to exercise and cleanliness. But here there is hope. "Dr. Combe's 'Principles of Physiology' has gone through several editions, and the demand of society for fresh air, and soap and water, has considerably increased in consequence."

"Children" in America are forward; but "till the United States cease to be republican, and their vast area is fully peopled, the children will continue as free and easy, and as important as they are." Withal, they are the subjects of a lenient discipline, and are remarkable for "dexterity, fearlessness, and presence of mind." In respect to children, as to other things, "the good people of Boston," are in several particulars especially at fault, being "more fond of excitement than of consistency." All children in the country, "whatever may be their views in life, are educated nearly alike up to nineteen. This is an absurdity copied from the old world, but unworthy of the good sense of the new;" a point upon which Miss Martineau had better break a lance with M. Lamartine (if she does not disdain such an antagonist), who has just been instructing the French Chamber of Deputies, to the effect, that the foundations of knowledge ought to be laid, and an elementary intellectual discipline prosecuted, substantially alike for all. "There is not even any systematic instruction given," — it is the Northern States particularly that are spoken of, — "on political morals." Is there not? We wonder what caused, for instance, such a multiplication of copies of that excellent work, the "Political Class Book."

"Some persons plead, that there is less occasion for school instruction in the principles of politics, than for an improved teaching of some other things; because children are instructed in politics every day of their lives by what they hear at home, and wherever they go. But they hear all too little of principles. What they hear is argumentation about particular men and immediate measures. The more sure they are of learning details elsewhere, the more necessary it is that they should here be exercised in those principles by which the details are to be judged and made available as knowledge. They come to school with their heads crammed with prejudices, and their memories with words, which it should be part of the work of school to reduce to truth and clearness, by substituting principles for the one, and annexing ideas to the other.

"A Sunday-school teacher asked a child, 'Who killed Abel?' 'General Jackson.'" — Vol. II. pp. 270, 271.

We should have taken for granted the authenticity of this anecdote, as well as been struck with its aptness to illustrate the point in hand, if we had not been accustomed from our youth to hear a different version of it, to the effect that a scion from a noble stock, who had presented himself for holy orders, was addressed by the examining clergyman, who wished to be indulgent in his scrutiny, with the question, "Who was the Mediator between God and man?" to which he replied, "The Archbishop of Canterbury."

Under the head of "Sufferers," Miss Martineau specifies criminals, paupers, lunatics, the blind, and the intemperate; and, like other intelligent travellers, speaks in a strain of general commendation of methods of reformation and relief, originated in this country. By "Utterance," — who would have thought it? — the Bentham word-mint must be working still, — she means neither more nor less than Literature, in which she gives good and sufficient reasons, why the Americans should as yet be only beginning to begin. Particularly, she takes care to mention, that "there is no contribution yet to the Philosophy of Mind from America," Jonathan Edwards of course never having handled a pen; "no light has been given to society from the American press on the principles of politics," the Declaration of Independence, "The Federalist," and the "Defence of the American Constitutions," being so much wasted paper; and "America has yet witnessed no creation in the arts," Washington Alston's pictures, for example, being all among things still future. As to our reading,

"Some idea of the literary taste of the country may be arrived at through a mention of what appeared to me to be the comparative popularity of living or recent British authors.

"I heard no name so often as Mrs. Hannah More's. She is much better known in the country than Shakspeare. This is, of course, an indication of the religious taste of the people; and the fact bears only a remote relation to literature. Scott is idolized; and so is Miss Edgeworth; but I think no one is so much read as Mr. Bulwer. * * * The next name is, decidedly, Mrs. Jameson's. She is altogether a favorite; and her "Characteristics of Women" is the book which has made her so. At a considerable distance follows Mrs. Hemans. Byron is scarcely heard of." — Vol. II. pp. 310, 311.

Here is a literary traveller, acquainted with literary men in America. "Mrs. Hannah More is much better known in the country than Shakspeare." So is Abulfeda better known in England than the Times newspaper. Mrs. More's "Practical Piety" has had a large circulation; but the idea of comparing the familiarity of our countrymen with her works to their acquaintance with Shakspeare, is of the most preposterous kind; and if our use of the religious writings of England, on the one hand, and of its older literature, on the other, was to be brought into question, Miss Martineau, had she taken care to inform herself at all upon the subject, could hardly have failed to mention a book in many more American hands, than either Mrs. More or Shakspeare. We speak of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," of which more than five hundred thousand copies have issued from the American press. "Scott is idolized; and so is Miss Edgeworth; but I think no one is so much read as Mr. Bulwer." Scott and Miss Edgeworth, — in different degrees, of course, — are throughout these States the mind's food and joy of childhood, and manhood, and age; by the side of theirs Mr. Bulwer's is but an inconsiderable, inefficient, circulating-library popularity. "The next name is decidedly Mrs. Jameson's." "At a considerable distance follows Mrs. Hemans. Byron is scarcely heard of." Had the study been to make this climax face precisely in the wrong direction, it could not have been more skilfully disposed. Byron scarcely heard of! Tell it not at the Trade Sale. Publish it not by the side of the advertisements. We wonder what the three sets of stereotype plates of his works, in large octavo, which we know to have been cast in this country, were made for; to say nothing of the multitudinous editions, of which one everywhere sees specimens, on almost all shades of paper, and suited to the capacities of all shelves and all purses. If there be one writer, more than all others, responsible for the freaks and follies and sins of our young people for the last twenty years, it is that same unheard of George Gordon, Lord Byron. From whom else were learned that skepticism unable to render a reason, that scowling gloom perpetually and sorely tasked to keep up its character, that admiration for persons sustaining to society the reputable relations of the bandit, and the bandit's unwedded love, which a few years ago, — for we grant that the fashion is rather pass-

ing by, — were professed by so many youth, brought up by sober parents, in an honest way, and having not an enemy nor a trouble in the world, to make a reasonable subject for their lugubrious looks and verses? We happen to know, that one publisher alone has issued between thirteen and fourteen thousand copies of Lord Byron's works. Of Mrs. Hemans's poems, there are also two or three sets of stereotype plates, and more than thirty thousand copies have been printed; while the circulation of Mrs. Jameson's writings, in whole or in part, according to the best information we can obtain, has amounted to about five thousand copies. "No living writer, however," continues Miss Martineau, "exercises so enviable a sway, as far as it goes, as Mr. Carlyle." There is much virtue in that clause, *as far as it goes*, inasmuch as, to supply this nation of fifteen millions, over which the author of the "Sartor Resartus" "exercises so enviable a sway," that work, — a work, too, which they have "taken to their hearts," and which "is acting upon them with wonderful force," — has, according to information on which we have the best reason to rely, been printed in but two editions, the first consisting of five hundred copies, and the second, after an interval of more than a year, being only twice as large.

Indeed, a writer, who meant to make facts the foundation of general strictures, was bound to use much more care in collecting them, than Miss Martineau has commonly exhibited. Sometimes the inaccuracy appears in such a way, as ludicrously to expose the folly of her pretensions to any acquaintance with the general subject under discussion; as where, in a chapter entitled the "Apparatus of Government," she represents Mr. Kendall, while "a member of the cabinet" as "giving sanction to an audacious stoppage of the post-office function," in order to get himself advanced to the office of Postmaster-General. One so wise respecting the theory of our institutions, might have been supposed to know who were the President's advisers. Any clerk, in or out of Washington, could have told her, that, except by a departure from the usage of the government, Mr. Kendall could not have been in the Cabinet before he was at the head of the Post-office, unless he had been Attorney-General, or one of the four Secretaries of State, War, the Navy, and the Treasury; neither of which offices Mr. Kendall has ever filled. — At other times, the erroneous statement has no such connexions, merely bringing out

a single fact with prominence for rhetorical effect. Still, if the fact was worth putting to that use, it was worth ascertaining first. Miss Martineau writes like a guide-book about the antiquities of Plymouth.

"We mounted Burial Hill; and when I trod the turf, after some weeks' walking over crisp snow, I began to feel that I might grow superstitious too, if I lived at Plymouth. Upwards of half the pilgrim company died the first winter. Fifty-one dropped in succession; and the graves of most of them are on this hill. Burial Hill was probably chosen to be a *memento mori* to the pious pilgrims; its elevation, bristling with grave-stones, being conspicuous from every part of the town. But, lest it should exhibit their tale of disaster to their foes, the Indians, the colonists sowed the place of their dead with corn; making it, for honest purposes, a whited sepulchre." — Vol. i. pp. 101, 102.

Such things are not to be found out by guess, and nobody at Plymouth could have told our author what she here records. There is but one tradition, on the spot; and that is, that the sufferers of the first winter were buried in a quite different place from Burial Hill, viz. in a bluff by the water's edge. — The misrepresentation is made particularly offensive, when it subjects exalted private character to unmerited reproach, as in the coarse charge against the author of "Home," of what is qualified as "a surrender not only of the author's noblest prerogative, but of his highest duty;" an accusation, on which, for obvious reasons, we do not dwell, and which has already been exposed in the public prints, with a particular statement of the circumstances. But what are we to expect from the memory of a writer, who, while she studies that pointed expression, which is apt to fix a thought, — be it good or bad, — in the mind, does not remember it well enough to refrain from an equally emphatic denial and condemnation of it a few pages or a few lines further on, as the case may happen to be? At the beginning of her book, Miss Martineau is on stilts high enough, one might imagine, to give her some advantage for seeing what course she was about to travel. She there lays it down very solemnly that, at the early period of independence,

"Republicanism, like that which now exists in America, was a thing unheard of, — an idea only half-developed in the minds of those who were to live under it. Wisdom may spring, full-formed and accomplished, from the head of a god, but not from the brains of men. The Americans of the Revolution looked round

upon the republics of the world, tested them by the principles of human nature, found them republican in nothing but the name, and produced something more democratic than any of them; but not democratic enough for the circumstances which were in the course of arising. * * * They planned something far transcending in democracy any republic yet heard of; and they are not to be wondered at, or blamed, if, when their work was done, they feared they had gone too far. They had done much in preparing the way for the second birth of their republic in 1789, and for a third in 1801, when the republicans came into power; and from which date, free government in the United States may be said to have started on its course." — Vol. i. pp. 17, 18.

"Washington was absolutely republican in his principles, but did not enjoy the strong faith, the entire trust in the people, which is the attendant privilege of those principles." — Vol. i. p. 19.

There is a page or two more of this sorry trash, (in which, by the by, our quiet, exemplary little neighbour State of Rhode Island must be amazed to find itself adduced as an illustration of "the fickleness and turbulence of very small republics";) but all is lost sight of before the chapter is finished, and on the last two pages, we learn that the danger of the Americans is, that they will not keep close enough to their first imaginations. "Their first idea was loftier than some which have succeeded;" and "the older they grow, the more must they reverence the dreams of their youth."— The later President Adams's "lot" is described as having been "that of all good Presidents in the quiet days of the republic"; and yet, — quiet as they were, to the degree of affording a solution of a President's lot, — we learn, after two more lines, that General Jackson, elected, of course, towards the close of his predecessor's administration, was "brought into office by an overpowering majority, and after a series of strong party excitements." — Nor are the principles of judgment with this lady, — unconsciously to herself, of course, — less mutable than its results. Thus she was indignant at a hostess of hers, who spoke of respecting a favorite negro "almost as much as if he had been a white"; and at New Orleans, she scarcely "refrained from walking out of the church," because the preacher instituted a similar assuming comparison; but she finds no difficulty in complimenting some of her friends, by declaring, "in several abodes in which I resided, for a longer or a shorter time, the routine of the house was as easy and agree-

able as any Englishman's." — So she is infinitely merry, in one place, at an admonition given to a friend of hers, to "think of the example," and at the notion itself of "the effect of actions upon people's minds"; yet none the less, when she comes to treat of the American clergyman, does she urge his obligation to "discharge the duties of a citizen all the more faithfully, for the need which the public show themselves to be in of his example." — "Nothing, in American civilization," she declares, "struck me so forcibly and so pleasurably as the invariable respect paid to man as man. Nothing since my return to England has given me so much pain as the contrast there." But at Rockaway, — where we are quite sure that something must have gone sadly wrong, — she not only finds the evil existing, but recommends the repetition of it as the proper retribution and remedy. We are bound, however, in candor to say, that, in the latter case, the contempt prescribed is to be visited by the better upon the worse, and upon the bad thing done, rather than upon the doer; — that is, we suppose, if a way can be devised to show such a nicely discriminating contempt.

"The brand of contempt should be fixed upon any unprincipled or false-principled style of manners, in a community based upon avowed principles. The contempt thus inflicted upon the mode may possibly save the persons who would otherwise render themselves liable to it. The practice of ostentation may be lessened in America, as that of suicide was in France, by ridicule and contempt." — Vol. II. p. 217.

The old admiral, in the novel, drew a character thus; "I assure you he is a clever fellow, — that is, when I say, clever fellow, I mean nothing of the sort; — but you comprehend." Is Miss Martineau proposing a similar compliment to the intelligence of her readers? Or is it simply, that not exerting, as she writes, that attention, on which the philosophers say that memory depends, her memory plays her false?

When the retrospective glance of man's "large discourse, looking before and after," is so dim, its forward ken is not commonly found altogether sure and searching. Miss Martineau, doubtless, values herself most upon the latter faculty, both because it is of a higher order, and because its errors are not commonly subject to such easy and decisive correction. The eminent modesty and exactness of her prescience have chanced to be most seasonably illustrated together in one re-

mark, on a subject long familiar to her studies. Speaking of the pecuniary troubles of the period of the last war, she records, that the "local banks out of New England came to the agreement (*too senseless to be ever repeated*) to suspend specie payments." "Ever" is proverbially a long day; but the oracular sentence which declared what it was, which that long day would not bring about, was landed at New York not many days from the time of the universal crash of the banks from Maine to Louisiana. "Fears," it was long ago known, "are oft prophetic of the event"; alas, that as much may not be said of prognostics in so much pleasanter a strain.

We heartily wish Miss Martineau length of days, to grow wiser in, and write better books. Happy would it have been for her, — happy for her really well-endowed mind, and (at bottom, we still incline to believe) good heart, — if that flattery which so distressed her in America had not first so befooled her at home. She possesses a description of talent, which, had she but known what was its sphere, would have enabled her to write an uncommonly attractive book of travels. In undertaking subjects so much out of the beat of her capacities, she has but committed herself, and given pain to judicious readers. We have heard her, strangely enough, commended, for not using more, than she has done, her opportunities for collecting a scandalous chronicle. Let those thank her for that, who will. Is it so great a merit, to turn from a hospitable dwelling, and forbear to assail its peace with weapons which its hospitality gave the means to collect? On the contrary, we are compelled to say, though we have not cared to dwell upon the remark, that this want of respect for the sanctity of character is one of the painful peculiarities of Miss Martineau's work. Certain principles which she supposes to be sound, in this relation, are set forth in the last paragraph but one of her preface. They are guardedly stated. But if what they import and lead to is to be received as a lawful rule of procedure in such cases, there is an end to any meeting, in a man's own house, between one who is master of it, and a book-writing stranger. Miss Martineau has abounded in the imputation of reprehensible motives to men and bodies of high standing, for acts and practices, which only by arbitrary construction are liable to any such charge; and, to the best of our recollection, the unenviable distinction is hers, of having presented the first instances of this kind of assault. She professes to hold can-

dor in high estimation. But candor is not the only virtue in the world. It is no virtue, it has no place, when it has not for its basis carefully ascertained truth ; and, besides, there are moralists who would tell our loquaciously frank friend, that an unbridled tongue is a fierce chafer of a troubled spirit. That her book will in the end do much mischief of any kind, we are far from supposing. Things are moving on, with us in this western world, rightly or wrongly, with a force, and in a direction, which an imperfectly informed stranger's observations will do very little to check, change, or discredit. Besides, it is never worth while to ascribe great influence of any kind to incoherent writing. Plausibility without consistency, there is none ; an author's inconsistencies are, to a tolerably careful reader's view, his own exposures of his own incompetence. There will be, we dare say, some young women of both sexes, who will think they have got hold of some transcendental political philosophy, in Miss Martineau's dogmatical abstractions ; and the epigrammatic character of her rhetoric, when she thus plays the sage, may add something to its effect ; for not only with habitually undiscriminating readers, but with most readers, using only the negligent attention with which books of travels are commonly perused, pointed expression is apt to create some presumption of knowledge and sense on the part of the writer. But the intelligent are aware, that a confident way of uttering the thoughts is an altogether ambiguous sign ; since, besides those who see the whole of a subject, there are no less than two other classes of writers addicted to the use of pointed language ; viz. those who see nothing whatever beyond one side of a subject, who write when "so ignorant as not to know how ignorant they are," and those who assume a blustering tone, to disguise that deficiency of information and indefiniteness of thought, the embarrassing consciousness of which they cannot themselves escape. Crabbe tells us of one of his characters, who "put his anger on to hide his shame" ; so many a fair-seeming philosopher puts on a swaggering positiveness of phrase, to hide the faintness and tenuity of his mental apprehensions. As to the present instance, it is obvious enough, that, with great parade of thinking, Miss Martineau does not think. Thought issues in generalizations ; and the generalizing process finds congruities of some kind between independent facts. A thinker concludes something. His conclusion may be right ; it may be wrong ; he may conclude, that nothing can be con-

cluded ; but Miss Martineau's mental habits allow her the singular privilege (if her representations have been accompanied by thought at all) of believing a proposition, and equally believing its opposite. She finds no difficulty, on the one hand, in recommending to us, who had long ago taken some sound lessons in the school of a regulated and beneficent liberty, a system of politics, which forty years ago was fully tried and found wanting, in France, making that beautiful country for the time a den of savages ; while on the other hand, she enters into elaborate statements, for the benefit of the friends of hereditary and military rule, showing that the experiment of free institutions, which the good and wise of the world have been watching with intense hope, has with us shamefully and desperately failed. Bad advice to us must come with some more winning adjuncts, and a bad report of us must be sent abroad in some less "questionable shape," before either is likely to work for us any fatal injury.

ART. IX. — *The Philosophy of Human Nature, in its Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Relations ; with an Attempt to demonstrate the Order of Providence in the Threefold Constitution of our Being.* By HENRY M'CORMAC, M. D. London. Longman & Co. 1837. 8vo. pp. 564.

THIS book undertakes to teach the most important of the arts and sciences ; those of human life, considered in relation to the present and future. This is a philosophy which everybody is obliged to practise, with what success he may, and which, therefore, it behoves every one to study, and which it is our common interest that others should understand as well as ourselves. All the persons thrown together in social and economical relations, may be looked upon as performers in a great concert, in which each one is affected, — is disturbed, vexed, assisted, supported, or delighted, — with the discord or harmony of every other voice and instrument. There is no escaping from the concords and the dissonances of the numerous company. They will reach, and torment or please us ; in the most exalted positions, the remotest solitudes, and humblest pursuits. We must be auditors to the performances of the others as well as to our own ; there

is no retiring; all egress from this amphitheatre is barred; we can make our exit only at the conclusion of the final act; and even this is but an entrance to a new scene on another stage, where we must take the better or worse part, for which we may have fitted ourselves. The severest study of the part we are to perform, then, behooves us, and in this Dr. M'Cormac's book will render us very material assistance.

It is a time when works of this description are more than ever before called for. Men ask more than ever, that philosophy may be brought down from the skies and home to their business and bosoms; that every species of knowledge may be made to bear practically upon their pursuits and welfare. There are many branches and particular heads of this science of living; as that of the statesman, taught by Mr. Taylor; that of the young lady, taught in the "Young Lady's Friend"; that of the professional man, the merchant, the artisan; but there is much also that is common to all professions and pursuits, and it is this which Dr. M'Cormac teaches. He begins with the physical condition and relations, in treating of which he has occasion to apply much of the science of his own profession, and that of physiological studies generally, in which, as well as in moral and intellectual philosophy, and general literature, he seems to be competently versed. The plan and object of the work require it to be of a popular cast, adapted to the comprehension of the mass of readers; the author, therefore, cannot pretend to push his researches in any particular branch of knowledge, beyond the bounds already attained; but he takes the stock that is accumulated to his hand, and elaborates it into his Science of Sciences, the philosophy of living. He treats of the senses, sensation, consciousness, instinct, man's relation to the lower animals, the human organization, and the various influences upon health and life, production and consumption, as branches of the general economical system of communities, and finally, of physical perfectibility. The topics of the chapter on the influence of circumstances on the human organization will serve as an example of this part of the work, showing that he descends to practical working-day philosophy. Under this head he treats first of the bodily training of children.

"Much depends on the bodily training of children, and on the proper regulation of air, exercise, food, and clothing. Like

plants, they require the heat and light of the sun, otherwise they languish and deteriorate. Inadequate nourishment, foul air, want of exercise, deficient warmth and clothing, along with depressing moral influences, lead to scrofula, rickets, mesenteric and pulmonary consumption, as well as other results not less disastrous. The nutriment of children at the breast, is affected by the poverty of the parent; by sorrow, violent passions, and excess. There is no substitute for a mother's milk or a mother's care; and children brought up by hand, are apt to perish even under the parent's eye. In foundling hospitals, the mortality is prodigious. Any one who visits the institutions in which poor deserted children are maintained, will be struck with the cheerless aspect which they present. The happy relations of domestic life, and above all that of mother and child, are sadly absent. Undue restraint proves highly detrimental. When habits of repletion and indolence are fostered, they act injuriously on the developement of the frame; while excessive or premature exertion stunts the growth, and leads to imbecility and disease, if not to early death. Children are yearly destroyed by the improper exhibition of drugs. The infliction of bodily injury is one of so barbarous a nature, that it is difficult to believe that any could be guilty of it. The laws do not permit an adult to be assaulted with impunity; and why a child? Young people are often mercilessly beaten by cruel or passionate teachers, so that independent of the production of misery and disease, the temper is broken and destroyed for ever. Education, for various reasons, should not be wholly committed to public schools; the most zealous teachers cannot well equal the care and attention of enlightened parents. Domestic affections are cut off, while the influence of improper companionship is increased. It would be desirable if men of cultivated minds and feelings, could be more generally induced by increased consideration, to take charge of schools. Such would best supply the parent's place, and neutralize the disadvantages contingent on public instruction." — pp. 73 – 75.

He then remarks upon the effects of heat, cold, and moisture, or climate, and also the kind and quantity of nourishment, upon our organization and animal economy; from these he passes to diseases, of body and mind, as influencing greatly the condition of men, where, as in numerous other places, he combats phrenology. He speaks of the action and reaction between government and its subjects.

"The numbers, wealth, enterprise, and intelligence of a community, influence government, and conversely. Individuals

may do much, but governments by a single act, — by the facilities or the obstacles which they interpose with respect to knowledge and liberty, — can alter the relations of a whole people. Their power for working good and evil never ceases, and is almost commensurate with that of nature herself. In Turkey, blessed as it is with a fruitful soil and genial climate, the exactions of rulers leave the people miserable. The French peasantry anterior to the revolution, in order to support nature, were accustomed, it is said, to secrete a portion of the produce of their farms in caves under ground. Owing to insufficient employment, absenteeism, the imperfect circulation of capital, the low state of education, and the want of a provision for the poor, a considerable section of the British empire exhibits a state of destitution which it would not be easy to parallel. It devolves upon governments, were they adequately to discharge the trust, to secure a good education for the working classes, to attend to the interests of productive industry, and to elevate the condition of the poor." — pp. 80, 81.

Again ; the kind of employment will have some effect upon our welfare, and, not less, the degree or intensity of labor.

"Some occupations retard the developement, or distort the structure of the human frame, while others induce disease and premature decay. When children are sent to employments too laborious or too unintermitting for their tender years ; before their joints are knit, or their bones and muscles are developed ; confined, perhaps, in a close and tainted atmosphere, and debarred from the instruction, relaxation, and enjoyment required at their age, how can we expect that their physical conformation or their moral purity should remain unaltered ? They become pale, rickety, distorted, and thin ; lose the grace and symmetry of youth, and at the same time imbibe the seeds of disease and decay. Should they grow up, they do not attain the vigor or health of manhood, while their offspring are still more enfeebled than themselves. The population of manufacturing towns and districts has visibly degenerated. Unwholesome employment, foul air, deficient or vitiated nutriment, and debauchery, lay the foundation of various and destructive maladies. Pin-making, dry-grinding, stone-cutting, and the like, too often induce such, with fatal certainty. An occupation, in itself not positively unwholesome, becomes so, when persevered in to the exclusion of exercise and recreation. Tailors, weavers, milliners, and shopkeepers, are often over-tasked, and their hours of rest sadly encroached on. Every one should have a little time to devote to the society of his family and friends, to the preservation of his

health, and to the cultivation and enlargement of his moral and intellectual nature. The life of man is sacrificed to the unrelenting spirit of gain, yet the services which human beings owe to each other, need never prove the source of misery or oppression. Moderate exertion is advantageous, but excessive toil is not less morally than physically injurious. Thus, the well-being of multitudes is done away with, while the life-springs of existence are tainted at their source." — pp. 81, 82.

In the next place war abstracts a large portion of able-bodied men from the effective forces for reproduction, and the promotion of civilization. Emigration and colonization are also introduced by the author in this connexion, as having much to do with the civilization and economical resources of mankind, their aggregate numbers, and their exterior condition and accommodation. So again, the living have been tortured and their numbers thinned by the miserable inflictions practised by men upon their fellows.

"Every form of torture that perverted ingenuity could devise, has been employed to rack human sensibilities; death itself, that seeming climax of evil, has been perpetrated, with every accompaniment of physical and moral suffering. The fagot, the halter, the rack, the dungeon, the axe, and the chalice, bespeak the one; while persecution, slander, exile, present taunts, and denunciations of future misery, attest the other. How many have been sacrificed to avarice, superstition, envy, and revenge, or to the necessities, real or supposed, of justice? Yet man owes kindness to man; and it is not chimerical to hope, that the time may come, when none shall dare to anticipate the natural period of our dissolution." — pp. 85, 86.

The author touches upon the different occasions of the immolation and voluntary destruction of the species, as superstition, crime, war, duelling, murder, circumstances leading to suicide, and slavery.

He is everywhere enthusiastic in favor of amelioration. He anticipates the time when capital punishments will cease. He especially reprobates the infliction of punishments upon females.

"The infliction of death is more common in some countries than in others; assuredly, its frequency is a very equivocal evidence of civilization. In all despotic and demoralized states, wherever knowledge and improvement languish, this extreme penalty will be found most summary and frequent, as well as

attended with the most cruel accompaniments. In the East, a messenger with the fatal bowstring, has long been at once the announcement, and the expiation of the displeasure of the sovereign. To treat a political offence, of which the criminality is often a matter of mere convention, with the same severity as murder and other outrages against human nature, is to confound the distinctions of right and wrong. If crimes, which involve the well-being of the community, are only to be arrested by the destruction of the offender, then are capital punishments unavoidable; but if this be not the case, they are at once immoral and unnecessary. The most enlightened and virtuous members of every civilized community are against their perpetration; and it is easy to foresee, — thanks to the unanswerable arguments of a Beccaria, a Livingston, and a Bentham, — that at no distant period, the shedding of human blood will cease to be connected with the judgment-seat. Tuscany for a time, and Russia under the Catherines, proscribed the infliction altogether; while elsewhere, philanthropists have essayed its suppression, with varying success. The inhumanity of the practice is most conspicuous with regard to women. In this country, a year hardly elapses, in which, by a peculiar unhappiness, some are not executed. Whence this necessity; are our women more depraved than elsewhere? The infliction of capital punishment on a woman, — perhaps too, some poor, penitent creature, — is nothing less than an outrage against the sex and against humanity. Is the bosom whence we draw the life-springs of existence, on which we rest in affliction, and in the communings of affection, — is that bosom to be convulsed by the agonies of a violent death? Public executions demoralize the spectators, and render them callous to the shedding of human blood. Independent of the mental anguish and physical tortures of the sufferer, the pain that is inflicted on the better portion of the community, is enormous: the guilty and the unfeeling are indifferent, while the humane and the innocent are wrung with anguish and commiseration. The disproportion of the punishment to the offence creates a sympathy for the criminal, any thing but favorable to the interests of justice. These things afford us the strongest incentives to search into the causes of crime, and, by diminishing its amount, to lessen the frequency with the necessity, for the harrowing exhibitions of human destruction."—pp. 87–89.

Dr. M'Cormac tests the question of the necessity of capital punishments by the true criterion, the state of the sentiments, opinions, and habits of the community. It is then a practical question, that cannot be settled generally by the same code for

every community, but must be determined particularly in each one. If vices and crimes take a malignant and ferocious cast, as they do at seasons more generally, and in individual instances occasionally, in every community, those who perpetrate the atrocities have no claim to forbearance, and can have nothing to complain of in the infliction of death without unnecessary and wantonly inflicted pain. The only ground of clemency that can be urged in their behalf is, that their depravity amounts to a moral insanity. If an assassin is aiming at your breast with a dagger, if you have a loaded pistol at hand, what force to your mind is there in the general protestation against the shedding of human blood? If you can ward off the blow, and defend yourself without the use of a deadly weapon, you should certainly do so. The practical question is, whether you can do so; and this is a question that the party or the community attacked must judge of; the philosopher and speculative legislator can render very little assistance in the case, and the matter is of too intense interest to admit of acting upon the impressions of a distant looker on. And then, as to the danger of shocking the kindly and social feelings and sense of justice of the community by the spectacle of capital punishments, there is no doubt weight in this objection; but how would these feelings be affected, to see the malicious and fiendish murderer of a kind father, an affectionate brother, a confiding friend, passing his life comparatively in comfort, under the humane administration of a penitentiary? We ought to hope for all the amelioration of society that we can persuade ourselves is possible; but there are many cases in which it would be quite absurd to act upon a fancied, and at the best, hoped for, instead of the actual, state of things. As to the distinction in this respect between male and female convicts, mentioned by the author, it is in some degree a matter of decorum; some modes of execution would be particularly revolting in the case of a female, to all who do not adopt the notions of Miss Harriet Martineau and a few others, as to the precise kind and mode of equality with the men to which women are entitled. But waving all objection on the score of the impropriety and indecorum of the mode of execution, the question is then the same in respect to the capital punishment of women and of men, namely, the protection of the community, and the satisfying of their sense of justice, and their humanity, which

would seem as much in favor of capital punishment in some cases, as against it in others.

The author then instances the beneficial influence of science, literature, and the arts, especially the latter, upon the external condition of mankind, and concludes the chapter with the consideration of the action of the mind and passions upon our physical organization. It is evident that these topics must be very rapidly and superficially touched; but in each one, he professes rather to give examples by way of illustration, than to exhaust the various subjects, which are, indeed, as will be evident, inexhaustible; and all that a writer, with the widest range of knowledge at his command, can do, is to point out to his reader trains of reflection, in which the most vigilant observer, for the longest life, will always find something new.

In pursuing this course of inquiry through the first division of the work, the author is led, in conclusion, to consider the best means of securing our physical well-being, where he fervently expatiates in the contemplation of the progression and improvement of society by the benignant influence of those great causes which shape our fortunes. This part of the work is in fact nothing more nor less than a rapid glance at the leading topics of political economy, which treats of the means of supplying our wants with marketable or exchangeable things; education, currency, banking, manufactures, commerce, taxation, national debt, and the kindred topics, are all touched upon, hastily, of course, and it is not surprising that the author's notions upon some of them should be undigested, loose, and theoretical. Still he is right in sentiment and purpose, and persuasive in his argument to lead us to strive and hope for the better, though he may not, in every instance, suggest the most probable way of attaining it. Poverty, want, and misery, and the means and probability of guarding against and relieving them, occupy his thoughts, in this and various other parts of his work. And, on subjects of this description, his ardent philanthropy and sanguine anticipations for the human race, lend a warmth and elevation to his style. He says;

"Hygienic measures involve a multitude of particulars essential to the preservation of health; but the laboring classes, from the vicissitudes incident to their position, their ignorance, intemperance, and improvidence, are least able to attend to such. What more painful spectacle than to see them overwhelmed with

indigence on a fertile soil: or what more miserable, than that a creature endowed with the attributes of humanity, should be compelled to beg from door to door, or to consume the meanest refuse? Every working man ought to be well supplied with wholesome nourishment, clothing, and fuel, as well as with clean and cheerful habitations. Eight hours daily, should be the maximum of severe bodily labor; the remainder might well be devoted to relaxation and mental improvement. It is difficult for those not engaged in it, to imagine the consuming nature of excessive toil, or how hard it is for those who are exposed to it, — condemned to ignorance, and perhaps to discomfort, sickness, and privation, — to gain that expansion of intellect, and the enlarged benevolence, that would enable them to recognise their own best interests, and to look with sympathy on the progress of their fellows. Did the poor man's dwelling abound with the comforts for which he has a right to look, were he provided with instruction and recreation, he would be less inclined to seek the haunts of idleness and low debauchery. Why not have gardens, libraries, museums, lecture-rooms, picture-galleries, concerts, baths, and public grounds? Frequent destitution, cold, wet, and hardship, render the working-classes liable to diseases of every kind. They are indeed, the peculiar victims of plague, pestilence, and famine; and I fear that hygienic measures will prove of inferior efficacy, until society can be subjected to such modifications, as will lead to the supply of all, contingently on their own exertions, with a sufficiency of the material comforts of life, and more especially, with moral and intellectual culture. For this it is, which elevates the condition of man, and without it his position is degraded and defective. Human beings are not to be moulded at will, like the inferior animals; nor can they be raised to the station to which they should aspire, until they can comprehend the measures by which it is to be realized, and participate in their fulfilment.

"It would be a libel on the Divine government, were the exercise of our faculties inadequate to the supply of our wants. The lowest orders of creation are able to procure every thing that is necessary to their sustenance; and shall the noblest of earth's denizens be inferior in this respect to the rest? Shall he who can command the elements, and turn them to his purposes, be unfit to secure his physical well-being? This indeed is not so; man does possess every necessary requisite. If he suffer distress, it must arise from the absent cultivation, or the misdirection of his faculties. Were we provided for, like the inferior animals, by instincts, then would our developement cease. Our mental and bodily powers, and the capabilities of the vari-

ous objects presented by nature, are unexhausted and inexhaustible. Who then, shall place a limit to the improvement of our species; who shall say when the fruit-bearing earth shall produce no more?" — pp. 108 – 110.

The second division of the work, on the intellectual relations of man, brings the writer into a higher region, and to a greater distance from the proper studies and pursuits of his own profession. But he scales with fearless intrepidity the cloudy peaks of the metaphysical region, and expatiates in the dim heights of identity, space, association, complex ideas, abstraction, generalization, origin of ideas, of language, &c., not for the purpose of teaching us what was not before known, but by way of surveying our intellectual constitution, as already known, and inquiring into the objects and resources of existence in this relation, and especially, in conclusion, to explore the means of advancement. The subject of education frequently recurs in different parts of the work, as it very naturally must, in one treating of the improvement of individuals and communities. In connexion with this subject, in this part of the volume, he suggests what is often, and can hardly be too often, repeated, namely, that we should consider the whole of life as but one course of education, and accordingly, what is more specifically called education, only as the necessary initiatory instruction requisite to enable us to instruct ourselves.

"While dwelling on a subject so important, we must not omit to observe that education, indispensable though it be, forms but the initiative to that self-instruction, which it should be the business of after life to perfect. The one is the necessary complement of the other. Where there has been a good education in youth, unremitting self-instruction crowns the process. Without the former, the latter languishes; but with it, proceeds vigorously, under the combined stimulus of previous knowledge, industrious habits, and maturing faculties. The man who has been well educated, however vast the advantage which he thereby derives, is an imperfect being without the further aid of self-discipline. Neither the operation of external circumstances, the instruction of others, nor any earthly means, will otherwise suffice. The greatest benefit which education can confer, is that of preparing us for the energetic improvement of all our powers, through our own efforts. As it is, we should strive to impress the unspeakable importance of the latter, on every human being who is desirous of realizing the excellences of his nature, as the indispensa-

ble condition, without which it is impossible to secure any real or lasting progress." — pp. 297, 298.

In conclusion, the author dwells particularly upon the importance and delights of the cultivation and exercise of powers which form the subject of this part of the work.

"If there be any thing certain in our constitution, it is, that moral and intellectual enlightenment is the best guarantee for the prevention of impurity, and the formation of habits of imperturbable excellence. Hence, the necessity of the highest culture, from the earliest dawn of our capabilities, so that when the period arrives in which temptations multiply, the individual will be found unassailable; or if, unhappily, he yield, it is only for a time, for his endowments cannot be lost, and they must eventually set him above the sovereignty of earth-born passions for ever. Once the delights of moral and intellectual excellence have been graven on the heart and soul, they cannot be obliterated. It is the glorious prerogative of knowledge, that with care and attention, it cannot be lost; it is a possession for ever, which no wrongs on the part of others can take away, and from which death itself cannot separate us. It is impossible to urge too strongly, its indispensable utility in the formation of a superior character, or how amply it indemnifies us for whatever sorrows, sufferings, or privations the acquisition may have cost us. We may venture to hope, that the admirable individuals who have appeared from time to time, on the theatre of the world, have not exhausted the capabilities of humanity; and, if we may argue from the past, that there is a progression of virtue and excellence in store for us, of which the contemplation, even in advance, causes the heart to thrill and bound with joy." — pp. 311, 312.

Quitting the intellectual part of our nature, we come to the moral constitution and relations; the sentiments, affections, passions, virtues, vices, — all that is most noble, and all that is most vile, in human nature. This part of the work is the most luminous and most delightful; the author bears an authority with him here; he takes his positions with more scientific accuracy, and advances with greater security; he discourses of high moral truths and divine inspirations, and the felt and foreseen immortal destination of man, as one having experience and knowledge, and being transported and borne along with the power of his subject. The wonder is that he should, without qualification, eulogize Paley, and especially Bentham, both of whom, particularly the latter, treat of morals

in as cool, artificial a way, as Philidore does of chess ; considering morals, no less than chess, to be a matter of mere calculation. Upon this system, if it admits moral obligation, it may be morally as obligatory on a Chinese to despatch his aged grandfather by starvation, as on a Christian to cherish him ; for if the question is to be decided by a calculation of utility merely, the calculus might lead the two to opposite results. The innate moral feeling, or moral sense, or instinct, by whatever name called, —the faculty of perceiving and feeling moral distinctions and relations, must be brought into the account in the science of ethics. Not that the moral sense of every individual is a demonstrative criterion, for men would undoubtedly differ, as in matters of propriety and taste ; but in the latter case this does not prove that there is not a true decorum and fitness, and a true beauty, any more than a defect of vision in an individual proves that there is no green color because he cannot see it. Men may be morally idiotic, insane, or brutish, as well as intellectually ; but their insensibility or derangement does not negative the authority of the intuitive moral sentiments of a sound and healthy mind. Dr. M'Cormac maintains the importance of sentiment in the theory of morals, and thus contributes his efforts to raise the science from the degradation into which it has been sunk by heartless and superficial utilitarianism. He teaches that we must feel moral obligation, as well as calculate it. The feeling may be wrong, because the moral faculties are defective or disordered; and the calculation may be wrong from an error in fact, or in the process of reasoning ; but if neither be viciously warped or perverted, the results will agree in the truth.

We will not follow the author through the divers topics of this part of his work. Of friendship, among the rest, he says,

" Whatever may be said, friendship is not common ; the cultivation of the heart and understanding that leads to it, does not sufficiently abound. We should not dignify with this title, the maudlin reciprocity of the wine-cup, or the sordid intercourse of mutual convenience. Most are so engaged with their individual welfare, that they have neither time nor inclination for the higher interests of the heart and understanding. People are equally indisposed to receive, or to tender favors ; suspicion repels the one, and selfishness opposes the other. The imperfect sympathies of political or sectarian partisans, can hardly be styled friendship ; the scope is too limited to lead to such a result.

Nevertheless, we do not conciliate the good-will of others as we might; we expect good offices before they have been earned. The heart is too much wrapped up in itself to permit the sacrifices that create friends; we require favors in return for trifles, and are disappointed if we do not receive them. If we could but know how precious it is to give, whether we receive or not, we should be amply satisfied." — p. 341.

The author does not stop at the bourne of our present existence, but, in the conclusion, follows the soul into the mysterious infinite, to which sublunary life is the prelude.

"There is much reason for arriving at the conclusion, that the phenomenal world, — our earth, with the endless galaxies of mighty orbs, and their diversified inhabitants, — is infinitely inferior in extent and importance to the spiritual, which we cannot see, unless in so far as our inward consciousness yields us fugitive and uncertain glimpses of it. A comparison between things dissimilar, is made with difficulty; but though imperfect, it often serves to place the objects of it in a somewhat stronger light. Yet, when we reflect upon the multitudinous, and perhaps never-ending distribution of the stars, and think that each like our own, is a nursery for immortal intelligences; that it has been so, and will be so, to an extent which we are utterly unable to appreciate; when we further reflect, that this may not be the sole means to which the Deity has resorted for adding to the denizens of the spiritual universe; and when we add to these, not only that space is unlimited, but that it can oppose no obstacle to the increase of thinking beings, with the same mighty rapidity, and for ever, it overwhelms the soul with unutterable emotions. How the communication will be kept up between the creatures thus variously produced, we cannot imagine, nor is it necessary to inquire; doubtless, the all-powerful Author of their existence has regulated this with the same consummate wisdom which he everywhere displays. The common bond would seem to be one of intellect and feeling, and must necessarily, though to a widely varying degree, extend to all. In this world we are under a physical, as well as an intellectual and moral obligation; in the next, we shall be included under one which can have no boundary save that between right and wrong. Whether any delegated agencies shall subsist, it is impossible to know; that it should be so, however, is not unreasonable to suppose. If so, we may feel assured that it is exclusively for good. The production of gratuitous evil in the world to come, any more than in this, is a supposition which is adverse to all that we are able to conceive, of boundless wisdom and power, as well as to the precious conclu-

sion at which all things point, — that every created being shall eventually go forward in a perpetual career of improvement. This is altogether irreconcilable with the possibility of permanent misery or sin; conditions not less opposed to feeling and reason, than to the visible manifestations of Divine goodness. Hereafter, as now, the highest motives to conduct will be grounded on moral truth, of which the only just criterion must be the will of God. Doubtless also, we shall be thrown, in a greater or less degree, on our own guidance, and permitted as at present, to reap the satisfaction accruing from our own approval and that of others. But what pen can adequately enlarge on the ravishing hope, the glorious expectation of a future, an eternal existence? To live for ever, — to increase unceasingly in knowledge and excellence, and to maintain perpetual communion with wisdom and goodness, — as much transcend the powers of man to imagine, as immortality itself transcends mortality. Doubtless, sources of happiness await us, of which, in our present state of being, we can form little conception; wonders, as much unlike any thing which we now behold, as the particulars comprehended under the latter differ from each other. This likewise enhances the expectation; for if we can picture to ourselves so much that is good and desirable, what must the reality prove? What infinite delight will there be in surveying the boundless scenes of creation, and in investigating the sources of our knowledge, and the nature of our faculities? But these are things, as to which we can have no certain knowledge. Some will go further than others; while not a few will look upon all conjectures respecting scenes so remote, as visionary and absurd. The opinion of those, however, who are so unhappy as to disbelieve or doubt on the subject of futurity, can be no criterion; and assuredly, with the well-founded conviction that we shall take our faculties and our knowledge along with us, it cannot be improper to speculate in reason, on the condition in which these may find exercise. It is a source of innocent gratification to think upon the state of our departed friends, before we rejoin them for ever. And when about to quit this world, it affords joy and satisfaction to those whom we leave behind, to hear us testify our hopes and our assurances as to the future. Were this more frequently done, it would strengthen our convictions, and confirm our principles. Certainly, the tacit consent with which all mention of death, and of the dead, is avoided, implies any thing but that rational security, and tender hope, with which we should regard futurity. Let us then be men, — let us raise our hearts and souls with implicit reverence and unbounded trust, towards the Master of life, — to Him who is Lord both of the living and the dead, and alike the wise, the just, and

the merciful Arbiter of every form of existence." — pp. 559 – 562.

We have given a mere sketch of this work, which, though not without its faults, is of a high character as a book of practical philosophy. Its faults are a too great expansion of some topics, an occasional adventurous and rather rash theory, and a want of complete division and method, so that the author sometimes labors without advancing, and too often returns upon his track and falls into repetitions. In speaking of writers and their works, he does not always show a very discriminating and exact appreciation. These are inconsiderable imperfections in estimating the general merits of the work, which contains a vast body of just philosophical speculation upon the economy of life, in its diverse relations. It is eminently characterized by an ardent and enlightened philanthropy. The author shows throughout a lively solicitude for the welfare of every human being, and everywhere labors with untiring zeal and strong confidence for the enlightenment of the ignorant, the reclamation of the vicious, the excitement of the stupid and indifferent, the solace of the miserable, and the reanimation of the despairing. He is singularly free from conventional bigotry and sectarian prejudice, scrupulously eschews dogmatism and anathema, and speaks of errors, follies, absurdities, and faults, with a kind palliation in respect to the party infected, at the same time faithfully ministering for his disease. He inculcates pious and exalted sentiments and a pure morality, free from all censorious and cynical taint. The style of composition, though discursive and devious in places, is not unfrequently animated and brilliant. It is a work, on the whole, well calculated to accelerate the onward course of civilization.

ART. X. — 1. *The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man*; by the Author of "Hope Leslie," "The Linwoods," &c. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1836. 12mo. pp. 186.

2. *Live and Let Live; or Domestic Service Illustrated*; by the Author of "Hope Leslie," "The Linwoods," "The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man," &c. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1837. 12mo. pp. 216.

HAVING taken occasion, at two different times, within two years, to repeat the expression of our admiration for Miss Sedgwick's genius, and what is more, the noble use to which it is devoted,* nothing remains for us, at present, but to show that we are not unobservant of the claims, which she has been further establishing on the public gratitude. When we spoke of her "Home," we ventured to hint at the probability that its brilliant success, and unquestionably great moral influence, would encourage her to the production of other works upon the same general model; and we suggested, that "if her attention should henceforward be exclusively applied to them, she would only enhance her pure and exalted fame." In that exquisite picture of middle life, as it exists, or may exist, in this country, — and as it cannot, in all respects, exist in any other, with different political institutions from ours, — we thought we saw, that, while Miss Sedgwick had been conferring a common benefit of the first importance, she had at the same time found out her own peculiar vein, — that best good fortune which can befall an author. Holding her powers in the high estimation that we do, we may be permitted to say, that we do not think her *forte* lies in that artificial complication of plot, which is necessary to sustain the interest of a long story. Besides, it is to be said to her great praise, that her mind, in order to put forth its full strength, needs to be excited by the sense of having undertaken to impress some weighty doctrine of practical philanthropy; and all experience speaks against the attempt to enforce a single moral of any kind by a fiction extended to any great length.

Miss Sedgwick knows perfectly well what she is about, in what she has now undertaken. She surveys her whole ground;

* North American Review, Vol. XLI. p. 444. XLII. p. 160.

she is full of resource ; she understands the place and the power of every spring that she touches. She knows our people. She knows their conditions and characters, as these are determined and modified by our peculiar social institutions. She knows their wants, their dangers, their mutual misapprehensions, their powers for mutual service, their deficiencies in mutual duty, their distinctive capacities for being useful and happy, and for advancing the common welfare while each advances his own, and so realizing the aim of our political theory. And she uses her power in the spirit of a generous humanity. She has found out the secret of *levelling upwards*. In "Home" her business is with those who are not called rich, and in the two later works, it is with the poor. But she no more encourages either in a morose, discontented, suspicious pride, because they want what others have, than she allows them to regard themselves as, on that account, subject to assumption and injury on the part of those others. To all, rich, moderately circumstanced, and poor, she teaches self-respect and mutual respect. She teaches these sentiments effectually, showing, in her charming exhibitions of the appropriate characters and situations, their possibility, their reasonableness, their dignity ; and exposing the delusions which may have interfered with them, till the reader wonders at the stupidity of a mind, — though an hour ago it may have been his own, — which can regard any thing as greatly respectable or desirable but worth, or fail to reverence worth, or be content with it, in any station.

We have no idea of making a single extract from these volumes. Whoever does not purchase and read them, — he and all his, — deserves not such a pleasure as that of seeing one of their pages. If any American, — in one station or another, — of this sex or age, or of that, — wishes to know something new about the way to be upright and happy, and yet something not so new, but that, once learned, he will say he ought always to have known it, let him send for these books ; he, and all under his roof, and all within his reach, will be always something the better off, for his having read them. If any jaded romance-reader would have an honest natural laugh and cry, such as perchance he only remembers among his young experiences, but such as always mends the mind, the manners, and the heart, let him put by Cadurcis till to-morrow, and pass to-day with Uncle Philip or the Barclays.

We would be the last to disparage Cumnor Place or the Castle of Udolpho; but, for the true scene of the pathetic, commend us, at present, to the back room on the second floor in Church Street, New York, where a noble woman nurses her worthless husband, and keeps up the credit and courage of the children, whom her feeble labor scarcely saves from starving. We do not love Ivanhoe, the crusader, less; but just now we find ourselves caring for Harry Aikin, the carman, more. May Dacre is a vision, of a certain gorgeousness, to haunt the thoughts; but she is supplanted in our present musings by that loveliest creation, the little servant girl, Lucy Lee. Lucy Lee, the sot's patient child, the cripple's tender sister, the abused infant's watching angel;—Charles Lovett, the brave baker's boy;—Harry, giving up his winter's schooling to earn fifty dollars, by peddling books, to enable a sick neighbour to make a journey to a physician;—match us a set of *bonâ fide* heroes and heroines, like these, from Amadis de Gaul down to Ida of Athens.

The first of the books named above, showing how to be very rich with very little,—how to be entirely respectable and happy, and abundant in resources for serving others, with only such means as day-labor can supply, and of course such as every man in this country can command,—we presume is well known to most of our readers. "Live and Let Live," the more recent tale, seeks out a class on whom far too little attention is bestowed anywhere, and who, in this country, must have a different kind of consideration from what will be given to them anywhere else. We are learning more and more, every year, how little fit the literature of England is for some of our uses. Never does it serve us less well, than when it brings into view the relation between the employer and the employed, living under the same roof; for that is all the real distinction (as far as the mere abstract relation of service is concerned) between master and domestic servant, as we call them, and employer and employed under some other name. With an Englishman, a domestic servant is, by mutual acknowledgment, an altogether inferior person; naturally enough, for the relation has been transmitted from a time when domestic attendants were vassals. Accordingly, servility is looked for, and is not grudged; and even kind advice takes the tone of dictation, without any consciousness of impertinence on the one side, or sense of injury on the other. This idea of the

relation, of course, exhibits itself in literature, as often as the relation itself is brought to view. Take, for example, some of Mrs. More's "Cheap Repository Tracts"; admirable works, for the use intended, in England, but of very limited applicability to the same use among us, for the reason which we have named. There was an excellent little series of books, published by the English "Christian Tract Society," entitled "Tracts designed to inculcate Moral Conduct." They were republished in this country many years ago, but failed of coming into extensive use, from the same cause. A tone pervaded them, which was out of harmony with the habits of our society; so that cases might well occur, in which a present of them would be regarded much rather as an affront than as a kindness.

The English travellers and reviewers have had their laugh at our word "help," which they have imagined, however, to be in much more general use, than it is. They are welcome to their amusement. We should not object to furnishing them more of the same kind. The word is a good word. We would far rather revive than lose it. It recognises employer and employed in the same family, in the relation, in which, by whatever name denominated, they both ought to be sensible that they stand. It points us back to the simplicity of those times (times, in which most of our few peculiarities of expression originated) when a householder, finding that there was more to be done than the united strength of himself, his wife, and his children was equal to, hired the son or daughter of a neighbour, — as independent as himself, but less tasked, — to come and make a part of his family circle, and do what in the west they would call "the balance" of the work. If more artificial manners have to some extent superseded the simplicity of those times, and changed, in some degree, the form and habits of the connexion, still no change has occurred which in any degree justifies insolence on the one hand, or the relinquishment of a perfect self-respect on the other. Our domestic, in the eye of the law, is on a level with ourselves; entitled, as much as we, to any social influence and standing which his worth of character will win for him. It is matter of mutual, equal contract, that he undertakes to do for us a certain kind of labor, and we to make him a certain amount of compensation. For mutual convenience, his home is in one part of the house, and ours in another; but this is no important distinction between him, and the lawyer or the blacksmith, the governor or the

drayman, who serves us, or whom we serve, for money, on the other side of the street. The young men and women, who come into our families from the country towns, to earn something wherewith to make a parent's home comfortable, or provide for the future comfort of one of their own, often bring an education which will cause them to do no discredit to the more prosperous circumstances, into which they are very likely to be finally brought. Having accomplished what they came for, they leave us, to be responsible and respectable members of society in the places of their origin, or wherever they go to push their fortune; in after life, they become occasional guests to us, whom it is our place and our pleasure to honor, or they offer to us the hospitality of their own homes; nor are instances wanting, in which, making their way to wealth, they become known among the most liberal and public spirited of our citizens, enrolling their names among the eminent patrons of humane objects, of religion, and of learning. Their service, too, happily, is compensated in a way, which, as far as that circumstance can go, gives them a right to independence of character. It is little to say, that there is many a domestic servant richer than his spendthrift employer. We know of those, whose pay is better than some clergymen's salaries, and they too clergymen above want.

Nothing can possibly be clearer, than that employer and employed, in this relation, meet upon perfectly equal terms, to make an honest contract, equally binding upon both. We have no right to exact from a domestic servant, any thing, in kind or degree, different from what, expressly or virtually, he engaged to do, and we engaged to pay him for. He may submit to the imposition, sooner than put himself to present inconvenience, and lose other advantages. But this is no justification to us; and the possibility that he may do so, should only make us the more scrupulous how we use our power. It was no part of the contract, that he should be overworked, insulted, or otherwise ill-treated. He did not agree that he would go without proper food, or sufficient sleep, or some opportunity to read, and see his friends, and worship God. He did not agree, that he would serve us in any thing criminal; that he would cheat, or so much as lie for us. He did not agree to be the subject of our caprice, and the butt of our ill-temper. He did not consent to come under our roof to be corrupted by our conversation, or our example, or that of any whom we should there make his associates. — But all such mat-

ters, however well-considered, belong to only one side of the duty. We have come into a relation to him, which admits of being used greatly to his present and his permanent advantage. We can further his proper objects; we can improve his character; we can help him to the knowledge of many useful things; we can put him in the way to see what a becoming treatment of others is, how mutually satisfactory it is, and how easy habit, with a little thought and arrangement, makes it; we can endeavour to exhibit to him a specimen of what he ought to desire to be, when his turn comes to have others look to him. And in doing all this, we may help ourselves to the benefit, excellently well worth having, which is contemplated in Miss Sedgwick's motto; "Whereas the Turkish spy says he kept no servant because he would not have an enemy in his house, *I hired mine because I would have a friend.*"

But we did not mean to preach a sermon about this thing. We should only be doing very tamely what Miss Sedgwick has done very effectively, in a story full of life and power, in recounting the adventures of Lucy Lee, a gentle, patient, bright, heroic creature, who, teaching and learning good wherever she goes, passes successively under the power of the exacting, rule-worshipping Mrs. Broadson, the well-disposed, but inconsiderate, incompetent, and always afflicted Mrs. Ardley, the notable, managing, and trickish Mrs. Simson, the loving and upright, but too easy Mrs. Lovett, the lofty, fashion-enslaved and fashion-hardened Mrs. Hartell, and the pattern Mrs. Hyde, — till at last she settles down as the deserving, happy wife of an honest man. Let us assure our fair friends, the young housekeepers, that here, in the form of an hour's delightful reading, they have a directory for the rule of that world of infinite interests, their home, which will effectually help them to become the blessings they intend to be to their husbands, their children, and their humbler friends; and which, well-followed, will keep the wrinkles from their sunny brows for many a year, after what is falsely called the course of nature has ploughed them deep down into other foreheads.

What a power is that of an intellectual woman over the condition of a people, if she does but understand the sphere of her strength; moving as she does everywhere in the recesses of society; privileged to observe the operations of thought and passion, in the scenes where thought and feeling are educated for more public action; necessarily disconnected from

those parties, which make men distrust and refuse instruction from one another. Who would venture to say, that there is a man in this nation, with any genius, or in any place, who is doing a patriot's work more effectively, than the lady on whose writings we have been commenting? And what a wretched folly, in any one endowed with any portion of her gifts, instead of using them with similar good judgment and to similar good account, to unsex herself for the gladiatorship of men's party strifes, or play the she-bully for the Rights of Women.

In speaking of the great worth of Miss Sedgwick's writings, in a moral and political point of view, as inculcating and exciting the self-respect and mutual respect, which make the distinctive nobility of the republican character, — that is, of the character of man, in a condition of society where he may fully act out the man,—we have implied our sense of their high literary excellence; since if her pictures were not radiantly true and vivid, they would not charm and move readers as they do. We remarked that, in this series of tales, she was working the true vein of her own power. She has also, we believe, fallen upon the vein, from which the treasures of our future literature are to be wrought. A literature, to have real freshness and power, must be moulded by the influences of the society, where it had its origin. Letters thrive, when they are at home in the soil. Miss Sedgwick's imaginations have such vigor and bloom, because they are no exotics. She paints scenes, as she has looked upon them; characters, as she has known them; the energy of passion and principle, as they have impelled or crossed each other under her own view; the pressure and the encouragement of circumstance, as American life exhibits it. She writes of minds and hearts, as they muse and beat, not in ancient Rome, nor modern Cumberland, but in the streets of our marts, and the retirement of our villages. So her own mind obtains the excitement, which nothing gives, like the sense of dealing with realities, and the consciousness of absolute possession of its object; and her readers are wrought to a warm interest by seeing themselves reflected, as in a glass, — by recognising exposures, duties, calamities, internal and external conflicts of whatever sort, which are or may presently be, their own or their neighbours'. When there is extensively a literary ambition among us, true as hers to its American office, a great step will have been taken towards the assertion of a place in the literary *Panachœis* of the nations.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Miscellaneous Thoughts on Men, Manners, and Things.* By Anthony Grumbler, of Grumbleton Hall, Esquire. Baltimore. Published by Coale & Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 374.

The author, in the prefatory epistle to this pleasant volume, says, that it was indited more for his own edification and amusement than for the reader's; which, he adds, will the more readily be credited when he declares, that for the fifth part of a century, he hath been more a disciple of Coke's musty folios, than of Sir Walter's charming octavos; and, withal, hath more frequently turned the pages of Spenser and Chaucer than of Moore and Byron. From this revelation, in connexion with the place of publication, we may, without even the credit of a shrewd guess, venture to pronounce the name of the author; to lift the vizor of Anthony Grumbler, Esq., or, as we are now speaking of a lawyer, in legal parlance, to deprive him of his new *alias.* Who else can he be, than one of the most learned lawyers that has adorned the jurisprudence of our country; one whose works have done incalculable good to the profession at home, and brought accumulated character upon it abroad? We venture to say, David Hoffman, Esq., of the Baltimore Bar; *aut Morus, aut Diabolus.*

We are glad to meet Mr. Hoffman at all times and on any subject; for he brings to every thing the rich stores of a full and accomplished mind, attempered by a conscientious heart; blending refinement with learning, and the most extensive acquaintance with the business of life with the highest purity of sentiment. His *Course of Legal Study*, which has lately passed to a second edition, was many years since examined at great length, and fully commended, in the pages of this journal; but we cannot omit the present opportunity, — having a momentary jurisdiction over the learned author, — to express our continued sense of the distinguished merits of this work, upon which, time and the approving sanction of foreign jurists have fixed a seal. If we were called upon to designate any single work, which had exercised a greater influence over the profession of the law in this country than all others, which had most stimulated the student in his studies, most facilitated his labors, and, in fine, most contributed to elevate the standard of professional learning and morals, we should unhesitatingly select Hoffman's "Course of Legal Study." This is one of the few works, which should be the indis-

pensable companion alike of the student and practitioner. And yet, from some of the thoughts of Anthony Grumbler, in the volume before us, we have been led to fear that this work had not received that notice or patronage from the profession at home, which we feel persuaded it has enjoyed abroad, and which we know it richly deserves. Mr. Grumbler seems to allude to this, in the solicitude which he has expressed about the present book, and the farewell to it, which forms its concluding page.

"We are, moreover, somewhat solicitous for a peep into futurity, that we may divine whether this little volume shall be *in esse* a year hence; whether it shall attain unto the dignity of another edition; or, whether it be destined to expire with its first breath. We have some hope it may live to boyhood, if not to man's estate; but *only because* we remember what hath been said of Rabelais, how he starved from his most learned and able work on *Physicks*, but reaped a rich harvest of recompense from his *Gargantua* and *Pentagruel*; and further, from what hath been recorded of the authors of some ponderous polyglot bibles, which paid them not for the paper, whereas others, as by the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of Peter Wilkins, Philip Quarrels, Baron Munchausen, *et id genus omne*, not only immortalized themselves, but enriched the booksellers and printers of their day, as well as of all ages and countries after. — And though these cases be not such, as, lawyers say, run *quatuor pedibus* with my own, yet may it be pardoned, in an author, to view these matters a little differently from the icy-hearted critics. We therefore ask, why may not the graver works of Anthony Grumbler, Esquire, be utterly forgotten, and these, his lighter pages, rescue him from hopeless oblivion? Why may not these concentrated conceits of his, be returned to, with renewed gusto, and his bookseller welcome him with the sweet sound of 'The Fourth Edition'? We would not be *aliquis in omnibus et nullus in singulis*; and having tried some grave *octavos*, expounded therein the *nodi juris*, and found them unsuited to the taste of the most of our *fraternity*, we have resorted to this small duodecimo, and augur for it a more favorable reception, as in it, fortunately, no topic can easily tire them, few of the subjects having been permitted to spread over more than a few pages. Let us then conclude with this our self-complacency, and add thereunto a little poetical colloquy between Squire Grumbler and his book; but, being no poet, it shall be in the words of old Philip Stubbes, who, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, thus communed, 'dialogue-wise,' with the child of his imaginations.

'The Author. — Well, sith thou wouldst so fain be gone,
I can thee not witholde.
Adieu, my booke; God be thy speede,
And blesse thee an hundred folde.

'The Booke. — And you also, good maister mine,
God blesse you with his grace,
Preserve you still, and graunt to you
In Heaven a dwelling-place.'"

We should be pleased to extract many of the good things and truths, which our author has uttered in the pages before us; but space will not permit. As our bed of criticism cannot be stretched, the patient's limbs must be lopped in order to suit its narrow dimensions. Suffice it to say, of all the great family of grumblers, with whom we have dealt, the present is the most amiable and agreeable. His satire is without ill-nature, and his complaints without peevishness. His language is gentle and polished, and his topics interesting. Many of his thoughts are highly ingenious; and the whole book forms an instructive commentary on the manners and morals of the day.

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2. — *The Importance of Exalting the Intellectual Spirit of a Nation, and Need of a Learned Class; a Discourse pronounced before the Phi Sigma Nu Society of the University of Vermont, August* 3, 1836. By the Rev. C. S. Henry, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Bristol College, Pennsylvania. New York. George W. Holley. 1837. 8vo. pp. 44.

This vigorous production has already gone into a second edition; and it deserves all its success, for its scholarlike tone, and eloquent, racy style. We do not altogether agree with Professor Henry's view, on the importance of our having a learned class or caste, set apart from the rest of the community; but this is not the place to argue the question. Moreover, the opinions on political matters, particularly in the note to page 22, strike us as not a little visionary, the present state of the world considered. The author has evidently been driven to extreme, or at least exaggerated conservative opinions, by the abuses of liberty which have disgraced the last few years in this country. The great problem of this age, is not how to restore the old barrier, against the power of the people, — this would be an impossible and preposterous, even if it were not an unrighteous, attempt, — but to make the power of the people salutary, far beyond any other power, by enlightening the great mass. Even those who doubt that it can be done, must allow that its possibility is not disproved.

The discourse breathes a noble love of learning, and shows everywhere abundant marks of intellectual powers, and an exceedingly rich cultivation of them. Professor Henry is the editor of "The New York Review," a journal of which one number only has appeared, but that displays so much ability, and such sound literary taste, that the public will do well to give it an ample support. We hope Professor Henry will often enrich its pages with his rare acquisitions in literature and philosophy.

3. — *Introduction to American Law, designed as a First Book for Students.* By Timothy Walker, one of the Professors in the Law Department of the Cincinnati College. Philadelphia. P. H. Nicklin & T. Johnson. 1837. 8vo. pp. 679.

This book is well adapted for the purposes indicated in its title-page. It is an admirable First Book for Students of Law. It is also thoroughly American. The young jurisprudent of our country, who is pursuing that "gladsome light" which his master Lord Coke has so earnestly commended, may here find a book especially written for himself, — calculated to remove many of those difficulties which peculiarly beset his path, and conducting him at once to the actual structure of American law. He should not, however, neglect the incomparable commentaries of Sir William Blackstone, whose singular felicity of style and beautiful method, by which, as in a map, the outlines of the English law are displayed, will continue to attract the attention of every student, even when much of their practical utility has gone.

Blackstone's Commentaries are invariably placed in the American student's hands, as his first book. To this there are two principal objections. The first is, that the work contains much that is antiquated and obsolete, even in England; much that is irrelevant in this country, that has never been adopted among us as law, and that is entirely uncongenial with our existing institutions. All this is so intermingled with the other parts, having a direct practical interest, that it is impossible, by any general directions, to put the student on his guard, and he is compelled to travel through the whole, wandering among the perplexed paths, uncertain where to rest. Every part of the work will be of equal importance in his eyes; and he will, perhaps, devote as much time to the antiquated doctrine of Essoins, or Trial by Battel, as to the important titles, which are applied in daily life. This may seem to be stating the case too strongly; but the reader will understand by it the force of the objection, which may be justly made to Blackstone's Commentaries, as a first book. Another principal objection is grounded on the apologetic and servile spirit in which the Commentaries are written; a spirit calculated to please some English minds, though by many of them strongly censured, but which is entirely at variance with the whole tone of American institutions and character. Perhaps much of the illiberality and aversion to reform which are manifested by lawyers, may be attributed to

the bias which they unconsciously receive, while imbibing the rudiments of their profession from this popular work.

Mr. Walker has presented a perspicuous and condensed view of the vast subject of American law. His language has a simplicity, bordering on plainness; but it is intelligible and expressive. With more of elegance it would be a happy model of style for a didactic work, particularly for a law book. It is devoid alike of professional pedantry, and of careful refinement; but it is direct and to the purpose, and clearly conveys the author's meaning. The tone and spirit of the book are such as become our country; they are congenial with our free institutions and our expanding political character. The author has not hesitated, in attempting to teach what the law is, to declare what, in his opinion, it should be. In short, he has entered boldly into the subject of legal reform, and has made many suggestions, which at once manifest the liberality of his own views, and his acquaintance with the principles which lie at the foundation of the law. Without subscribing to all his suggestions of reform, we feel free to express our entire assent to many. The dignity of the profession is uniformly advocated, with a becoming warmth; and a high standard of professional morals inculcated.

Turning our attention from the style and spirit of the book to the subject-matter, and the skill and general correctness with which it is handled, we shall be struck, at the threshold, by the comprehensiveness and, we may add, completeness of the plan; in this respect far surpassing the valuable and authoritative Commentaries of Chancellor Kent. The work is in the form of lectures, and is divided into six Parts. The first embraces such Preliminary Considerations as appeared necessary to the understanding of what follows, and consists of lectures on the study of the law; the principles of social organization (an interesting, but in some respects, we think, old-fashioned view of the subject); an historical summary of the origin of society and government in America; also on definitions in the law, and its different branches. The second part embraces Constitutional Law, treating of the relations of the different States of the Union, the legislative department, the executive department, the judicial department, the enumerated powers of Congress, the incidental powers, and the federal and state prohibitions, constituting a bill of rights. The third part embraces The Law of Persons, under which head an interesting class of subjects is considered; corporations, partnerships, husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, master and servant, executors and administrators. Part fourth treats of the Law of Property, commencing with some preliminary explanations with regard to the origin of

the right of property, and also of the feudal system, which exercised so great an influence over the law of real property in England, and treating of incorporeal hereditaments, estates with respect to their duration, estates with respect to their commencement, estates in joint ownership, estates upon condition, mortgages, equitable estates, title by occupancy, title by marriage, title by descent, title by demise, title by purchase, and, next, the subject of contracts in general, and lastly, of some particular contracts. The fifth part relates to the Law of Crimes, and treats of crimes and punishments in general; crimes under the law of Ohio; and crimes under the law of the United States. The sixth part relates to the Law of Procedure (an appropriate word imported from the French code), comprising a highly interesting view of the civil proceedings in courts of law, of Chancery proceedings, and of criminal proceedings, with some concluding reflections on the vast compass of the science, and some proposed amendments of the Constitution and changes in the law.

It will be observed, that in his general divisions Mr. Walker has followed Blackstone, who was himself a follower of Sir Matthew Hale, so far as they treated of the same subject; but in the sub-divisions he has very often left him. In the foregoing outline, the American law is completely mapped out, with the exception of International law; which, though common to all countries, may properly be embraced in a view of the jurisprudence of each country, but which Mr. Walker has omitted to treat in his work. It is, however, a branch so distinct, that it is hardly to be regretted that it was not comprehended in the Introduction to American Law.

We will not venture to affirm that the foregoing outline is uniformly filled up with critical accuracy; but we do not hesitate to say, that we have been struck by the general correctness with which it has been done, when we consider the complex and extensive nature of the labor. A vaster subject could hardly have been attempted. Some errors, growing out of a generality of expression, a forced condensation and rapidity of view, we have noticed; but they are comparatively unimportant, and we only allude to them, in order to put the author on his guard, in the publication of a second edition, and to stimulate the student to a close and watchful attention in his use of the book. Where it became necessary, in the course of his work, to refer to the local law of any particular State, Mr. Walker has very properly referred to that of his own State, where the lectures, of which the book is composed, were delivered. We regret, however, that he has not on all occasions indicated in the margin, or in

some other way, where and to what extent he has relied upon the local law. As it is, the student may, at times, imagine that he is reading some principles or rules of law, common to the whole union, when he is reading the local law of Ohio. Thus, in treating of the law of evidence (p. 544), the author places among incompetent witnesses all black and mulatto persons, where either party is white; thus adding to the rules, excluding testimony, another on account of color, without referring to any authority in its support, or intimating that the rule is founded in special legislation, and is peculiar to Ohio and some other States. It is certain that such a rule is utterly unknown to the common law of England, and also to that law as received in Massachusetts and most of the northern states. This is a serious defect, but should not be suffered to weigh against the great merits of the work, as a generally faithful, liberal, and comprehensive compend of American law, affording the beginner a ready introduction to the whole vast and complex subject, and imbuing his mind with that wholesome spirit of independence, which becomes an American student.

We cannot conclude this brief notice, without extracting the striking dedication of the work;

"To the Honorable Joseph Story, who equally adorns and illustrates American Jurisprudence in the several capacities of Judge, Author, and Teacher, in each of which he has no superior, the following humble effort to prepare the way for more readily appreciating his vast and various labors, is most respectfully inscribed by one who has enjoyed the good fortune of being his pupil and friend."

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4. — *The Relation of Natural Science to Revealed Religion. An Address delivered before the Boston Natural History Society, June* 7, 1837. By Hubbard Winslow. Published by the Society. Boston. Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 1837. 8vo. pp. 20.

To show the harmony between the facts of the natural world and the doctrines which Christians believe to be revealed from heaven; to show that science and religion are not enemies but inseparable friends, is the object of Mr. Winslow's address. To prove this, is doing much to prove religion absolutely, and is doing every thing to prove it to minds which are peculiarly constituted or trained. The principles assumed by the author are unquestionably sound, though we might differ from him with respect to some of the applications which he has made of them. In the wide range which he has taken, it was impossible for him to treat any single topic with thoroughness; yet he has brought

together many valuable suggestions and just conclusions, and has performed his task in a manner which entitles him to the thanks of the rational friends of religion. He sets out with the axiom, that God who reveals is the same being as God who creates, and therefore that a revelation truly divine must agree with the established facts of creation. Under the heads of cosmogony, geology, natural history, astronomy, natural philosophy, medical science, and chemistry, he offers considerations to demonstrate that the facts of creation do agree with the teachings of the Bible, and that the analogies between them are striking and constant. It is in the field of analogy, that we should be most disposed to differ from the writer; for we think that a few of his resemblances are rather fanciful than real, and contribute little or nothing to the support of his argument; but at the same time, we have no doubt, that the majority of them can be sustained and established.

We trust that in time our citizens will be so well convinced of the alliance between the study of natural history, and the cause of religion, morals, and refinement, that the Society, before whom this Address was pronounced, will receive more and more of their attention and liberal support.

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5. — *Wrifford's Chirography, with engraved Writing Copies, designed as a Standard System of Instruction and Style of Hand. For the Use of Schools in the United States. Newly Revised and Published* by the American Chirographic Society. Concord, New Hampshire. Moses G. Atwood's Press. 1833.

On the subject of handwriting, most of us are willing to admit, with the dignified simplicity of Richie Moniplies, in "The Fortunes of Nigel," that we are "very conscious of some small weaknesses; there is no perfection in man." Those of our readers who were not previously acquainted with the fact, will doubtless be gratified on being apprized of the existence of the American Chirographic Society; an association, formed about ten years ago, with the laudable purpose of introducing improved methods of teaching the art of chirography into our common schools. The pupil's progress in this department has been generally referred to his own discretion, on the principle of Dogberry, that reading and writing come by nature; his instructer's conscience being fully satisfied when he had provided him with pen, ink, and paper. The members of this association were impressed with the conviction, that the only sure method of ac-

quiring an easy and elegant style of handwriting, is that of adhering to a system; and they have adopted that of Mr. Wrifford, as the most simple and effectual one within their knowledge, and have recommended it to the public in the strongest terms of approbation.

Mr. Anson Wrifford, the author of the system in question, has been distinguished as an able and successful instructer in chirography for more than thirty years. The field of his labors may appear to many to be an humble one, as that of all instruction is too apt to be considered; but such an estimate can only be formed by those, who have never reflected on the application of this art to almost all the business of life. Mr. Wrifford began by directing his efforts to the attainment of practical results, by fixing the attention of the pupil on the formation of the various letters, separately, until the object was accomplished; instead of presenting him with a model in the form of a copy to be imitated, as a whole. This mode of instruction is so obviously in conformity with common sense, in the attainment of other arts, as well as this, that it seems almost ludicrous to regard it as peculiar to any individual; yet we are assured, by the Committee of the Chirographic Society, that the only mode of instruction which prevailed before the introduction of Mr. Wrifford's system, was the "course of random practice." However this may be, there can be no doubt that his system has been attended with entire success; and that it ought to be regarded with great favor by all who have at heart the interests of education. It is impossible to enter into a detailed account of it here, or to give an account of the various publications by which he has introduced it to general notice; but he is certainly entitled to high praise for the perseverance with which he has matured it, and the taste and judgment which have rendered it well worthy of the public favor.

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6. — *A Discourse on some of the Diseases of the Knee-joint; delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society, at their Annual Meeting, May* 31, 1837. By George Hayward, M. D., Professor of the Principles of Surgery, and of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University, and Surgeon to the Massachusetts General Hospital; with an Appendix, containing the Proceedings of the Society, and of the Counsellors. Boston. 1837. 8vo. pp. 54.

The occasion, on which this discourse was delivered, was one of great interest to the medical profession in this commonwealth.

An assemblage of more than two hundred physicians, many of whom have long since passed the period of their pupilage, and been long engaged in the weighty responsibilities, which the practice of medicine involves, were met to confer together on the means of promoting the respectability and usefulness of their cherished profession. It is one of the prominent objects of the meeting, to listen to a discourse on some medical subject. Neither the character of the audience, nor the occasion of meeting invite to any display of oratory; still less, to the indulgence of theoretic speculations. Both alike call for grave and mature discussion. With great propriety, therefore, the author addresses himself to the consideration of a subject of practical interest. There is no want of such topics in medical learning; in regard to which so much remains to be known, that the best informed in the profession will be the most ready to listen to the instructions of any one who is able to enlighten them. The habits of the author, as a teacher of Surgery, and as a Hospital Surgeon, naturally led him to surgical practice for the selection of his subject; and he has chosen one of great practical interest.

The diseases of the knee-joint occur often enough, to render it highly important that every practitioner of medicine should know how to manage them; and yet they are not of such frequent occurrence, as to make it easy for those who have no peculiar advantages for the study, fully to understand them. Their character, too, is both obscure and obstinate, insomuch, as our author remarks, that "regular practitioners are often led to abandon them altogether, and the patients are consigned to the hands of those who sometimes have more boldness than skill."

A full treatise on all the diseases of the knee would demand a much longer discussion, than there was opportunity for on this occasion. Dr. Hayward therefore selected a few of the most important, as the subject of his remarks. These are, 1st, *Inflammation of the Synovial Membrane;* 2d, *Morbid Change of Structure of the Synovial Membrane;* 3d, *Ulceration of the Cartilages;* and 4th, *Disease of the Articulating Surface of the Bones.* Our limits do not admit of an extended analysis. We can only say, that the discourse presents a concise, but clear and distinct description of each of these affections, with practical directions for their treatment, drawn from the best authorities, and especially from the author's personal observation. In the treatment, particularly, we are assured that nothing is recommended, which has not been suggested or confirmed by his own experience.

The Discourse is concluded with a short, but warm-hearted

tribute of respect to the members of the society who had deceased during the year.

"While there are many agreeable associations, connected with this occasion, it cannot fail, also, to bring with it feelings of a melancholy character. Every year takes from us some of our number; and that which has just drawn to a close has called to their final account several esteemed and respected members of our Society.

"Some of them had passed long lives with an honorable reputation; and, after having devoted themselves faithfully to the interests of humanity, were gathered, in a ripe old age, 'full of years and full of honors'

"Others were in the vigor of manhood, rich in experience, active, faithful, and intelligent; diligently exerting the powers of their minds, and diffusing their stores of knowledge for the benefit of their fellowmen. In the midst of their usefulness, they were summoned, by an inscrutable Providence, at a moment when their lives seemed to be of the most value to the world. And others, again, were called away, when they were just entering on the great theatre of life, young, ardent, full of hope and promise; and thus were blasted in a moment the fond expectations of anxious friends. While we lament their loss, let us gratefully cherish their bright example, and honorable name." — p. 27.

We hardly need add, that the discourse does credit to the high standing of the author. It is well written, without any pretensions to fine writing; sensible and judicious; modestly performing all that it undertakes. It is not an ephemeral production, the interest of which ceases as soon as the occasion from which it arose has passed by, but is a permanent treatise, which will be a useful guide to the practitioner whenever he is called to relieve the diseases of which it treats.

The appendix gives a full account of all the proceedings of the Massachusetts Medical Society at the annual meeting, and of the Counsellors for the year preceding, so far as they are of any general interest. Such a publication is made every year. As all its transactions are thus made known to the public, it gives full opportunity to any one, who chooses, to ascertain how far the society really pursues its professed object of promoting the public welfare, by increasing the usefulness of the profession; and to what measures it resorts for this purpose. It would indeed be difficult to find any public body, of such a character and extent as this, that has conducted its affairs with a more just regard to the rights and feelings of all concerned, or that has more effectually promoted harmony and good fellowship in its own fraternity, or more honestly consulted the great interests of the community.

7. — 1. *Discours prononcés à la Chambre*, par M. de Lamartine, Député du Nord. 1835, 1836. Paris. Charles Gosselin et C^ie^. 8vo. pp. 131.
2. *Discours sur l'Enseignement, prononcé à la Chambre des Députés*, 24 *Mars*, 1837. Par M. Alphonse de Lamartine, Député de Bergues. Paris. E. Duveryer. 8vo. pp. 20.
3. *Discours sur l'Abolition de la Peine de Mort, prononcé à la Société de Morale Chrétienne.* Par M. de Lamartine. Paris. 1836. Charles Gosselin et C^ie^. 8vo. pp. 24.
4. *Deuxième Discours sur l'Abolition de la Peine de Mort.* Par M. de Lamartine. 17 Avril, 1837. 8vo. pp. 20.

One of the most interesting phenomena in the condition of "youthful France," is the progress of Parliamentary eloquence, and of the forms of constitutional liberty. If the ghost of Louis the Fourteenth should be allowed to enter the legislative assemblies of that nation, nothing would astonish his departed Majesty more than the liberty of speech there enjoyed at the present day. And if the Academicians, who attempted to destroy the great Corneille, were to have the same permission, they too would be astonished at a liberty of speech of a somewhat different character. The French language made the medium of the sentiments of English liberty! The French language turned to nobler uses than the gayeties of the saloon, the epigrams of the wits, the flatteries of the courtiers, or even the classical fastidiousness of the drama! Of all the revolutions in revolutionary France, this is not the least remarkable.

The speeches of Lamartine, the illustrious poet and traveller, are probably good specimens of French parliamentary eloquence. They certainly will be an honorable monument of the poet's versatile genius. In those which we have had an opportunity of reading, he discusses, and with no common ability, many matters of high import in legislation. The first discourse in the volume, whose title is placed at the head of this notice, is on the liberty of the press. It was delivered in the Chamber of Deputies, just after the atrocious attempt upon the life of the king, by Fieschi; and against the severe restrictions which the king's ministers proposed to lay on the press, in consequence of that diabolical act. The arguments would not be thought very original or very profound in the United States or in England, where they have been familiar since the time of Milton; but the great principles they declare, it would seem, are not fully acknowledged in France at

this day. Lamartine's discourse is a clear, able, and animated exposition of the great principles on this subject, which must sooner or later triumph over every obstacle, wherever European civilization extends. Then follow two discourses, "Sur la Conversion des Rentes," and "Sur la Liberté du Commerce," both exhibiting a practical acquaintance with public affairs, hardly to be looked for in the poetic pilgrim to the Holy Land.

The Abolition of the Punishment of Death is the subject of two discourses, delivered at the Hotel de Ville of Paris, before the Society of Christian Morals. Lamartine goes into an elaborate argument against capital punishment, in the first discourse. He does not deny that society, in its early stages, had the right of inflicting capital punishment. Society, according to him, being necessary, has all the rights necessary to its existence; and if at the beginning of its existence, and amidst the imperfections of its primitive organization, society believed the right of smiting the criminal to be the only means of preservation, it could smite him without crime, because it did it conscientiously. But he maintains, that such is not the case at present; that the punishment of death is not necessary, and that other sanctions of justice are better, in every point of view. The sanction of law, he affirms, is of two kinds, material and moral; and according as society is more or less advanced in the career of intellectual improvement, this sanction partakes of one or the other of these characters; that is, it is more material or more moral, more punitive or more corrective; the punishment inflicted by law is applied more to the body, or more to the mind. Assuming this ground, the question then arises, whether or not we have, in our present condition, abundant means, besides the scaffold, to guard society against the criminal. He maintains the affirmative, and goes into a particular detail of these means, which he divides into two general classes, material and moral forces. Having treated the subject as a matter of speculation, he appeals to history for facts, to show that crimes have diminished in proportion to the disuse of sanguinary laws. The discourse has a good deal of declamation, some sophistry, and much of mere visionary speculation, mingled with considerations of high importance. The second discourse is a reply to some opponent, and a repetition of the arguments of the first.

The discourse on Education contains many just reflections. It is mainly aimed against what he calls *special education*, that is, education for some particular occupation from early childhood. He maintains, that a general education of the mind should precede any special or professional training, and that the division of labor may be carried too far, when applied to the

developement of the mental powers; in short, that man is not to be treated as a mere machine for money making. This is all very reasonable and very true.

The most impassioned of Lamartine's speeches, is that on the abolition of slavery in the French colonies.

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8. — *On the Employment of the Electro-Magnet as a Moving Power; with a Description of a Model Machine worked by this Agent.* By W. B. O'Shaughnessy, M. D., Professor of Chemistry, &c. in the Medical College of Calcutta. Calcutta. 1837. 8vo. pp. 19.

It would have been natural to expect from Calcutta a case of indigo or of gum shellac, rather than a pamphlet upon a matter of science. The love of science, however, implanted in Europe, goes with the adventurer to Asia or Van Diemen's Land. Learning is, and will continue to be cultivated wherever commerce fixes the abode of the European race; and we may confidently anticipate for our successors, in the next generation, great anxiety for the arrival of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Port Jackson, or the Memoirs of the Institute of Mauritius.

No particular connexion appears to have been observed between electricity and magnetism, before the year 1819. Three years before that time, indeed, Biot, in describing the mechanical methods of developing magnetism, observes, that an electrical discharge produces magnetism, in iron, by the *blow-choc*, with which its influence is communicated. In the year 1819, however, Professor Oersted of Copenhagen observed, that the connecting wire of a voltaic circle had the power of deflecting the magnetic needle from its usual direction. From this observation, the successive labors of Oersted, Ampère, Biot, Arago, Davy, Faraday, and Barlow have produced a new science, known under the name of electro-magnetism. The first continued motion, in a rotary form, by electro-magnetism, was produced by Mr. Faraday; and to Mr. Barlow we owe the first treatise giving, in a mathematical form, a rational theory of its action. All this was accomplished within three or four years after the first observation of the existence of the electro-magnetic force; and it is not to be supposed that it escaped the sagacity of those who were investigating its laws and extending its action, to inquire whether it would be possible to derive from it a mechanical power which could be employed to any purpose in the arts. The inquiry, however, was at once met by the insignificance of the force

developed, which was not extended beyond driving imitation cork fishes through the water, or spinning a few strange-fashioned whirligigs. Moreover, to produce feeble motions of this kind for a short period, an expensive apparatus was required, which was rapidly destroyed by the chemical action necessary to its excitement. This appeared, obviously, fatal to any project for turning electro-magnetism to account, in the arts. But as observations have been multiplied, and apparatus enlarged and improved, a number of new experimenters have appeared, who have fallen into the hope that the new science holds matter to carry on the business of the world with; and the course of these enthusiasts is abundantly supported by the wonder-loving multitude, whose indiscriminate praise of every pretended discovery has given more pain to the truly ingenious and skilful cultivators of science and the arts, than all the neglect which they have been called upon to endure.

This class of experimenters seem to have placed their principal reliance, for success, upon the discovery of the prodigious energy of attraction which may be given to a bar of soft iron, by surrounding it with a coil of wire in connexion with the voltaic circle; and magnets have been formed in this way, capable of sustaining more than a ton weight. It has seemed to them, that an attraction, of this magnitude, might be made to move mill work and ships, and thus supplant wind, waterfalls, and steam. But it is necessary to bear in mind, in this investigation, that an impelling force, or motive power, cannot be formed from an attraction only, however intense, limited to a mere point. To form a motive power, the attraction must be exercised through a sensible space; and the power is greater, in its effect, in exact proportion as the space of its action is extended. Thus cohesive attraction, though unlimited, practically, in magnitude, seems wholly incapable of producing a motive power, useful in mechanics, from the limited sphere of its action; while the weight of bodies, acting without sensible diminution through a great range, near the earth's surface, is constantly applied to produce motion in machines. Now, magnetic attraction approaches, in the limit of its action, to the attraction of cohesion. Thus an electro-magnet, which will sustain hundreds of pounds when in contact with its poles, will not raise an ounce at the distance of half an inch; its attraction decreasing in the ratio of the square of the distance, or not varying essentially from this law.

Although most of the persons, engaged in attempts to produce a new motive power from electro-magnetism, are probably aware of the fact here stated, they do not appear to have attached to it,

in their investigations, the importance it deserves; and this error in their estimate is perhaps to be attributed, in a degree, to the faulty language commonly employed to express the energy of magnetic attraction. Thus it is said that a magnet will raise a certain weight, when it has merely the power to suspend or sustain such weight when brought into contact with it; and can no more raise it, that is, give it motion upwards, through any assignable space, than the column can raise the edifice which it supports. Dr. O'Shaughnessy states very clearly the fact of the confined range of magnetic attraction, here recited, but he seems to regard it rather as presenting an obstacle to bringing the electro-magnetic force into continued action, than as seriously diminishing the amount of its force when made to act. Thus he says,

"It is impossible to avoid the impression, that by appropriate mechanical contrivances, this enormous and easily generated power could be made available as a mechanical force. But the difficulties which beset the attempt are many and important. In the first place, though the sustaining power of the electro-magnet be immense, the force operates through such a small distance, that the magnet which would hold up *one hundred pounds*, would not *lift one pound* at the distance of two inches; nay, of one inch." — p. 2.

Again;

"On commencing my experiments in July last, my principal object was, if possible, to apply the force *directly* to the moving of a wheel. Could this be accomplished, it seemed to me that we would use the whole of the magnetic force, unopposed by terrestrial gravitation; that we would act at the greatest possible mechanical or lever advantage; and that should one wheel succeed, a series might be so arranged together, that the maximum of several forces might be made to coöperate, so as to render a number of the small spaced magnetic powers (say 12 powers at half an inch), equivalent to *one* power acting uniformly through the whole space, say six inches." — p. 3.

Amidst the confusion and reaching to "mechanical or lever advantage" for aid, in the last paragraph, we perceive that the author rather feared that he should not produce a force acting equably, than that it would not act sufficiently.

Granting him, however, and we do this very fully and freely, all the merit of overcoming what appears to him a principal difficulty, by very ingenious contrivances; let us see what amount of power he produced. After the description of his principal machine, which would be out of place in a notice like this, he says,

"A cord was attached to the axle, made to play over a pulley half an inch in diameter, and connected with a scale. On starting the

model, the axle lifted ten troy ounces while the wheel was revolving forty times, and a troy pound while revolving about thirty times per minute." — p. 9.

The size of the axle is given at page 6, at half an inch in diameter. Allowing for the size of the cord, we may take the pound weight to have been raised two inches at each revolution, or sixty inches, five feet, in a minute. The machine then moved with 1-6600th of a horse power! and yet the author is not without hope, that it may be applied to produce locomotion on railways. He says, p. 11,

"The application of this power to locomotive engines on railroads is the first which I anticipate. The recent treatise on locomotive machines, by the Chevalier de Pambour, makes me speak with some confidence on this point. His admirable investigations on the theory and working force of the carriages on the Manchester and Darlington railways, show that the power necessary for the pulling of one ton at the average is actually only 7½ lbs.; that is, that a weight of seven pounds, suspended over a pulley by a chord attached to the carriage, will draw the ton weight on a level railway. My first model is by experiment proved to possess one-seventh of this power; or, in other words, to have attractive force sufficient to move more than 300 lbs." — p. 11.

It was capable of drawing three hundred pounds; but how fast? Why, as we have seen above, five feet in a minute, or a mile in seventeen hours. Will this do in this railroad age? Commend us to the ox or the ass for our light dragoons, rather than to such locomotives. The "swag-bellied Hollander," floating in his *treckschuyt*, cries shame upon it.

In a short appendix to the pamphlet of Dr. O'Shaughnessy, we have accounts of attempts to produce motive power from electro-magnetism, as they have been made in London, Paris, Brussels, Turin, Albany, and Dublin. Of these several attempts, none appears to surpass that of our countryman, Mr. Davenport, who is yet, we believe, continuing his experiments at New York.

It will be perceived, by the preceding remarks, that we have no high expectations of success from any efforts which have been, or will be, undertaken to move machines by electro-magnetism *in the present state of the developement of its powers.* At the same time, the curious phenomena presented by this new science are deserving of all study and attention. In our opinion, we are not to expect any thing useful by mere changes in the combinations of the apparatus in which the motion is produced, but rather from persevering attempts to bring out, by cheap and simple means, greater quantities of the influence, or fluid, whatever it may be, by which motion is excited. Whether such efforts, so directed, can ever be successful, we make no

prediction. We are ready to declare, however, that waterfalls and steam seem to us to possess a vantage ground, not likely to be attained by any of the other powers to which it has been supposed that these must give place.

Many countries are traversed by rivers, whose falls furnish mill powers sufficient for all their manufacturing purposes, as now conducted. Our own country, especially in its northern and eastern parts, is abundantly supplied with these without laying the hand upon Niagara. But when, from an increase of population, that shall be required to drive the spindle and the loom, — and to such uses it must come, however loud the remonstrances of lovers of the picturesque, — it will be found, computing from a common estimate of its quantity of water, equal to the constant labor of some four or five millions of horses; a power greater than all the zinc, copper, and sulphur mines in the world, turned into charged galvanic batteries, and applied to excite electro-magnetism, will produce. And this power can be obtained merely by digging a few canals, and building a few water-wheels.

Again, in countries not possessed of waterfalls, or for purposes to which these cannot be applied, the steam-engine, strong in limb and of enduring substance, is at hand, yielding from the combustion of a bit of coal no larger than an English walnut, a power sufficient to raise a man from the pavement to the cross of St. Paul's.* Is electro-magnetism likely to furnish an equal power from equal means? For us we can see no chance for its success. It is not in the cards.

9.— *Giornale di Statistica compilato dagl' Impiegati nella Direzione Centrale della Statistica di Sicilia. Primo Quatrimestre.* Palermo. Presso la Reale Stamperia. 1836. 8vo. pp. 152.

This is the first number of a quarterly Statistical Journal, published in Sicily. The first article is an essay on the theory of statistics, showing the meaning of the term, and the character and limits of the science. The second is an article translated from the Edinburgh Review, on British statistics; and this is followed by short notices of several works on the statistics of

* With the best constructed Cornish engines, a bushel, 2150 cubic inches, of coal, will form steam to raise 94 millions of pounds, one foot high. Consequently one inch raises 43,720 pounds, one foot high; or 126 pounds, three hundred and fifty feet high.

Italy and Sicily. Part Second contains a tabular view of the population of Sicily, in 1831, compared with the population of 1798; tables of the regular ecclesiastics of the island, existing at the end of 1832; and a bulletin of statistical statements, drawn from England, France, Germany, &c., and embracing, not only population, deaths, &c., but every kind of public improvement, such as bridges and railroads. In running our eye over the pages of this number, we have been struck with the extent and variety of the facts, so laboriously collected by the editors, and the scientific form in which they are arranged.

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10. — *An Elementary Treatise on Plane and Solid Geometry.* By Benjamin Peirce, A. M., University Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston. James Munroe and Company. 1837. pp. 159.

In mathematics, no less than in politics and most other things, there are two opposing principles which greatly influence the minds of men; the desire of improvement on the one hand, and the love of old things on the other. Accordingly, there are two sects or schools of mathematics; the lovers of what is commonly called the Old Geometry, who seem to consider the postulates, definitions, axioms, and reasoning of Euclid as the only safe instruments for the discovery or proof of mathematical truths; and the students of the Cartesian analysis, and its offspring, the Differential and Integral Calculus, who value the old Geometry only because it furnishes them with certain elementary truths, which serve as the basis of their further reasonings. With the latter school, the old Geometry is one of the door-stones at the entrance of the magnificent temple of mathematical science. The former are not content to use it for this purpose. They insist upon it, that they will go no further, unless they can have this identical door-stone to walk on all the way; and they stand, striving to carry or push it along with them, and with about as much success as a man might have, who should sagaciously attempt to lift himself in a basket, or by the waistband of his own unmentionables. Nay more, they not only stand still themselves, but they will have it that their neighbours, who have gone in to the interior of the temple, are not certainly there, cannot be rigorously proved to be there; and in fact, that having once stepped from the magic stone, they have lost forthwith all power of determining whether they go backward or forward, or whether they move at all.

The author of the book before us is of the modern school. He evidently considers it to be the proper function of the old Geometry, to furnish those elementary truths which are the basis of the modern analysis. Accordingly he has given in his treatise those theories which are useful for this purpose, and no more. The book is throughout simple, thorough, neat, and concise; and, as far as we can see, leaves nothing to be desired in this branch of mathematics.

The two most striking improvements are, the "Theory of Parallel Lines" and the use of the principles of the Infinitesimal Analysis. In the theory of parallel lines, the word *direction* is used without being defined, and by this means the difficulties which have been so much talked of in this part of Geometry have been avoided. This use of the word "direction" will probably be objected to by those, who will admit nothing to be sufficiently rigorous which is not in Euclid. But in fact it would be impossible to take a single step, without supposing the reader to be acquainted with some words. A late eminent judge, when wearied with the endless definitions and explanations of a prosy advocate, is said to have interrupted him with these words; "Mr. ——, the Supreme Court of the United States may be *presumed* to know some things." The maxim is as true in Geometry as in law. If we are not mistaken, the term "direction" is used without a definition in Playfair's Euclid, in the Cambridge Translation of Legendre, and in Walker's Geometry; all excellent books. The doctrine of parallel lines as presented by Mr. Peirce, is concise, intelligible, and, in our judgment, entirely satisfactory.

The introduction of the Infinitesimal Analysis is, we think, a capital improvement. The Calculus has usually been considered to be an extremely difficult branch of mathematics; and there are doubtless many students who are sorely perplexed by it. Yet we cannot help thinking that the difficulty really lies in the manner in which the subject is presented, and not in the subject. The analogy between the circle and the regular polygon of an infinite number of sides can hardly fail to strike the mind of every student of Geometry; and it is probably because he is told that this mode of considering the subject is not sufficiently rigorous, and instructed to seek further satisfaction in a long process of reasoning, which in many cases only mystifies instead of convincing, that he finally concludes that the whole matter is a grave mystery, which it is in vain for him to try to comprehend; while if the idea which first existed in his mind had been properly developed, the whole would have been perfectly clear. It is not at all strange that a student, who, while a Freshman, has

been taught to distrust any particular mode of reasoning, should be startled when he finds himself called upon as a Junior or Sophomore to place entire confidence in it. And yet this is precisely the manner, in which the principles of the Calculus have been often treated. In mathematical studies, the student is always most embarrassed by the use of new methods; and it is therefore of great importance that this difficulty should be avoided as much as possible. The consideration of infinitely small quantities can hardly be dispensed with in mechanics, and the other branches of mixed Mathematics; and it is on this account important that the mind of the student should as soon as possible be made familiar with them.

As to the supposed want of rigor in this method, we cannot do better than by quoting a few words from Mr. Peirce's Preface. He says,

"There is no error; for if we suppose that there be an error which we may represent by A, since the aggregate of all the quantities neglected in arriving at the result is infinitely small, that is, as small as we choose, we may choose it to be smaller than A; and therefore, the error A is greater than the greatest possible error which could be obtained, a manifest absurdity, but one which cannot be avoided as long as A is any thing."

It is remarkable, that this very reasoning is used by writers who affect great rigor, in finding the solidity of the pyramid. If any one doubts its correctness, we know of no more fit answer than the surly remark of Dr. Johnson; "Sir, I am bound to find you in reasons, but not in brains."

We have mentioned two points, in which we think that this book is an improvement upon its predecessors. But these are not the only improvements. Every page shows the same power of condensing, and the same neatness and elegance, for which the two works on Trigenometry, by the same author, are so remarkable.

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11. — *The Shipmaster's Assistant, and Commercial Digest; containing Information useful to Merchants, Owners, and Masters of Ships.* By Joseph Blunt, Counsellor at Law. New York. Published by E. & S. W. Blunt. 1837. 8vo. pp. 683.

This is a very good book, though of an humble order of merit. It is plain, practical, and useful; but it is merely a dry digest of revenue laws of the United States, of some of the principles of commercial law, of the commercial regulations of different countries, and of some other matters of general com-

mercial interest. In design and execution, it is well calculated for a companion to the man of business. There is no merchant or shipmaster, who would not find advantage in owning it; and the lawyer, whose studies may have made him familiar with the substance of many of its pages, may yet find information in it, upon which he cannot readily lay his hands in any other quarter. The chapters on Exchanges, on Weights and Measures, and on the Commercial Regulations of Foreign Countries, have brought together information, which, while it is not easily accessible, is of general importance. To the clerk or young merchant, however, we particularly commend the present work. Let him make it a manual, or *hand-book*, and he will acquire knowledge, which will be of daily practical use in his business, and will impart confidence in all his operations.

This is nominally, we believe, a second edition; but the alterations and amendments which have been made in the original work, and the new matter which has been inserted, give it a title to be treated as a new compilation. The following subjects are considered and the laws or regulations relating to them systematically digested; ships, and the title to them, and their registry; navigation acts; custom-house laws; fisheries; revenue cutters; ship-owners; ship-masters; seamen; consuls; freight; general average, and the mode of adjusting it; salvage; bottomry and respondentia; marine insurance; factors and agents; the navy; pensions to naval officers and seamen; crimes affecting commerce; the slave-trade; wrecks; quarantine laws; passengers, and the laws of the different States with regard to them; pilots; bills of exchange; exchange; weights and measures; harbour regulations in the United States; commercial regulations of foreign countries. In the appendix are published the pilot law of New York, and a highly useful and interesting alphabetical table of the tariff or rates of duties, imposed by the laws of Congress, on all goods, wares, and merchandise, imported into the United States in American vessels.

We have but little confidence in works, which assume to make every man his own lawyer. Our faith in history and the large volume of human experience is so great, that we do not believe, in the present state of society, the services of any class of men can at once be superseded, and particularly those of a profession so time-honored as that of the law. Any work, therefore, proceeding on this assumption, we are disposed to attribute either to ignorance, or imposition approaching to quackery, on the part of its author. Such works, however, we have had in no small number, from the days of Giles Jacob, the "blunderbuss of law," commemorated by Pope, to the present time. But

Mr. Blunt's volume, while it draws much from legal sources, and places within the reach of the studious man of business much that has hitherto been accessible chiefly through the medium of lawyers, makes no vulgar assumption, like that to which we have referred. Its title does not cover all its merit. Its simple profession is, that it contains "information useful to merchants, owners, and masters of ships." In the modesty of this profession, we find additional ground for confidence in the work, besides that derived from an examination of its contents.

12.—*Baccalaureate Address, delivered at the Annual Commencement of Lagrange College, June* 8, 1837. By Robert Paine, A. M., President of the College. Nashville, Tennessee. 8vo. pp. 19.

The author of this address is plainly a western man. His discourse abounds in strong feeling and generous views. His style is copious and figurative, with here and there a dash of peculiarly western rhetoric. His metaphors are not always correct, and his climaxes do not always ascend. He runs into long sentences, without always seeing his way clear out of them. Like most discourses on education, this deals largely in truisms; but its especial object is to consider the peculiar condition of the South-Western section of the Union, in relation to education, its deficiencies, and the proper way to remedy them. We are bound to acknowledge, that President Paine treats this subject with becoming freedom and boldness. The spirit of the West he is not afraid to rebuke, when it runs to excess. The guilty indulgence, which parents too often show towards their children; the false sentiments of honor, with which they inspire them; the loose and dangerous habits they allow them to form; and the pernicious or deadly consequences that follow in an academic or subsequent career, the President describes vividly and plainly, condemning conscientiously, and earnestly urging a reform. His advice to parents is dictated by sound sense, and a clear perception of duty; and his admonitions, addressed to them on many minor points of conduct towards their sons at college, are applicable to other parents, as well as the South-Western. We like his remarks on the necessity of better schools, and a more liberal patronage of colleges, whose claims upon the respect and attention of the public the President urges manfully and forcibly.

But while we like the tone and spirit of President Paine's discourse, there are some blemishes in his language, which must not

pass unnoticed. Why will the President of a College use such an expression, as "Colleges and Universities are being thrown up"? *Are being* is an outrage upon English idiom, "to be detested, abhorred, execrated, and given over to six thousand" penny-paper editors; and "thrown up" is hardly dignified language for the establishment of a College. "She shall *wring out* her days," &c. sounds rather too much like an operation at the washing-tub. We were surprised, also, to find the President of a College using the vulgarism *to learn*, in the sense of *to teach*, four times in less than two pages. At the conclusion, the common-place personification of the vessel of state, is carried out in a style altogether more grandiloquent than tasteful.

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13. — *An Examination of Phrenology; in Two Lectures, delivered to the Students of the Columbian College, District of Columbia, February*, 1837. By Thomas Sewall, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. Washington. 1837. 8vo. pp. 70.

The first of these lectures is occupied with a description of Phrenology. After a concise history of several attempts of the ancients to assign the several faculties of the mind to different portions of the brain, it gives a short account of Dr. Gall's discoveries, and an outline of the several organs of the brain, as now established by Phrenologists, accompanied by an explanation of the leading doctrines, and the principles upon which they rest. This is accompanied by a lithographic sketch, representing the organs in the usual manner. The descriptions, though necessarily brief, are clear and intelligible, and, so far as we can perceive, fair and impartial. No indication appears in this lecture that the author has any other object in view, than to teach phrenology to his class, as it would be taught by a confident believer in its doctrines.

In the second lecture, he enters upon an examination of the claims of phrenology. He rests his examination chiefly upon the inquiry, "How far the science is reconcilable with the anatomical structure and organization of the brain, the cranium, and other parts concerned." This course he adopts, because he regards the anatomy of the parts concerned, as the proper and only standard by which to ascertain its truth, and because the metaphysical arguments have so often been evaded, that the public mind has not been enlightened by the usual methods of investigation. The versatility of phrenology in escaping from seeming

difficulties in arguments of this sort is illustrated by several examples, two of which we select.

"There is a celebrated divine now living in Scotland, equally distinguished for his amiable disposition, his gigantic powers of mind, and the great moral influence which he exerts upon the Christian world. This individual, it is said, has the organ of destructiveness very largely developed, and not having any counteracting organ very large, it is contended by those who are acquainted with the fact, that he manifests his inherent disposition to murder, by his mighty efforts to destroy vice and break down systems of error. In this way he gratifies his propensity to shed blood.

"By a recent examination of the skull of the celebrated infidel Voltaire, it is found that he had the organ of Veneration developed to a very extraordinary degree. For him it is urged, that his veneration for the Deity was so great, his sensibility upon the subject of devotion so exquisite, that he became shocked and disgusted with the irreverence of even the most devout Christians; and that, out of pure respect and veneration for the Deity, he attempted to exterminate the Christian religion from the earth."—p. 36.

We regret that the author did not quote his authority for the explanations here referred to. It is true that the general fairness of his statements, throughout these lectures, aside from a knowledge of the unquestioned integrity of his character, will perfectly exonerate him in the mind of every reader from any designed misstatement. But there is such an air of extravagance in the explanations themselves, that those who are not familiar with similar specimens of ingenious ratiocination, will hardly acquit him of some, perhaps unconscious, tendency to caricature.

In the argument founded on anatomy, Dr. Sewall shows first, that there is nothing in the structure of the brain, as exhibited by dissection, to support the claims of phrenology. No phrenologist pretends to point out in the brain any divisions into separate portions, corresponding to the several organs. Secondly, he contends, that there is no such relation between the volume of the brain and the powers of the mind, as phrenology assumes; and he goes into a comparison of the magnitude of that organ in different animals, in support of his opinion. In his two next positions, he shows the difficulty of ascertaining in the living head, either the volume of the brain, or the prominence of its several parts. The skull varies greatly in thickness in different heads. Five heads are represented in the plates, presenting the extremes of these differences, from one eighth of an inch in one, to more than an inch in another. A measurement of these heads, which should give seventy ounces, as expressing the capacity of the external head, would give fifty-six ounces as the measure of one brain, and twenty-five ounces as that of another; and these dif-

ferences could not be ascertained during the life of the owner of the head. In like manner, he says, the frontal sinuses and the temporal muscles are situated over a large number of the organs, and their unequal developement in different cases must render it impossible to ascertain the degree of prominence of the brain during life. This point is also illustrated by a plate, from a head in his possession, representing a large frontal sinus, an inch in depth. The prominence of the forehead was such as to exhibit a fine appearance of many of the intellectual organs, in the natural state; but on sawing through the bone, it appeared that there was an actual deficiency in the anterior part of the brain. These are given as the stronger cases; and the author assures us, that he has skulls in his possession, exhibiting, in every intermediate degree, the same want of relation between the external size and form of the head, and those of the brain.

Some other considerations follow, and the lecture concludes with an eloquent appeal to the young men to whom it was addressed, to seek out and follow such objects of pursuit as shall lead to useful practical results, rather than to be captivated by fascinating speculations.

"Let me caution you," he says, "to distrust its application to yourselves, as well as to others, and not to rely on any native endowments you may thereby be induced to attribute to yourselves, for the stations you may aspire to in life. What rank you shall hold among intellectual men, depends on your own exertions. The mind, not less than the body, is susceptible of inconceivable improvement from the culture it receives. It is attention, fixed on proper objects of pursuit; perseverance, that never wavers from its purpose; application, steady and constant; and not the prominences of the cranium, that constitute the most striking differences among men, and which will enable each of you, not only to attain, but to deserve the highest distinctions and rewards."— p. 67.

It is no part of our purpose, to enter into an argument against phrenology. Those of our readers who are not themselves phrenologists would take little interest in the discussion, and those who are, would enjoy it no further than they should find themselves able to meet our combativeness, with their own destructiveness. In truth we attach little of importance to the whole matter. Be there as much as there may be, of truth in its pretensions, it is not in our view of half so much consequence to the world as its advocates imagine; and if it be without foundation, it is a harmless fancy that will never turn the world upside down. To those, however, who feel a stronger interest in the question, and especially to those who would see how the matter-of-fact teachings of anatomy bear upon it, we would commend Dr. Sewall's lectures. He has discussed the subject with ability; and

even those who are not convinced by his arguments (and it is not to be supposed that those who are already adherents of the doctrine will be) will acknowledge that he has treated it with fairness, and its advocates with courtesy.

14.—*Revue Etrangère et Française de Législation et d'Économie Politique, par une Réunion de Jurisconsultes et de Publicistes Français et Étrangers.* Publiée par M. Fœlix, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris. 4e Année. 1837. 7 numeros.

M. Fœlix comprises within his journal a great variety of information upon the juridical literature of the age. His list of contributors embraces many of the most distinguished names in jurisprudence, of France, England, Germany, and America. By this means and by his own laborious pen, he is enabled to furnish reviews of the leading works on all branches of civil, municipal, statute, and international law; notices of new publications; sketches of proposed reforms; accounts of law institutions, courts of law, courses of lectures, &c. We find frequent mention of the writings of American jurists, whose works are uniformly alluded to with respect, or reviewed with applause. The editor and his associates appear to be singularly candid and catholic, both in the extent of their studies and in the opinions they pronounce. Our able law journal, the American Jurist, is highly appreciated by Mr. Fœlix, and that is so much to the credit of his good judgment.

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15. — *An Anniversary Address, on Female Education. Delivered in Paris, Tennessee.* By John R. Howard. Paris. Gates & McCowat. 8vo. pp. 15.

We must not expect novelties in an address on education. If we find just views well expressed and earnestly enforced, we ought to be content. The address before us fulfils this condition. The opening remarks, on the importance of education, are truisms, to be sure, but none the less weighty on that account. The reflections on the connexion of education with the prevalence of Christianity are good, and might very properly be pressed further than they are in the discourse. Our author says many good things, too, about the bearing of education upon schemes of philanthropy, and the enlightened administration of government; and shows, that a just education is necessary to enable man to

avail himself of the world around him. He proceeds to draw the line between education and knowledge; and his views in this part of the discussion are especially to the point. Upon one topic he adopts a tone of exaggeration which is not uncommon; viz. the importance of the profession of the teacher, and the gigantic talents requisite to the proper discharge of its duties. He thinks the occupations of the statesman are unimportant and insignificant in the comparison. This is pretty strong language, considering what varied and vast interests the occupations of the statesman are concerned with, and what a tasking of all the highest powers of the mind they imply. We think he attributes a little too strong an influence to the small compensation and consideration bestowed on teachers. These are not the things, or rather are not the most important things, that keep the highest minds away from this profession. A vigorous intellect longs for a contest with its equals, longs for progress, for stimulating and absorbing occupations on the great theatre of the world; and, unless otherwise directed by a strong principle of duty, seeks them on its natural and lawful stage of action. It shrinks from an everlasting contest with infant or even youthful minds. It wearies with going over and over the same dull road, removing the same obstacles, answering the same inquiries, and making little or no progress itself. The earlier parts of education will have to be attended to more at home, under the eye of parental or fraternal affection, if any important improvement is to be made. The idea of inducing the highest intellects, as a general thing, to teach the elements to young minds, is preposterous. With here and there an exception, it never has been done, and never will. Lord Brougham said "the school-master was abroad"; but Lord Brougham himself, was he abroad with him? The records of the British Parliament must answer.

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16. — *Rich Enough; a Tale of the Times.* By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living." Boston. Whipple & Damrell. 16mo. pp. 72.

We were wanting to our duty in not noticing, at the time of their appearance, those excellent works, the "Three Experiments of Living," and "Sequel to the Three Experiments," with the high commendation they deserve. The author is one, who looks upon the perils of our money-getting and money-squandering society, with a sagacious observation, and with a benevolent solicitude which the circumstances well authorize. Her two first publications had the advantage of being perfectly

well timed, having been issued near to the period of the recent heavy disasters in the commercial world; and, aided by that circumstance, in addition to their uncommon intrinsic merit, have had an extensive circulation, and we do not doubt have produced substantial effects.

The present tale rebukes the folly of sacrificing, to the acquisition of money, the enjoyment of all the best things that money can buy. Howard Draper, a sensible right-minded farmer, knows when he has enough for himself and his family to be happy with, and pursues the even tenor of his way, realizing all the solid, satisfying benefits of that inestimable knowledge. James, his "enterprising" brother, having that notion of a competence, which is expressed in the well-known definition, "a little more than a man has," worries through his prosperous days, the veriest bond-slave to toils, the fruit of which he will not give himself time to use; till at last, in the endless excursiveness of his ambition, he lands himself in bankruptcy and want, and is happy to find the home of his age with the more moderate friend, whose small superfluous gains had been made to share the wreck of his own princely property. A generous man, he is never useful. A strong-minded man, he is never calm. For a long time an eminently prosperous man, he does not know what it is to taste, with a true relish, a natural pleasure. An attached brother, after the warmth of the first honest greeting, he has no time for fraternal communion. A doting father, his children are almost strangers to him. A fond husband, he tears down the house which his wife had adorned and loved, to cut up the land so as to afford another building-lot. He buys her a country paradise instead, and furnishes it with the sumptuousness which his affection dictates; but as soon as he finds time to share it with her for a few weeks, the leisure is employed in planning how to turn a cotton-mill with its water, and run a railroad through the land. He is always intending, before long, to devote to her more of his time; but, before that convenient season comes, she dies of consumption, the progress of which his other cares have not permitted him to mark, leaving him agonized with his desolation and his memories.

The plot is simple enough; but the portraits are true and vigorous as truth. There is no overdone sentiment. It is real men and women of the nineteenth century, that are treated of; and the writer speaks a word in season to many a strong and active mind, whose strength and impulse are depraving, self-wasting, and self-tormenting energies.

17.—*Coup-d'œil impartial sur l'État Présent de l'Égypte, comparé à sa Situation Antérieure.* Paris. Béthune et Plon. 1836. 8vo. pp. 60.

Egypt possesses a two-fold source of interest. The gigantic remains of an unmeasured antiquity excite the wonder of the traveller, and the enthusiasm of the scholar. The scarcely less wonderful spectacle of a barbarous people, rising to civilization under the influence of a single great genius, a prince originally no less barbarous than they, is calling more and more attention from the great states of Christendom. The presses of Europe and America are daily sending out journals of travellers to this land of wonders. Lane's great work, in two octavos, has just reached us; and it is the most extraordinary book of the kind, that we have ever read. It is written by a man, who had qualified himself by a long course of study for the work. He made himself a thorough master of the Arabic language and literature, and visited Egypt, not as a passing traveller, but spent years in the metropolis, mingling with the society of the place, like a native. His work gives us the most minute account of the domestic life of the Egyptians, descriptions of the houses and household utensils, written with singular simplicity and clearness, and accompanied by numerous engravings, sketches of religious ceremonies, statements of religious doctrines, descriptions of costumes and customs, and a most interesting summary of the state of learning. All these matters have been taken up by this accomplished traveller at a most fortunate moment; for the old superstitions, are dying out, old customs are growing obsolete, and nearly all the institutions of Mohammedanism are giving way before the powerful influence of European civilization. Such is the crisis through which Egypt is now passing, according to Mr. Lane.

The pamphlet before us is devoted to topics, scarcely within the scope of Mr. Lane's purpose. The writer, M. Jomard, a member of the Institute, confines himself to the political and economical condition of Egypt, under the viceroy, Mohammed Ali, and in comparison with its preceding state. He considers his subject under the titles of finance, agriculture, industry, and administration. As to finance, he states the revenue at the time of the French expedition in 1799, or rather at its close in 1802, and compares it with 1822, showing an increase of one half in twenty years; the whole amount, in 1822, being over forty-seven millions of francs, or nearly ten millions of dollars. In 1833, the revenue had risen to sixty-three millions of francs, or nearly thirteen millions of

dollars. The annual excess of the revenues over the current expenses of the government, is more than twelve millions of francs, or two millions and a half of dollars. We see, therefore, that our government is not the only one, so happy as to have an overflowing treasury; and the subjects of the viceroy, we understand, are suffering, like us, from the hard times. Whether his Highness means to divide the "surplus," we are not yet informed. The condition of the cultivators of the soil is described as very miserable, nearly as much so, as under the multiplied tyranny of the Mameluke Beys, whom the Pacha so coolly murdered, at the outset of his career; but they enjoy a regular government, such as it is.

Of the industry and commerce, M. Jomard gives a plain and intelligible account. Cotton is the most important article of export; timber and silk are among the most important imports. A short chapter follows, briefly explaining the machinery and operations of government. The next chapter is devoted to canals and roads, and the general system of internal improvement carried on by the viceroy; from which it seems that he has no constitutional scruples about the right of government to develope the resources of the country. He has also established a "monster," "an allegory on the banks of the Nile," but has him so completely under control that no complaints are heard from his Highness. This is followed by a statement of the military and naval forces of Egypt; a chapter on the administration of justice; another, on education, containing a great number of very interesting details; and the pamphlet concludes by presenting a view of the obstacles that oppose the progress of Egyptian civilization. But the author thinks, on the general estimate of probabilities, that Egypt is destined to run a brilliant and prosperous career.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Letter to the Farmers of Massachusetts on the Subject of an Agricultural Survey of the State, by the authority of the Legislature. By Henry Colman, Commissioner for such Survey. Boston. Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 8vo. pp. 18.

A Manual on the Culture of the Grape, with a Dissertation on the Growth and Management of Fruit Trees, adapted to the Northern States. By E. Sayers, Landscape Gardener, Newark, (N. J.) Published by the Author. Boston. Whipple & Damrell. 12mo. pp. 48.

Notice on the Beet Sugar. Containing, 1st. A description of the Cultivation and Preservation of the Plant. 2d. An Explanation of the Process of extracting its Sugar, preceded by a few Remarks on the Origin and Present State of the Indigenous Sugar Manufactories of France. Translated from the French of Dubrunfant and others. Northampton. J. H. Butler. 12mo. pp. 54.

ANNUALS.

Stimpson's Boston Directory; containing the names of the Inhabitants, their Occupations, Places of Business, and Dwelling Houses, and the City Register; with Lists of the Streets, Lanes, and Wharves, the City Officers, Public Offices and Banks, and other useful information. Boston. Charles Stimpson, Jr. 18mo. pp. 314.

The New York Annual Register for the year of our Lord, 1837. Containing an Almanac, Civil and Judicial List, with Political Statistics and other information respecting the State of New York and the United States. By Edwin Williams. Eighth year of Publication. New York. G. & C. Carroll & Co. 12mo. pp. 528.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, Official and Private, selected and published from the Original Manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By Jared Sparks. Vol. I. Boston. American Stationers' Company. John B. Russell. 1837. Cambridge. Folsom, Wells, & Thurston. 8vo. pp. 586.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts of General Lafayette. Published by his Family. Vol. I. New York. Saunders & Otley. 8vo. pp. 252.

The Life and Services of Commodore William Bainbridge, United States Navy. By Thomas Harris, M. D., Surgeon, United States Navy. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 254.

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An English-Latin Lexicon, prepared to accompany Leverett's Latin-English Lexicon. Boston. J. H. Wilkins and R. B. Carter, and Cha's. C. Little. & Co. 8vo. pp. 318.

Introduction to Historical Chronology. By D. Hegewiseh. Professor at Kiel, Denmark. Translated from the German, by James Marsh. Burlington. Chauncey Goodrich. 12mo. pp. 144.

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Instead of filling the small space, which remains to us, with general commendations of these eloquent discourses of one of our most distinguished divines, we shall better serve our readers by extracting the following paragraphs, as a specimen of their manner and tone.

"There is something to many minds very fascinating in the idea of learned leisure and meditative seclusion. It is pleasant to withdraw from the turmoil and rough encounter of common life to the peaceful calm of study, communing with the spirits of the departed wise in their works, rather than mingling in the ill-assorted crowd of the living. But this is to shun the responsibility which lies on every man to do something for those with whom God has placed him; this is to seek only his own good, and not that of others; this is to sink in selfishness, what was given him for usefulness; and it issues in defrauding him of that solid virtue which can grow only by exercise; it weakens the nerve, palsies the energy of his own moral nature. There is no character where there is no action. There is no virtue where all endowments are hoarded for personal enjoyment, and none offered for the participation of others.

"In seeking, therefore, the growth and perfection of your own nature, seek for, and assiduously use, opportunities for exercising that nature in active goodness. If you have surrounded yourselves with the favorable circumstances I referred to, this will be easy; your situation and connexions, your very calling, will invite you to it. But society has demands on its privileged sons beyond this. In the unsettled state of principle and manners in this growing and restless country, nothing is so greatly needed as a virtuous public spirit in the better informed classes. It is urgently necessary that they stand forward, with wise hearts and bold hands, to stem the torrent of false opinion, to uphold the honor of principle, to determine the suffrage for right, and to maintain truth and religion in their supremacy. The perils of the age, the crisis in the character of a people bursting forth in the immense range of free life with immeasurable resources and interminable numbers, are matters of common remark. The friends of truth, order, and man are anxiously awake, for something must be done. Who shall do it? Whoever else it may be, those who have been most favored with opportunities of knowledge and influence must make themselves of the number. The Sons of our Colleges must account themselves pledged to the work. They are to do nothing for themselves excepting so far as they labor in a true public spirit for the good of their generation. Let them come forward and gird up their strength for the toil. Let them remember that their advantages consecrate them to the cause of goodness, knowledge, truth, and right; to the support of the law; to the maintenance of good institutions; to the honor and spread of virtuous principle, religious faith, and the fear of God. Let them engrave on their souls, and make the motto of their life, those well known words; — "*Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian Faith, and the sanctions of the Christian Religion.*" Let this be the breath of their public spirit; and let them know, that just in proportion to their fidelity in this, they minister also to their own purity of principle, and forward their own perfection." — pp. 21 – 23.

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